July 12, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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says MADELYN DARROW
MISS RHEINGOLD 1958

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MANAGEMENT AT WORK

Q

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A

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and of course AVIATION

Three years ago, Hawker Siddeley was almost entirely concerned with aviation — the largest maker of aircraft in the British Commonwealth but almost a stranger to general heavy industry. Today Hawker Siddeley is still deeply concerned with aircraft — but in three short years it has also become a world force in heavy industry, with products ranging from coal and steel to rolling-stock and diesel engines, electrical generators, housing and power plant. The story of the last three years is one of rapid expansion and diversification both in Great Britain and Canada — resulting in a group with assets of $600 million; an annual turnover of more than $728 million; and a range of operations that makes it one of the world's industrial leaders. But figures are only the bare bones of the story, which represents a vigorous management policy, giving Hawker Siddeley new diversity — and new strength.

Diesel generator installed in a British power station

HAWKER SIDDELEY One of the World's Industrial Leaders

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A well-staged account, by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble, of the emotional confusions of the younger set. June Walker and Chester Morris are abetted by a number of attractive younger people. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. It probably tries to cover too much ground, but it is often very funny and touching. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Homeward, Angel—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and frequently compelling play. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. The admirable supporting cast includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—Dana Andrews (who recently replaced Henry Fonda) and Anne Bancroft are the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Closed for six weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Morosco Theatre, 45th St., W., on Wednesday, Aug. 20.

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Some droll doings involving Peter Lind Hayes, as a professor who gets mixed up with the F.B.I.; Mary Healy, as his wife; and Larry Blyden, as a clumsy Mr. Fixit. The play was written by Norman Krasna, an old hand at this sort of thing. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**look back in anger:** John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world. The cast now includes Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **romanoff and juliet:** Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov. Tom Poston has succeeded the author as the chief uproarer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Music Man—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is splendid in the leading role, and his capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—An adaptation of an Alec Guinness film that isn't very subtle in its humor but is still genial. Directed by José Ferrer, who collaborated with Al Morgan on the book, it has songs by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, and a worthy cast that includes Tony Randall, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. Dorothy Lamour will join the troupe Saturday evening, July 12. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **li'l abner:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Wynne Miller, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet." With Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"The Marriage of Figaro." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan, Alfred Russell, and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico Garcia Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Peg Murray and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Paul Stevens head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Garden District—Two plays ("Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer") make up this Tennessee Williams double bill. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, July 13.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted and directed by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45.)

The Midnight Caller and **John Turner Davis**—Richard Snyder and Mary Perry in a double bill by Horton Foote. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:40.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays

	Page
THE AIR	70
BOOKS	100
THE CURRENT CINEMA	98
LETTER FROM LONDON	76
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	86
THE RACE TRACK	82

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast includes Zero Mostel and Robert Brown. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturday, July 12, at 6:30 and 9:30; and Saturday, July 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

You Never Can Tell—The second item in a Shaw festival, with William Landis, Del Tenney, and Mary Grant. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Othello," with William Marshall and Robert Geiringer. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park, at about 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 12: Eddie Bracken in "A Visit to a Small Planet." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten in "Sabrina Fair." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 12: "Roberta." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Paint Your Wagon." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 12: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Starting Monday, July 14: Ethel Barrymore Colt in "The Boy Friend." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 12: "Damn Yankees." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Guys and Dolls." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 12: Dody Goodman in "Dulcy." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Burgess Meredith in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 12: Don Ameche in "Holiday for Lovers." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: John Ireland in "Abraham Lincoln." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 12: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "Triple Play." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Claude Dauphin and Lili Darvas in "The Waltz of the Toreadors." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 13: "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 12: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 12: "Damn Yankees." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Wish You Were Here." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 12: James Mason and Pamela Kellino in "Mid-Summer." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Groucho Marx in "Time for Elizabeth." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:45, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 12: "Guys and Dolls." Wednesday through Saturday, July 16-19: "Robin Hood." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 13: "Fledermaus." Starting Tuesday, July 15: Sylvia Sidney in "Auntie Mame." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 13: "A Visit to a Small Planet." Wednesday through Sunday, July 16-20: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Wednesdays at 8:40; Thursdays through Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:15; and Sundays at 8:40. The After Dinner Opera Company will present "The Telephone," "66," and "Apollo and Persephone" on Monday, July 14, at 8:30.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 12: Alfred Drake in "He Who Gets Slapped." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "Triple Play." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

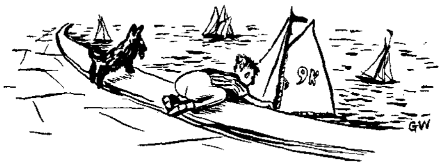
Millburn—"Damn Yankees." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, July 12: "H.M.S. Pinafore." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Gondoliers." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 12: Victor Jory in "The Happiest Millionaire." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Arthur Treacher in "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 12: "Season in the Sun." Starting Monday, July 14: "Middle of the Night." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 12: Claude Dauphin and Lili Darvas in "The Waltz of the Toreadors." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Ella Logan in "Maggie." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)



Pawling—Through Sunday, July 13: "The Happiest Millionaire." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "No Time for Sergeants." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 12: "King of Hearts." Starting Wednesday, July 16: "The Cave Dwellers." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 12: Basil Rathbone and Geraldine Page in "Separate Tables." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Sam Levene in "Middle of the Night." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 12: Ella Logan in "Maggie." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Dody Goodman in "Dulcy." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Matchmaker." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Cocktail Party." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"Hamlet," with Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Morris Carnovsky: Thursday, July 10, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, July 12-13, at 2:30; and Wednesday, July 16, at 8. . . . ¶ "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with June Havoc, Hiram Sherman, and Inga Swenson: Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 8:30; Thursday, July 17, at 8:30; and Saturday, July 19, at 3. . . . ¶ "The Winter's Tale," with Nancy Marchand and Richard Waring: Previews Tuesday, July 15, at 8:30; Wednesday, July 16, at 3; and Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, at 8:30. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call CI 5-3110.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 12: Larry Parks and Betty Garrett in "The Tender Trap." Starting Monday, July 14: Joan Blondell in "New Girl in Town." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, July 20: Gypsy Rose Lee in "Happy Hunting." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 12: Burgess Meredith in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Alfred Drake in "He Who Gets Slapped." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 13: "The Entertainer." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "Separate Tables." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 12: Tania Karina and Oleg Sabline; Donald Saddler and his company, with Maria Karnilova; and Lotte Goslar. Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: Geoffrey Holder and his company, Ram Gopal, and Sahomi Tachibana. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

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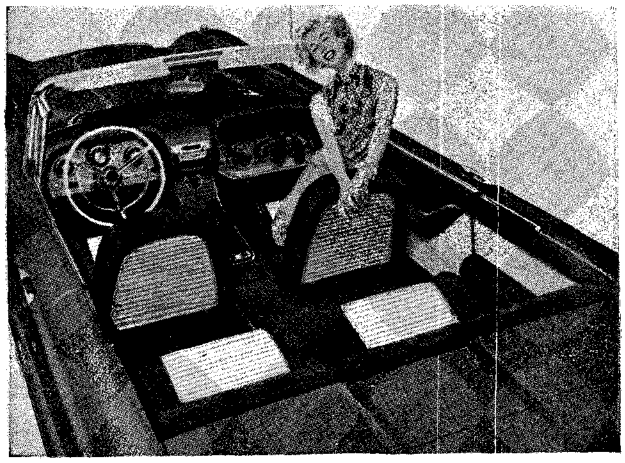

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PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, an excellent setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The summer-replacement program, of which Lenny Herman's dance orchestra is a part, is now in force in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—One of the prettiest and most accommodating summer resorts in all the American Alps. Every night but Sunday, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's minute dance bands prance from one end of the evening to the other.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—You'd swear, from the looks of the place, that it's really the cherished old Ambassador Hotel, and (in everything but name) it is. The Embassy Club still murmurs calm dinner music until nine; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The celestial phenomena up above the open terrace are the work of a divine force, not stagehands; the music is the work of Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's Caribbean band, which play for dancing after eight weekdays and after seven Sundays. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, who like nothing better than flaring their nostrils and pawing the ground, indite one passionate love letter after another to the tune of their own music, or else clap hands while Trini Reyes, their mascot, and a new pair of flamencos named Isabela and Miguel paw the ground themselves. This jolly family affair takes place on the Starlight Roof. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by Jozsi Ribari's group (Neo-Viennese) from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Béla Babai orchestra supplies dance music from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room is far enough up in the world to be above the smog belt. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. John Kelley, Jr., is the Sunday driver. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. After eight, Dr. Al Mello, a physician who has healed himself by turning pianist (moody at the dinner hour, fair and warmer later on), has one end of the floor. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Everybody seems to know everybody, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts; some of the late-evening guests also know the newest show tunes, and prove it. Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single piano until curfew rings the night out. Five is the opening hour for both bar and music. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for strings and for sybarites alike. The strings—Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers—are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love, in the wily words of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* ballads, is a potion to be taken with a grain of salt or a quarter grain of Equanil; she herself is one of our best after-dinner condiments. There's also piano by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The stage set, though enchanting, is too up-to-date to call to mind that adjunct to the Pitti Palace known as the Boboli Gardens, but the cuisine, mood, and management (Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years a mainstay of the Blue Angel) couldn't be more Florentine. Calm, dispassionate piano illuminates the scene from time to time, and after the theatre a tenor lets loose. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, administrator of the law of eminent domain in the world of drawing-room pianism, is back of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being glum. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henry IV, of course) and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make Château Yquem music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the principal aural amusement comes (after ten) from Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is often lovelorn. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to an ample supply of casual piano. Closed Sunday, July 13. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an enterprise devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, rambles over the piano in a manner indicating that he's now veering from Old World toward a more 1958 concept. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, there's desultory, easy-to-talk-above piano from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The setting could be carnival in Venice, the music (piano) could be any place that civilization has penetrated. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Some of the Amazon queens in the local assemblage of showgirls would stand seven feet seven in their stocking feet, if they wore stockings. Watching them walk, dance, sing, cavort, or just loll, mankind must realize that it has more than met its match. For the benefit of academicians, Kathryn Grayson also sings, and clowns, and Jack Durant cracks jokes. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The thousand-and-one-nights' tales of Mike Nichols and Elaine May are not all to be believed, but all of them are funny. There's further amusement by Dorothy Loudon, a

On the beach

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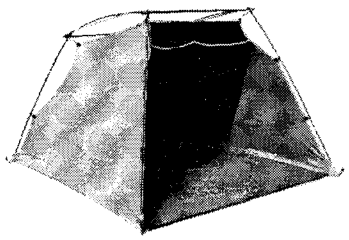

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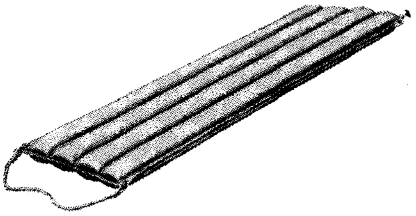

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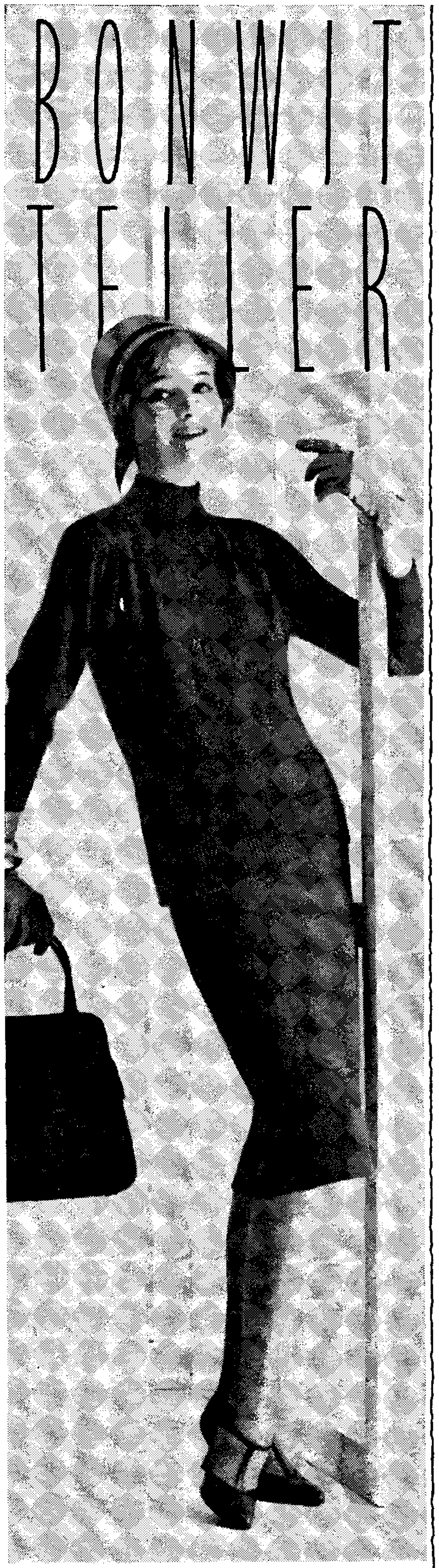

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mockingbird who picks on just about everything; by the Buffalo Bills, whose barbershop chords also embellish "The Music Man;" and by Reneaux, a minute magician who snatches doves by the handful from what certainly looks like thin air. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio (Jim Raney, who's a *Down Beat* medallist, and Beverly Peer are his colleagues) and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty conducts his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The quaint cries of the venders in this Village market place are apt to ring in one's ears for hours, because some of them come from Mae Barnes, a trumpeter swan of unprecedented range, and Felicia Sanders, a pillar of fire by night. Their fevered chanteys are accompanied by Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, who are constantly guilty of breaking the peace themselves. Jimmie Daniels, the mentor of this showshop, sings more placidly, and Murray Grand is the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The Troupers, a boy-and-girl triad full of words and music of uneven quality, periodically swarm in the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of this inn, never give the piano an idle moment. On Sundays, simple-minded silent movies replace the Troupers. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The knowledgeable Janice Mars, a waif with plenty of straightforward, healthy ditties, and Baldwin Bergerson, who presides over a piano, will take summer leave of their playpen, which is in every sense a million miles from Sixth Avenue, on Saturday, July 12. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Possibly the smallest theatrical enterprise in town, pigeonholed up a flight of stairs but large enough to house a revue in which four young people are involved. The words don't always distinguish between satire and cliché, but the average is well above the passing mark, and in Fia Karin the establishment owns a balladeer of distinction. This goes on twice nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bud Freeman, saxophone emeritus of the Condon hierarchy, leads his trio (in which Mousie Alexander operates) into action. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Come with me, says the voice of Carmen McRae, in a tongue full of unexpected turns of phrase, to far-off (or is it far-out?) places. Her bodyguard is a trio run by Don Abney. Randy Weston's threesome is also in attendance. There are matinées Sundays as well as evening sessions, and the place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): King Arthur's court as it looked just after the merger with Disneyland went through. The best bit of décor is Barbara Carroll, whose rapport with her piano is at once modern, plangent, poetic, and intensely feminine. Her trio and the trio of Eddie Heywood, a music man to whom rhythm is of the essence, take turns on the stand every night but Sunday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, for whom the world stopped back around 1913, are reproducing as faithfully as possible the music of that long-ago sphere. They are assisted in this memory course by Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut Sundays. Mondays there are house guests on the stand. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): In the back room, news from the young moderns is served up piping cool by the trios of Marian McPartland, girl guide to all other British distaff pianists, and Jimmy Giuffre, who at times brings to jazz an almost cathedral hush.The McPartlands are away on Sunday; the Giuffres, who are off Monday, will leave on Wednesday, July 16. Every night except Sunday, Johnny Mehegan plays truly introspective piano from cocktail hour until eight. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The forest primeval, alive at night with sounds that are not always identifiable. In a byway, through Wednesday, July 16, there'll be both singing (by Dinah Washington, a voice of decision) and music (suppressed-desire-under-the-elms brand by Lester Young's quintet and a blending of ecstacy and nostalgia by the Mitchell-Ruff duo). The next night, Woody Herman will be bringing another of his Herds, presumably a sizable one, to town, and Sonny Rollins will be bringing in his trio. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty every night but Monday, Toshiko Akiyoshi is devoting her summer holiday from the conservatories of music to an exposition of her attitude toward present-day American piano. The result is sometimes hard-headed, hard-hitting common sense, sometimes wistfulness. She's supported by bass and drums. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Pee Wee Erwin's band, merry Villagers of long standing. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The hurricane warning is always prominently displayed, and with reason. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such Dixiecrats as Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Pee Wee Erwin. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music that was good enough for Rip Van Winkle and that is as thunderous as his Catskill bowling alley. On Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, the bowlers should include the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Willie the Lion Smith, J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): If people would only stop talking, they'd discover that there's music up on the little bandstand. Some of it comes from the trio of Teddy Wilson, major historian of a golden, or Benny Goodman, age of jazz; the rest comes from the quartet of Jonah Jones, who could drown out the whole world if he ever took the mute off his trumpet. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lee Konitz and his pals will be seeking the fifth dimension in American music elsewhere after Thursday, July 10, for Tony Scott and his umbrageous clarinet, to say nothing of his quintet, will report for work the following evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The seething Romany Marie days in the Village—all except the music, which comes from a new continent not yet completely explored. A quintet in which, when his timepiece synchronizes with everyone else's, Thelonious Monk plays piano almost beyond compare is on the hot seat every night but Monday, when Mal Waldron's band does the housework. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A tiny bit of dance floor, in the middle of the Hotel Duane, and a tiny group of musicians beside it to urge on anyone inclined toward footwork. Helen Streiff's voice sometimes joins in. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through Aug. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Jack Levine, Yutaka Ohashi, and Richard Hunt; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: The eleventh annual travelling exhibition, consisting of paintings by Margit Beck, William Chaiken, Tom Clancy, and others; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan; through Sept. 26. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: The gallery group (painters and sculptors), including Byron Browne, Seong Moy, and Hugo Robus; through Aug. 29. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Portraits, 1755-1815, by James Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and others; through July 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-life paintings by artists of the early nineteen-hundreds, as well as by contemporary artists (Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, John Heliker, and so on); through July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by eleven artists, among them Mitchell Siporin, Karl Zerbe, and Abbott Pattison; through Aug. 29. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through July 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 29.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through July 25. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Matisse, Kirchner, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through July 25. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and water colors over the years, from fifteenth-century French and Italian works to present-day American ones, and including examples by Delacroix, Boucher, Fragonard, and Homer; through July 31. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists ranging from Rodin to Morandi; through Aug. 30. (Open Saturdays.)

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Kenzo Okada, Genichiro Inokuma, Tadashi Sato, and four other painters; through July 31. (Graham, Third Floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 17. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Prints by Jacques Callot (1592-1635) and Honoré Daumier (1808-79); through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ A summer loan exhibition of a hundred and forty-five privately owned paintings, dating from Veronese and El Greco to Braque and Picasso; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

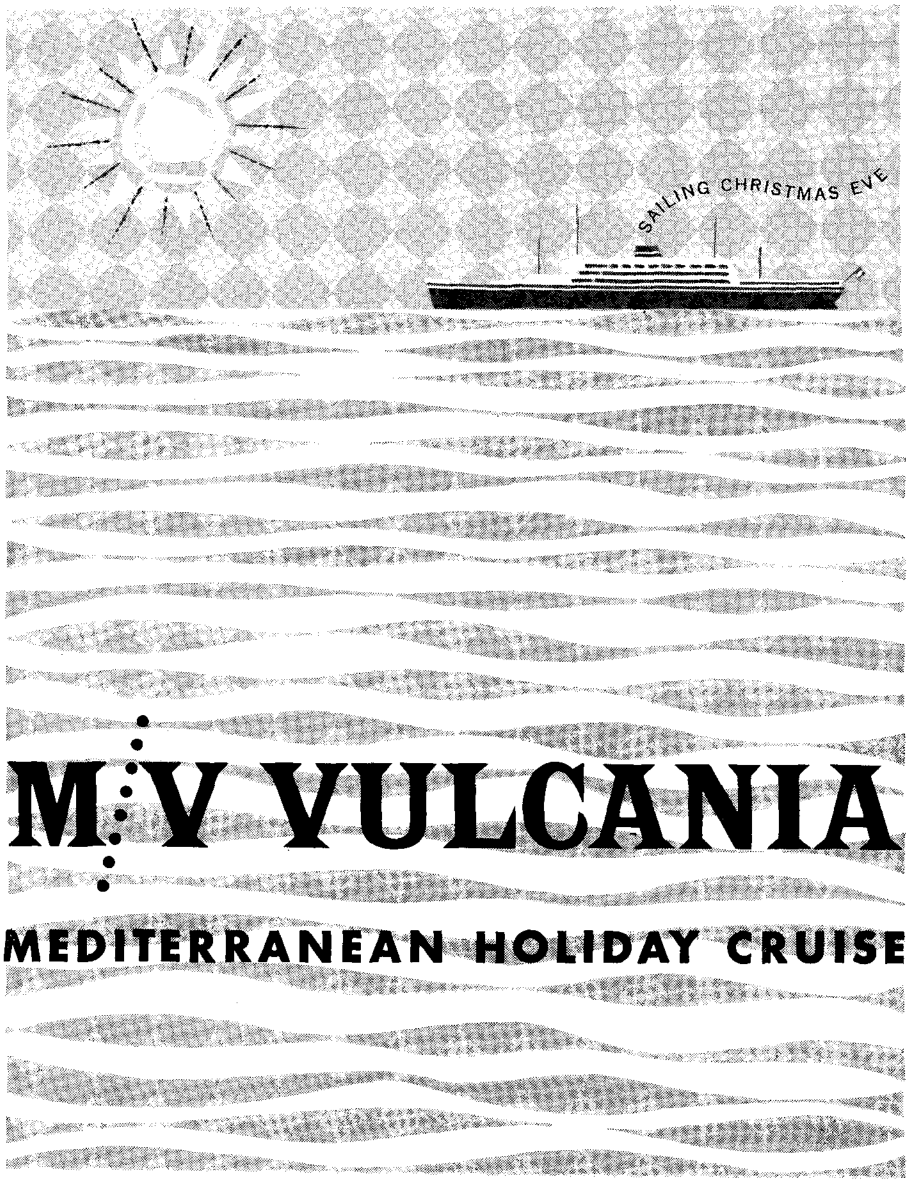
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St—The Museum will be closed until early fall for carpentry and such.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Audrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Maillol, Paolozzi, Miró, and others; through Aug. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings by younger-generation Israeli artists; through Tuesday, July 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen under thirty from across the country; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects, made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: "Art Schools U.S.A., 1958," consisting of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by undergraduates and, to mark the tenth anniversary of this series, current work by selected 1948 graduates; starting Saturday, July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: The annual outdoor clothesline art exhibit (all mediums) for the benefit of Guild Hall. (Saturday, July 12, from 10 to 6.) . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: William C. Bendig, Walter Meigs, and Henry Kreis are three of the painters and sculptors participating in the annual members' group show; through Sunday, July 13. . . . ¶ The twelfth annual jury show (paintings and sculptures); starting Thursday, July 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **NEW CANAAN, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: The ninth New England exhibition, which also includes work by artists from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; through Thursday, July 10. . . . ¶ Paintings by H. Lee Hirsche; starting Sunday, July 13. (Daily, 12:30 to 5:30.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger (1871-1955), sculptures by John Flannagan (1895-1942), aquatints by Mary Cassatt (1855-1926), and sculptures and paintings by "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: Gladys Rockmore Davis, Gordon Grant, and Xavier Gonzalez are among the artists represented in a showing of oils, water colors, and temperas; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** HCE Gallery: Oils by Stephen Pace; through Thursday, July 17. . . . ¶ Oils and sculptures by Jan Müller, Richard Stankiewicz, and others; starting Friday, July 18. (Daily, 11 to 6 and 8 to 10.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Part II of the thirty-eighth annual exhibition, comprising works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Umberto Romano, Jerri Ricci, and Stow Wengenroth; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 10: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12: Alexander Smallens directing an all-Gershwin concert, with Eugene List, piano; Camilla Williams, soprano; Lawrence Winters, baritone; and a chorus. . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting a Beethoven festival: Monday, July 14, with Erica Morini, violin. Tuesday, July 15, with Claudio Arrau, piano. Wednesday, July 16; no soloists. Thursday, July 17, a performance of the Ninth Symphony, with Irene Jordan, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; David Poleri, tenor; Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; and the American Concert Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Roger Machado conducting, with José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 2. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 15.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of "Rigoletto," in English, with soloists. The second in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, July 12, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—A free concert by Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. (East River Park Amphitheatre, East River Dr. near Grand Street. Thursday, July 10, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra made up of Boston Symphony musicians in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 11, at 8:30: With Ruth Posselt, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: With Seymour Lipkin and Lukas Foss, piano. Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: Directed, in part, by Hugh Ross, with Seymour Lipkin, piano, and a chorus. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 16, at 8:30: The New York Pro Musica in a program of music of Flanders and Spain. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Brahms' Requiem, in memory of Serge Koussevitzky, with Hilde Gueden, soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: West Indian night. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 3:30: Tony Scott's quintet (jazz), with Langston Hughes (poetry). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 8:30: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 8:30: Wilbur de Paris and his new New Orleans Jazz Band. (Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: Leonard Rose, cello, and Jean Dancereau, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: Adele Addison, soprano, with Blake Stern, tenor, and instrumentalists of the New York Chamber Soloists. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—The Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting, with Miles Nekolny, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 3: Walter Hendl conducting, with Mischa Mischakoff, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 15, at 8:30: Alberto Bolet conducting, with Julia Louise Herrmann, harp. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 16, at 8:30: Alberto Bolet conducting a pop concert; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting; no soloists. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet, with Albert Sprague Coolidge, viola. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 13, at 4.)

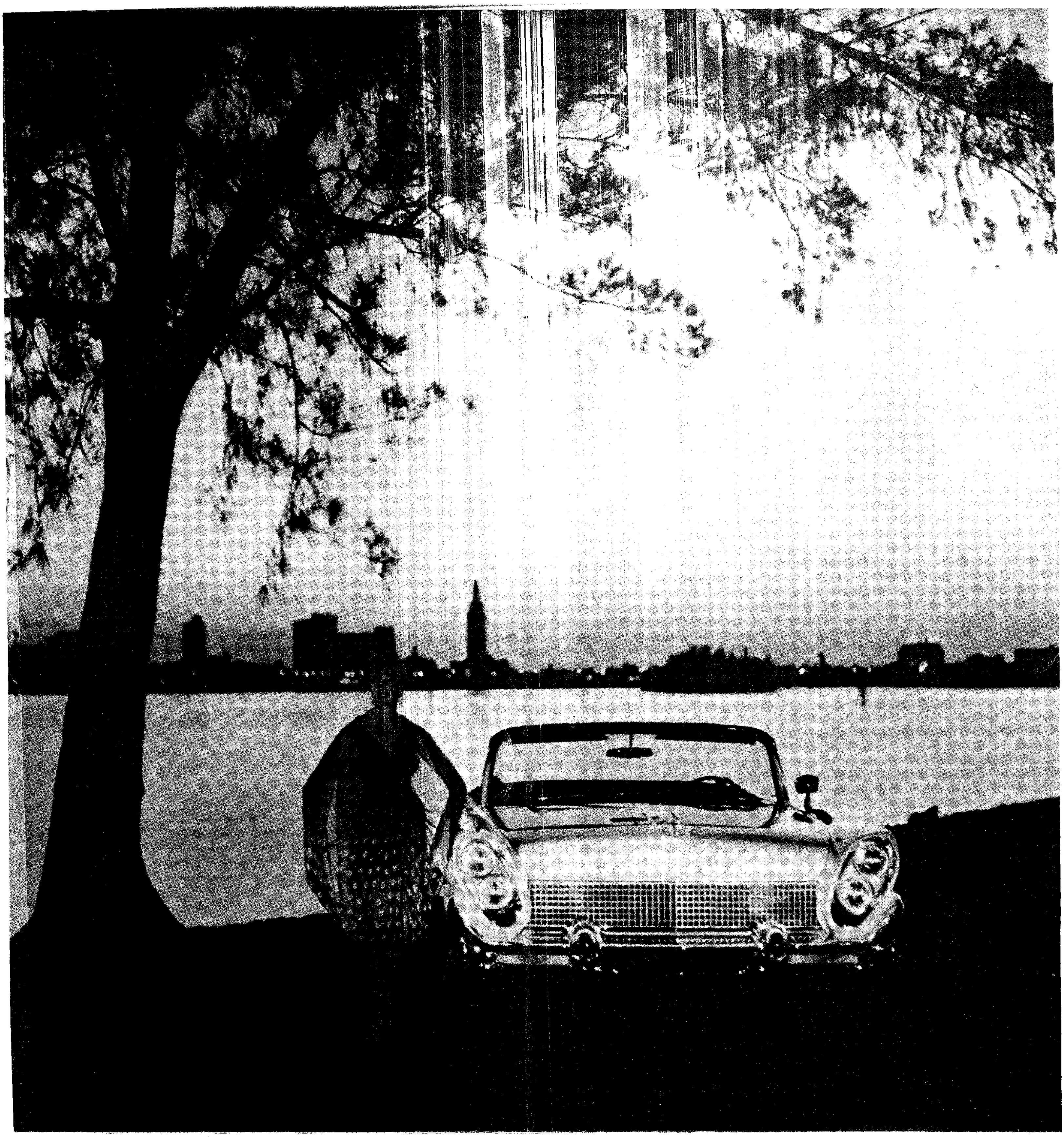
SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—"Don Pasquale," presented in English by singers of the New England Opera Theatre. (Manchester, Vt. Saturday, July 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 10, at 2 and 8, and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Sunday, July 13, at 2 (doubleheader), and Monday, July 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, July 15, at 2; Wednesday, July 16, at 8; and Thursday, July 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, July 18, at 8, and Saturday, July 19, at 2.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, July 11: Mickey Crawford vs. Gaspar (Indian) Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . .



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Friday, July 18: Gale Kerwin vs. Bobby Scanlon, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 10-13.) . . . ¶ National P.G.A. Championship. (Llanerch Country Club, Havertown, Penn. Monday through Sunday, July 14-20.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Spring Brook Country Club, Morristown, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Plandome Golf Club, Plandome, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20.)

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho: The final match of the National Twenty-Goal Championship Tournament, July 13. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

Racing—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, July 29. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 12; the Astoria, Wednesday, July 16; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 16, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sunday, July 13, at 2.

Tennis—Eastern Women's Clay Court Championships. (New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle. Through Saturday, July 12.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4.

Yachting—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12.) . . . ¶ Newport Yacht Club Regatta. (Newport, R.I. Saturday, July 12.) . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport, R.I. Saturday, July 12, through Saturday, July 19.) . . . ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 18-19.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 19.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Starting Saturday, July 19.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

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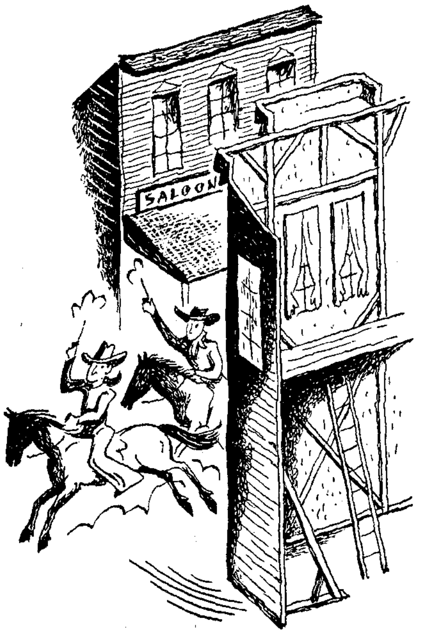
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. It is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—The subject of natural childbirth explored in a French film that is at once dramatic and enlightening. As a doctor in an Alpine village who proves that this method of parturition is feasible, Jean Gabin is a memorable figure, and Nicole Courcel is most convincing as a young woman who agrees to follow his instructions during her pregnancy. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a superb performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Midtown, Bway at 100th, RI 9-9516; through July 15. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through July 15, tentative.)

Gigi—All kinds of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually snares a fine rich fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a handsome affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—In this Anglo-American film about a section of the Royal Navy in the Second World War, Sophia Loren is cast as a moody young woman who feels that she owes it to the memory of her deceased sweetheart, a tugboat captain, to offer her favors to a succession of his colleagues. It's hard to make much sense of her carryings-on, but the picture, which was directed by Carol Reed, contains some stirring scenes of tugboats at their wartime work. William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are among the intrepid mariners on view. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Kings Go Forth—Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis as a pair of Seventh Army soldiers who, when they aren't battling Germans around in the South of France, spend a lot of time pursuing a young lady (Natalie Wood) who is the pretty product of a marriage between a Negro and a white woman. Not overly plausible, but distinguished by the fine performance of Mr. Sinatra. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; starting July 16. Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Charles Laughton giving a gaudy and compelling performance as an English barrister defending a young man who is accused of knocking off an old lady. Based on the play by Agatha Christie, with Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor in the cast. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; July 10. . . . ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through July 15. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting July 16, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 10, tentative.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 10, tentative.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 13-15, tentative.)

Love in the Afternoon (1957)—A romp in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting July 16.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Roots (1957)—Four stories about life among the Mexican Indians. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 15, tentative.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. Funny and French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 14-15.)

We Are All Murderers (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
KINGS GO FORTH.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE KEY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. LO 3-1100)
"The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through July 12: "Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)
From July 16: "Cinerama—South Seas Adventure." (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 15 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).
From July 16 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 15: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From July 16: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 15 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).
From July 16 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
July 10: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.
July 11-15: "Revenge of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Curse of the Demon," Dana Andrews.
From July 16: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Your Past Is Showing!," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 13: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
July 14-15: "The Abominable Snowman," Forrest Tucker; and "Ghost Diver," James Craig, Audrey Totter.
From July 16: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE KEY.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5 3320)
SUMMERTIME, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 15 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).
From July 16 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 16: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
July 10: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.
July 11-15: "Revenge of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Curse of the Demon," Dana Andrews.
From July 16: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
July 10 (tentative): **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival.
July 11-12 (tentative): "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "Fraulein," Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter.
July 13-15 (tentative): **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; and "The Swan," revival, Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness.
From July 16 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 15 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).
From July 16 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 13: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
July 14-15: "The Abominable Snowman," Forrest Tucker; and "Ghost Diver," James Craig, Audrey Totter.
From July 16: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
July 10: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.
July 11-15: "Revenge of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Curse of the Demon," Dana Andrews.
From July 16: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through July 13: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
July 14-15: **VIVA ZAPATA!**, revival; and "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones.
From July 16: **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON**, revival; and "The Trouble With Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 15 (tentative): **THE ROOTS** (in Spanish), revival; and "Wife for a Night" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Gino Cervi.
From July 16 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 16 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
July 10: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.
July 11-15: "Revenge of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Curse of the Demon," Dana Andrews.
From July 16: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 15: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
From July 16: "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 13: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
July 14-15: "The Abominable Snowman," Forrest Tucker; and "Ghost Diver," James Craig, Audrey Totter.
From July 16: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Light in the Forest," Fess Parker, Wendell Corey.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through July 13: "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.
From July 14: "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 15: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.
From July 16: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 15: "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Hollywood or Bust," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.
From July 16: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Band of Angels," revival, Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 10: "The Grasshopper" and "The Forty-First" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 11: **TALES OF HOFFMANN**, revival; and "The Paris Waltz" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay, Yvonne Printemps.
July 12: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival; and "Papa, Mama, the Maid, and I" (in French), revival, Robert Lamoureux, Gaby Morlay.
July 13: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival; and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival.
July 14: A program of six short films on art—"The Glory of Goya," "Paul Gauguin," and others.
July 15: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival; and "Alibi for a Night" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Erich von Stroheim.
July 16: A program of seven short films dealing with psychology.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 15: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.
From July 16: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.

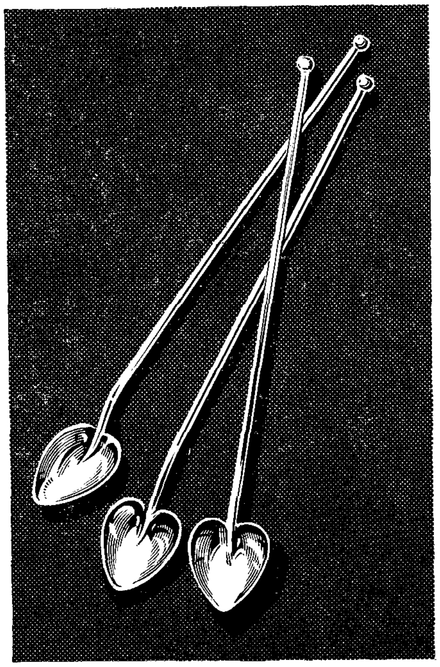
Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through July 15: **GERVAISE** (in French).
From July 16: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
July 10: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.
July 11-15: "Revenge of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Curse of the Demon," Dana Andrews.
From July 16: "High School Confidential," Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling; and "The Law and Jake Wade," Robert Taylor, Richard Widmark.

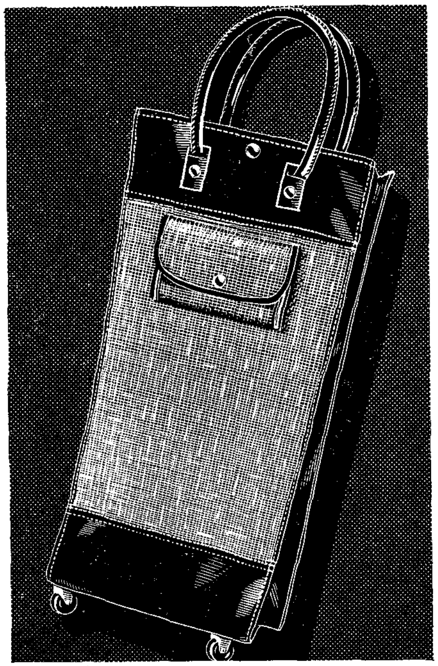
Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 13: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
July 14-15: "The Abominable Snowman," Forrest Tucker; and "Ghost Diver," James Craig, Audrey Totter.
From July 16: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.

B. Altman & Co.

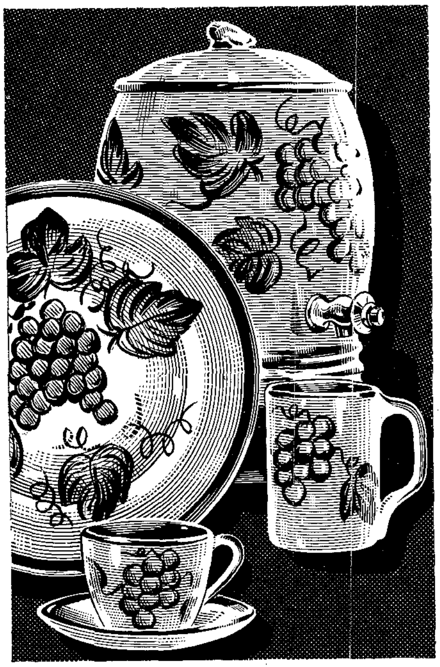
just pick out what you want and tell us where to send it . . .



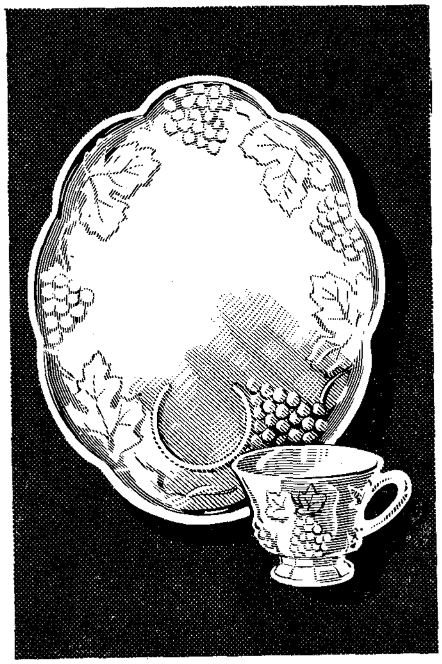
Romantic in iced tea—scandalous in a gin-and-tonic! Heart-shaped, sterling silver "tall drink" sipper-spoons in a hostess-gift box, designed to *get you invited again.* Set of six, **9.60,** set of eight, **12.80** (price includes 10% Federal tax). fourth floor



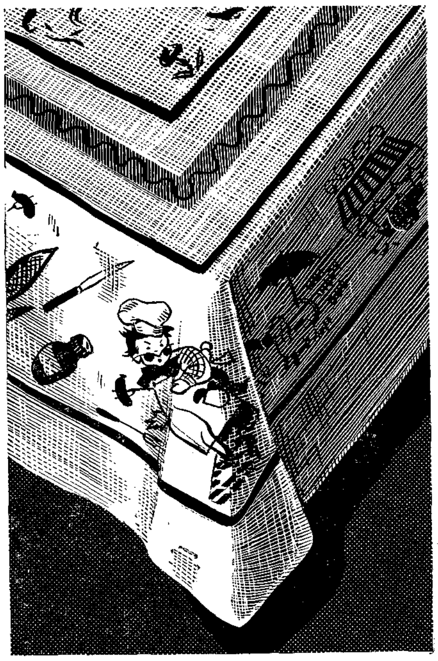
Super bag for supermarketing—"the Marketeer" holds more than you can lift—then rolls it on ball-bearing wheels! Folds in half, with wheels inside, to become a utility bag. Waterproof fabric and vinyl plastic with outside pocket. Grey tweed, or plaid, **4.98** fifth floor



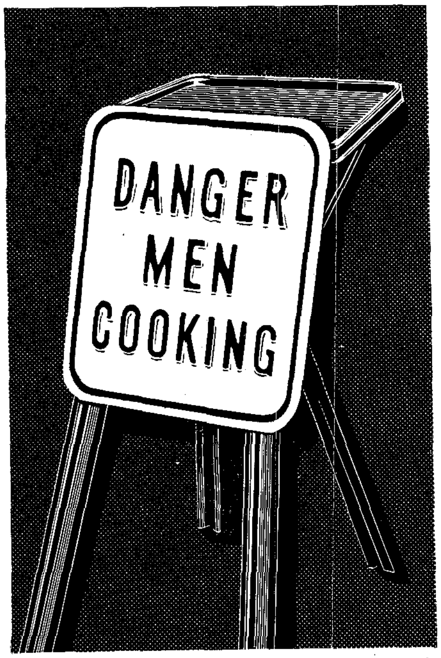
Three gallons of Pimm's Cup—or lemonade, will fill this stoneware cooler to outlast your most demanding guest! 3 gal. cooler with stand, **18.50** Oven-proof king-size mugs and dinnerware to match, with hand-painted fruit underglaze in blue and green. 14 oz. mugs, each **1.35**; 16-piece starter set, **19.95** fourth floor



Balances nicely on the knee—this delightful new milk glass snack set leaves one hand free for conversation! You'll see it on porches, lawns and patios, at barbecues and teas. 8 ten-inch oval plates, recessed to hold 8 matching cups, 16-pieces, **5.90** fourth floor



Genuine burlap banquet cloth—shockingly *appropriate for an outdoor barbecue!* Colorful "cook-out" motif on sturdy homespun. Improves with ketchup and mustard stains—or washes in *the machine. 58 x 80 inches,* **3.50** *fifth floor*



Give the chef elbow room—this steel work table provides hooks for tools and 156 square inches for mustard, barbecue sauce and other materials for the full ritual. Baked-on black finish. Yellow sign indicates hazardous area. 21 inches high. Ask for Bar-B-Buoy, **5.95** fifth floor

Beyond motor delivery area, shipping charges will be additional.

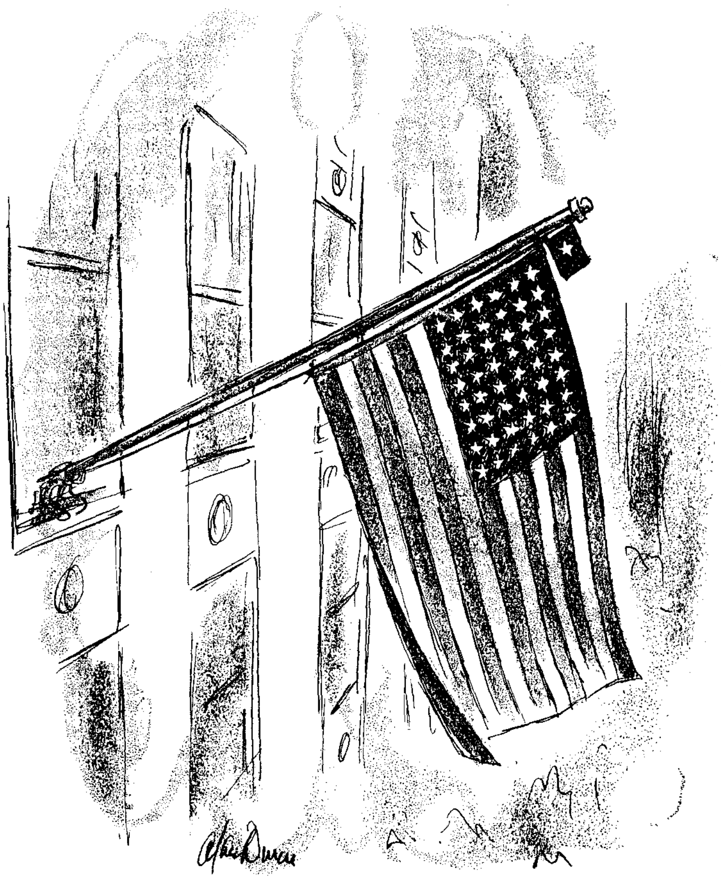
Mail and telephone orders welcome. MUrrayhill 9-7000—Fifth Avenue at 34th Street and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A HEADLINE over a recent book review in the *Times* said that Mr. Thomas K. Finletter, the former Air Force Secretary who may be running for the Senate one of these days, sees the need for "a new stance" in our foreign policy, and on the same day we ran across this we accepted a Capezio shoe box from our wife with instructions to bury in it a chipmunk one of the cats had stopped playing with. The Capezio shoe box said, of Capezio shoes, "Half the fun of theatre and dance, they also take a fashion stance." The latter use of "stance" seems just about perfect to us, but, in more ways than one, we are in doubt about the use of it in the *Times* headline. We went through the *Times* review of Mr. Finletter's book with care and found no mention of "stance," and, too busy with our chores to read Mr. Finletter's book, we don't know whether he used the word himself or whether it was just thought up by the headline writer. In any case, after giving the matter a good deal of thought while we were digging the grave for the chipmunk, we found ourself convinced that the headline writer, or Mr. Finletter, or whoever was responsible for the thing, was trying to get away from the word "posture," and that in doing so he was, or they were, proceeding in the wrong direction. When you wish to get away from a word like "posture" and hope to find a new word to take its place, the way to go is backward, not forward. If you go forward, you will soon have a rickety "stance" under you, and if you keep going forward, you will have no alternative except to proceed to some other word having to do with some other position of a vertical, stationary human body in order to save yourself from the disaster of becoming tongue-tied. A vertical, stationary human body hasn't much leeway, and can only tilt, lean, bow, stretch, or squat. None of these positions is attractive when assumed by the most powerful free nation in the world, and putting a "new" in front of any of the words that you'll try to climb up on after you go forward from "stance" is not going to do you any good. The whole unfortunate trend began, in our opinion, when the Republicans discovered the phrase "taking a new look." That phrase has the unmistakable imprint of unpremeditated ambiguity that is ordinarily found only in advertising slogans, though not in the advertising slogans of the Capezio-shoe people. It stems from a fashion designer—not a shoemaker—who sought, some years back, to give the ladies "a new look." But what the fashion designer had in mind was making the lady look new, not looking at her in a new way, or adopting, in order to examine her, a new posture, stance, tilt, lean, stretch, or squat. Thus "taking a new look" reminds the ordinary citizen, no matter what his politics may be, or whether he is fonder of dogs than he is of cats, or even if he is on the fence about all controversial questions—it reminds him vaguely, we claim, of an outmoded getup and suggests that whoever is doing it is "taking," or acquiring possession of, same. After "taking a new look" was worn out, "posture" was adopted, and if it is now worn out, as the *Times* headline writer and perhaps Mr. Finletter seem to feel, that is a good thing, because it, too, bellows with unintended obfuscation when used in connection with international affairs, and is misleading and probably unfathomable. There is no way of telling whether "posture" means how we stand or whether it means how we wish other nations to think we stand, and it is entirely too close to the word "*im*posture" to be of any use to the Capezio-shoe people. "Stance" is less confounding, but it brings games of sport to mind, and we can see that any Democrat who has sought refuge in "stance" is going to dive off before he has got set



and swim onward to one of the other words that describe a position of a stationary human body. As we hope we have made clear, there is no safety or satisfaction to be found in going in that direction. The thing to do is to go backward to some old but not worn-out word like "attitude," which denotes not only a physical position but an intellectual one, and we will gladly offer a cigar or a new pair of Capezios to the first politician who does so.

Eternal Vigilance

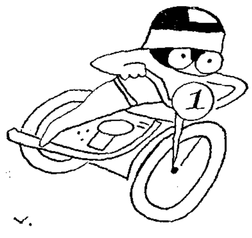
IN filling out forms for enlistment in the United States Navy, a young friend of ours, aged eighteen, came upon the question "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the organizations listed?" Among the many outfits listed, our youth, an observant type, noticed "Sakura Kai—Patriotic Society or Cherry Association, composed of veterans of the Russo-Japanese War."

Pugsley Revisited

CONTINUING what may turn out to be a custom of revisiting certain old friends every twenty-six years—we went back to G. A. Georgopulo & Co., Turkish cigarettes, after such an interval—we recently got in touch with Mr. Chester D. Pugsley, who, when we last saw him, in July, 1932, was a forty-five-year-old bachelor, prominent in legal, banking, and civic circles in Peekskill, with a philanthropic record that included endowing a three-hundred-thousand-dollar law lectureship at Harvard, his alma mater. At the time of our Peekskill visit, Mr. Pugsley was wearing a cutaway. He is now a seventy-one-year-old benedict, having married ten years ago, and is still basically domiciled in Peekskill, but with a house in town and an office at 55 Liberty Street, where we found him, brown-eyed, brown-haired, brown-mustached, wearing a modern brown suit, brown shoes, blue-and-red socks, and a brown woolly tie. We knew he was still active, for during the past few months we had spotted letters from him, on political matters, satellite nomenclature, and interplanetary law, in the *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *World-Telegram*, *Journal-American*, and *Mirror*, so we were prepared when he drew from his pocket a large brown wallet and, from this, a number of clips. "Within the past year," he said, in a remarkably deep voice, "I've suggested to the newspapers that American satellites should be called Outerspacelites, that the United Nations consider the control of outer space through international law, that the Brussels World's Fair be made permanent, and that, since cycles of trade are an inexorable economic law, and self-corrective, measures to check the current depression might produce runaway inflation. I generally send copies of the same letter to four or five papers, but I sometimes send an exclusive letter to the *Wall Street Journal*. In 1946, I suggested Jim Farley for Vice-President. He's an old friend. You may recall that in 1916 I was the Democratic nominee for Congress in Westchester and Rockland Counties, and, although defeated, received more votes—14,816—than the then Democratic Congressman did for reëlection in 1914—14,369. I haven't run for office since. Shall we have lunch at the Chamber of Commerce? They haven't got a liquor license, so I suggest we first have a libation at a bar-and-grill across the street. I had lunch there twenty-five years ago, and recall it as being rather agreeable. Shall we ambulate?"

He clapped on a brown hat and led the way to a bar-and-grill on Maiden Lane. "Everything has changed," he said as we crossed the street. "I don't know whether the *North American Review* is still in existence or not." Arriving at the bar, he ordered us a drink, and, for himself, a Daiquiri with Myers's Jamaica rum. "We don't have any Myers's, sir," the bartender said. Mr. Pugsley settled for a Manhattan, and looked around.

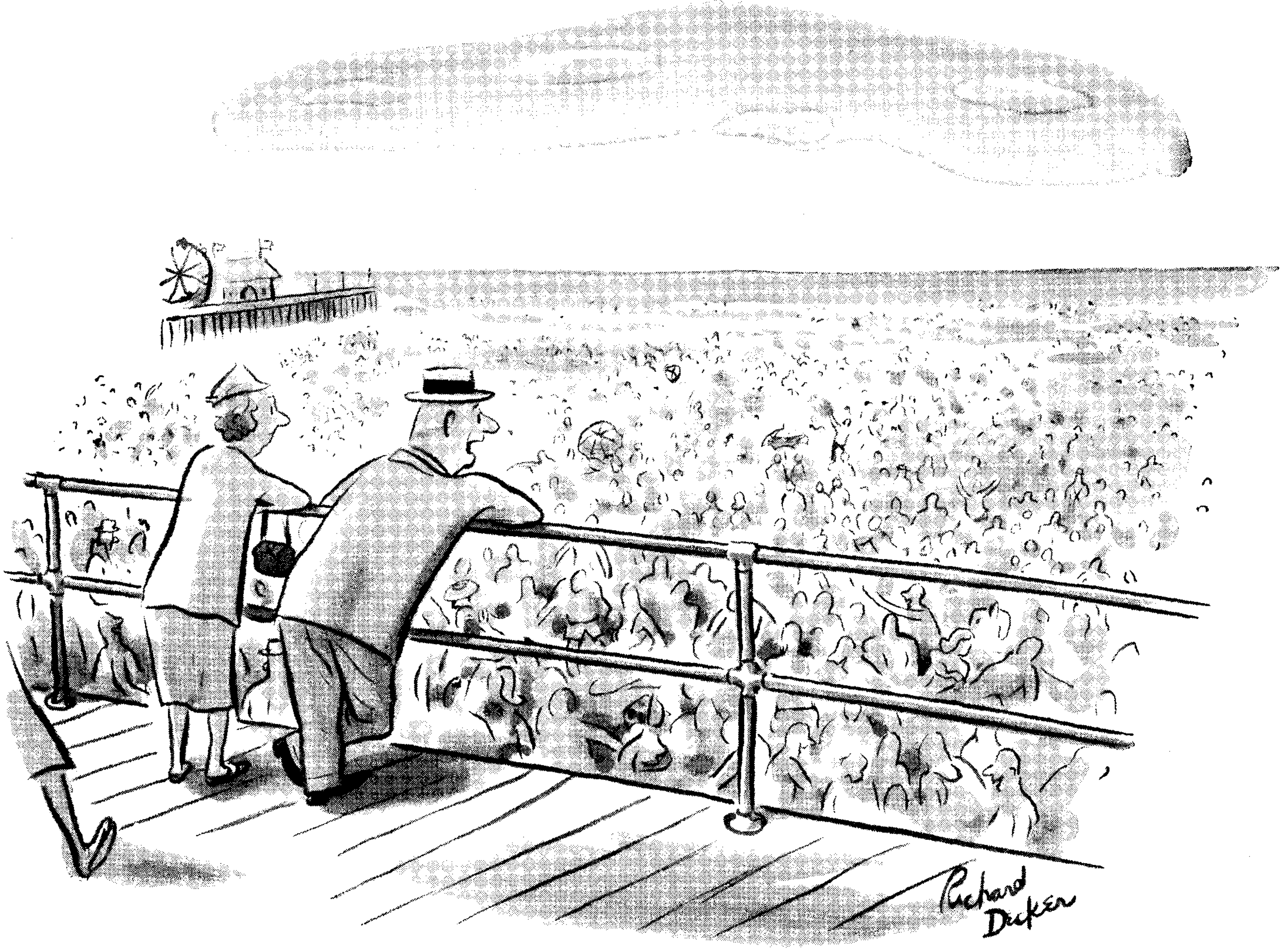
"I'm not sure whether this is the place I had lunch at twenty-five years ago or not," he said to us, and to the bartender, a man in his thirties, "How long has this restaurant been here?"



"Oh, quite a long time," the man replied.

"It *looks* like the same place," Mr. Pugsley said, and we ambulated around the corner to the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, a massive, pillared, classical, dormer-windowed structure designed by James Barnes Baker in 1901, and entered the elevator. "Will you be good enough to illumine the Great Hall on the way up?" Mr. Pugsley said to the operator, pressing a coin on him. On the second floor, we entered a huge black chamber, thirty-eight feet high, which presently lit up. Nearly every inch of its walls, covered with red plush, was hung with gilt-framed oil portraits of some three hundred distinguished men, mostly Chamber members. Gazing intently at the labels, and assisted by our guide, we identified four Brown Brothers Browns, three Astors, three Vanderbilts, three Lows, three Seligmans, two Blisses, two Dodges, two Laniers, two Havemeyers, two Lenoxes, two Morgan & Co. Morgans, two Strauses, several Presidents (Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Arthur, Cleveland), one Albert Gallatin, one Carl Schurz, one Levi P. Morton, one Theophylact Bache, and one Sereno S. Pratt, executed by such artists as Gilbert Stuart, Matthew Pratt, William M. Chase, A. B. Durand, Henry Inman, Eastman Johnson, Philip de Laszlo, Ellen Emmet Rand, and Daniel Huntington. "There's Thomas A. Edison," Mr. Pugsley said. "Honorary member. Look at the inscription in the lower left corner." "O.K. T. A. Edison," we read, and took the elevator to the fourth floor, where, in a dining room hung with an overflow of De Witt Clinton, William Cullen Bryant, Peter Cooper, and Admiral G. Farragut, we settled down to a non-libation lunch.

"I like an alpha-and-omega meal," our host said, ordering vegetable-juice cocktail, vegetable soup, rye bread, coffee ice cream, and coffee. "That's my father's portrait over there—Cornelius A. Pugsley, congressman, bank president. He lived to be eighty-six, and *his* father to eighty-eight. The mother of my great-grandfather, who was a captain in the War of 1812, lived to be ninety-six, but his longevity record was poor. Fell out of a sleigh and died young. He ran a distillery on the Croton River. The first American Pugsley was Matthew, who settled in Bronx County and married Mary Hunt, of Hunt's Point, in 1686. The Chamber of Commerce was founded in 1768. I joined it in 1934. It lost a lot of members in the depression, so I was asked to join. I've done some committee work here, but I'm less active at the moment. Writing letters to the papers, taking care of my affairs, and a little outside legal work keep me fairly busy. I'm a former president of the Peekskill Library, the Peekskill Board of Commerce, and the University Club of Peekskill, which is defunct; a former vice-president of the Westchester Chamber of Commerce, which is no longer in existence; and a former trustee of the Field Home for the Aged and Indigent. Our golf club has ceased to function and is now an open-air theatre. I've given up golf, and I took my last horseback ride in 1936—



"Edna, imagine if I could sell every one of them just five thousand straight life!"

• •

Lake Mohonk to Lake Minnewaska and back, eighteen miles. Weekends, I sometimes lunch at the Peekskill Motor Inn. The view is commanding. I can't remember when I wrote my first letter to a newspaper. I'm trying to persuade the Harvard Law School to launch into outer-space law, but they're resisting me."

Kill and Cure

IN Washington Square last Sunday, we watched a young buckaroo, perhaps five, waving a cap pistol and holding off four of his contemporaries. Plainly a television fan, he kept piping, "If you don't look out, I'll shoot you full of holes and give you quick relief."

The Polynesian Way

THERE'S a Polynesian-restaurant trend in town, and the word for it is "exotic." This exotic adjective—exotic because it was imported, via the Latin *exoticus*, from the Greek *exotikos*—appears ten times in the promotional literature of the Luau 400, an eatery that opened at 400 East Fifty-seventh Street last fall, and five times in the promotional literature of Trader Vic's, which opened in the Savoy Hilton a couple of months ago, all of which is on our desk, in an exotic jumble of covers depicting Cucubada girls, Hukilau girls, conchs, Marquesan and Tahitian tikis, and scenes of unimaginable revelry, which, if enacted publicly in the East Fifties, would land all participants in the jug. What is this stuff doing on our desk, next to the *World Almanac* and the Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary? Well, a lady we know said, "Why don't you look into the Polynesian-restaurant trend?" so off we went to the Luau 400, where we collected a splendid dinner of Pu-Pu Platter, Steak Bora Bora, and Snow Mountain of Assorted Tropical Fruits. "A luau is a native feast," said our host, Mr. Harry Bloomfield, who is a native of Yonkers and, with his wife, Rose, controlling stockholder of Luau 400, Inc. "Observe, hanging from the ceiling, the monstera leaves, which we fly in from Hawaii every week; our Hawaiian monkeypod-tree tabletops; and the authentic ceremonial masks on the walls. Our waiters, waitresses, and kitchen staff—eighty-five, all told—are all Pacific islanders. Our five Catamaran Boys—singing instrumentalists—are direct from Hawaii. We had three girls who were in the original company of 'The Teahouse of the August Moon,' but two of them got married and left. I used to be in the theatre. I worked as a ticket broker for Joe Leblang, produced a couple of turkeys, and was Mike Todd's manager. He came in here opening night and called me the next morning at nine-thirty. 'I'll buy out all your partners,' he said. Elizabeth Taylor loves this place. We get lots of theatre greats—Rodgers and Hammerstein, Josh Logan, Marlene Dietrich, Marilyn Monroe, Paulette Goddard, Joan Blondell, Montgomery Clift. They know this food from the West Coast. Xavier Cugat and his wife come in all the time. We get a good crack at society, too—du Ponts, and Mrs. Gertrude Legendre, of Fishers

Island. Former Attorney General Herbert Brownell loves it here. So does Henry Morgan. We can handle two hundred and ten at a time, and fifty at the bar. We average three thousand a week. We served seven hundred and thirty dinners the first Saturday we were in business. I don't know how we did it. We're doing from twenty thousand dollars a week down to seventeen thousand, but we're still putting all our money back into improvements. We've spent sixty thousand dollars on the place since it opened. We've tripled the kitchen. We've rebuilt the checkroom three times, enlarging it. We had a hemp floor, which wore out, and we had to put in a cork floor, and then a linoleum floor over that. We've spent seven thousand dollars replacing ashtrays and so forth. People take them as souvenirs. They steal our menus. We've lost a hundred salt and pepper shakers. I stopped a woman with a plant at the door one day, and I caught an actor walking off with a lamp."

Aghast, we suggested that he tell us more about the food.

"This is not fattening food," he said. "We offer our customers extra portions free of charge. The portions are so big in the first place that there isn't much danger of their wanting more. One appreciable saving for us is that we use very little sugar, very little butter, and very little bread. This place is a block long. It's in a building built by Jesse Jones. This Polynesian thing is a definite trend. Trader Vic's, which is partly Polynesian, followed us, and since we opened, luaus have started up in Baltimore, Atlanta, and Paris. I've spent most of my eating time on the West Side, at Lindy's and such, but I think the atmosphere here is more leisurely and comfortable. More like your own home. Have you heard about the pea-pod situation? They used to be a dollar seventy-five a pound, but now they're three fifty. Bad season in California."

We planned to drop in at Trader Vic's the next day, but, surfeited with the exotic, settled instead for a phone request for documentation, which arrived by special messenger. Fiji and Marquesas Islands war clubs on the walls, more ceremonial masks, giant clam shells, Tahitian sculpture, outrigger canoes, and bamboo fish traps, and, on the menu, Green Goddess Salad, Tahitian Crab Sandwich, Mahi Mahi from Honolulu, and Passion Fruit Sherbet. Alas, the bar list offers (along with Samoan Fog Cutter, Tiki Puka Puka, and Doctor Funk of Tahiti) "Suffering Bastard, a forthright blend of Rums, Lime and Liqueurs with an affinity for Cucumber . . . formula from the Sheppard's Hotel in Cairo." Shades of Shepheard's Hotel! But it's only forthright to say that the Luau 400 calls rum "the Elixer of Enchantment" and lists "Pineapple Chuncks." Is Dr. Funk one of the Funk & Wagnalls Funks? We don't know, we don't care, and we're off to Riker's for a Buckwheat Buckwheat.

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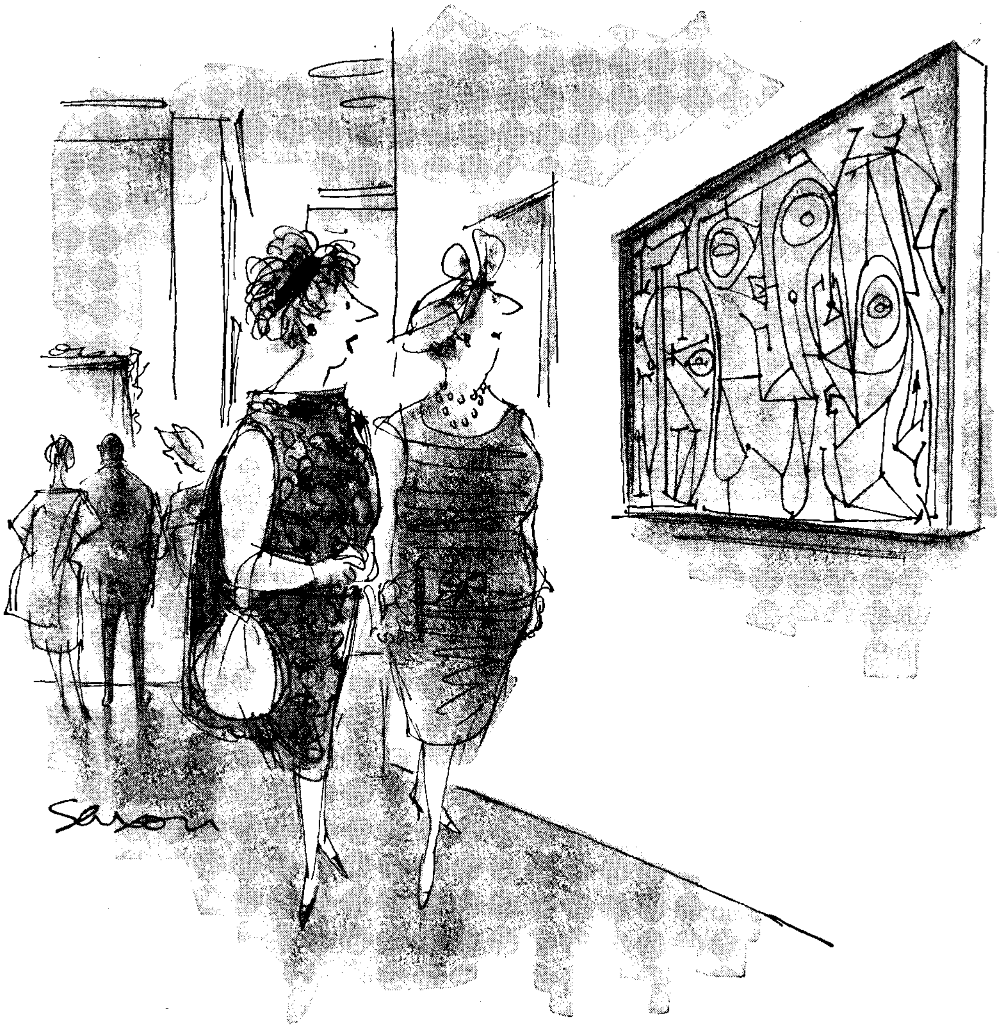
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Vermont, like New York and Connecticut, permits people to have license plates consisting of letters instead of numerals. As you might expect, a pair of pink Chevrolets have now appeared there bearing the identification HIS and HERS.

Different

KENNETH HAIGH has just stepped out of the role of Jimmy Porter, the noisy, truculent hero of "Look Back in Anger," after playing the part for sixteen months, first in London and then here. Since John Osborne's play suggests that an intelligent young man with a working-class background will find the best of England closed to him, both professionally and socially, and since Jimmy Porter, responding violently to this problem, has become the totem of a whole tribe of Angry Young Men, it occurred to us that it might be interesting to learn whether the superb conviction with which Mr. Haigh played his historic role derived in part from his being himself an angry young man. Meeting Mr. Haigh, we discovered at once that he is thoroughly un-Porterlike in speech and manner; a soft-spoken, neatly turned-out man of twenty-eight, he told us that he isn't especially angry at anyone or anything, and is only rather weary of being expected to be angry. "The public always associates an actor with a role, and no doubt if I'd played Prince Charming, I'd have been expected to be charming," Haigh said. "I sympathize with Jimmy Porter and understand his feelings, but I don't share them. I might have done so five years ago, when I was out of work, but not now."

Mr. Haigh has this in common with Jimmy Porter—he has a working-class background. "My father was a miner," he said. "My mother's Irish, and

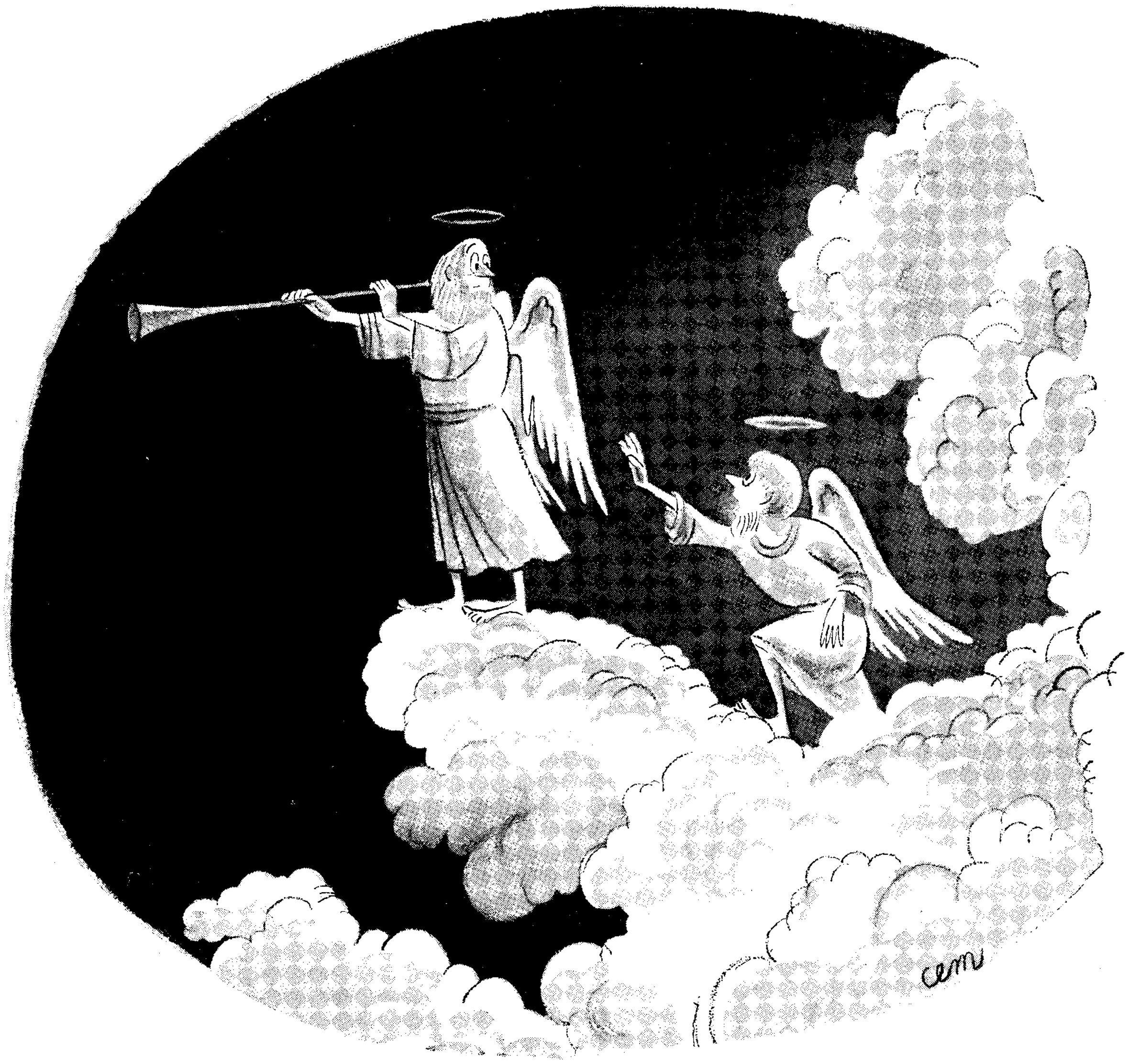


"I feel just like that sometimes."

her father was a miner, too. I was born in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I'm left-handed, and in Yorkshire there's a saying that if your son's left-handed, you'll never see him again. Still, it's a great help in cricket, which I love. From the earliest moment I can remember, I wanted to be an actor. Lots of working people wouldn't have let their son go on the stage, but my family was very nice about it. We moved to London when I was a boy and I won a scholarship to a grammar school there, then went into the Army, then got out and attended the Central School of Dramatic Art, also in London. My first truly professional experience was two years of touring with a Shakespeare company in Ireland. A wonderful time! The village people gave us the warmest applause you ever heard." Back in London, Haigh became a charter member of the English Stage Company, which is credited with discovering John Osborne, and had parts in Angus Wilson's "The Mulberry Bush," Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," and Nigel Dennis's "Cards of Identity" before starring in "Look Back in Anger."

Haigh found that many audiences here actively resented the play and him. "Some nights, I was hissed, and other nights people would clap when my wife left me in the second act," he said. "It would help so if American audiences didn't bring their moral judgments *quite* so directly to bear on plays. English audiences are more tolerant. Intellectually and morally, I feel that England is still the freest country I know. It's been suggested that Jimmy Porter could perfectly well be an American, but I don't agree. For one thing, he isn't ambitious, as nearly all young Americans are, and it's precisely this lack of ambition that makes him European. In England, you see, we've done most of the old, ambitious things—Rhodes and empire-building and all that. Now the country's divided between two sorts of people, isn't it? Those who can get used to being a second-class power and those who can't. And surely it's a matter of having to get used to things, which poor Jimmy Porter hasn't."

We asked Mr. Haigh his personal opinion of the Angry Young Men, and he replied that he'd be happier about them if they made more of an effort in their own lives. "After all, adjustment is up to you," he said. "All that society can do is encourage you to adjust. When I got my scholarship, at ten—well, I *did* have a difficult time at first. I came of a blunt Yorkshire family and was lucky because they didn't aim to have me join a higher class, but I was perplexed as to what the masters wanted of boys like me. Were we supposed to be the sons of our fathers? Or something utterly new and better? Later, in the Army, I turned down the offer of a commission, because I preferred staying in the ranks to dealing with people who ask questions like 'How many horses have you?' and 'How many people in your family have been officers?' Of course, a lot of these things seemed terrible to me when I was twenty-one, but I got over them—got used to them. Merely being angry wouldn't have helped a bit."



"Hold it, Gabriel! The summit meeting is on again!"

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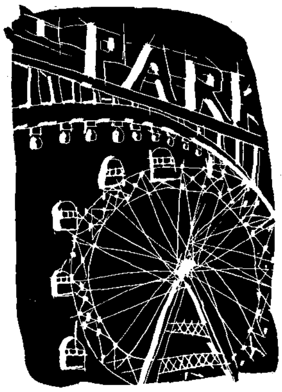
Blank

A FRIEND of ours recently married a girl from New Orleans, and took off for Ireland for a honeymoon. By way of assuring the young lady's parents in economical style that they had arrived safely, they decided to send a one-word, self-explanatory cable, with no signature, reading "Voilà." Our friend has just learned from his mother-in-law what happened when the message got to New Orleans. Seems the local cable office telephoned her to report, "We have a cable for you from Dublin. There isn't any message, but it's signed 'Viola.' "

RENT ME AND I'LL COME TO YOU

> I'M A STORY BOOK HOUSE. I Hate to Brag, but I Know You'll Love Me When You See Me! I'm an English farm house—artistic rustic, situated on a hillside in a lovely secluded spot in Sherman Oaks. Large living room antiqued, Gothic type beams; large picture window; floor to ceiling stone F.P.; artistic balcony. My floors are pegged planks, 2 bdrms. and den, adorable kitchen with brick recess for stove, canopy, plenty of tile. Floor furnaces. My doors have hand-made latches. Located on two lots, plenty of flowers and fruit trees. A peaceful, comfortable, inspirational hide-a-way—You'll want me!
>
> —*Adv. in the Hollywood Reporter.*

EVERYTHING was so new and exciting our first week in Hollywood that Hamish and I hardly slept a wink. I guess we were both pretty exhausted when we got there, after the strain of those last few days in New York—his agent dickering with Metro, and the farewell parties the cast gave him, and subletting the apartment, all the mad and glamorous stuff that happens when your husband lands a term contract. And goodness knows it all happened suddenly enough. One minute Hamish was just an obscure actor playing a wastrel in an off-Broadway production of Eugène Brieux's "Damaged Goods," the next he was Ranse Gantry, the new Western find, and we were rolling along La Cienega in the Carey Cadillac that had met us at the airport. "See all those, honey?" Hamish chuckled in his new deep-throated Western drawl, pointing toward the lights that sparkled on the hills. "I'm going to pull them down and make a coronet for your hair."



I saw the chauffeur up front cringe as if he had heard the words before, but I didn't care. "Silly," I said fondly. "There's only one thing I really want, Hamish. However big you become, you mustn't forget your first love—the theatre."

"Don't worry," he assured me. "No matter what happens, I'll take time out to do at least two shows a year on Broadway." The glass panel between us and the driver slid up noiselessly. "Look, kitten, you *will* remember about my name, won't you? I mean, everyone at the studio'll be calling me Ranse—"

"Short for 'rancid'?" I teased, snuggling up to him.

He laughed, for, unlike most actors, he always saw the point of a joke. "I may be an actor," he said, and drew my face to his, "but this is one 'yoke' I understand." And so we rode into the golden future, two carefree children with quips on our lips.

Well, that was just the beginning. There was so much to do and see. Hollywood Boulevard, with its fabulous shops and eateries—quaint little nooks that served Fissionburgers and Sky-High Malteds Too Thick for a Straw, the footprints of all the greats at Grauman's Chinese, the scores of marvellous souvenir stores and booteries and saddleries that make it the most cosmopolitan street in the world. Then Beverly Hills, with row on row of aristocratic homes—stately Southern mansions and Renaissance palaces and Tudor deaneries—and Bel-Air, with its gracious country atmosphere, and the dreamy carillon in the bell tower of U.C.L.A., ten times the size of Harvard, summoning thousands of students to class with the strains of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." And that gray old Pacific at Malibu, stretching away endlessly to romantic places like Catalina and Pago Pago. And the Metro commissary, with the biggies democratically lunching alongside extras, and the Coconut Grove, and the oil derricks, and TV City—we lived in a perfect whirl. Riding around in our baby-blue Porsche, Ranse soon picked up a stunning tan, and though he always wore smoked glasses so people wouldn't recognize him, plenty did, even if he hadn't appeared in any pictures yet.

"I'm going to have lots of trouble with you, Alkali Ike," I used to kid him. "I dug that blonde at the intersection batting her lashes at you."

"Ease off, Smyrna," he'd murmur sheepishly. (He was practicing a sheepish murmur modelled on Gregory Peck's.) "Those switch-tailed heifers don't appeal to this cowpoke. I'm just a very lucky Joe starting a movie career."

And once he did, life wasn't so rosy for me, cooped up in one room at the Lespedeza Arms. I'd shop, have my nails done or return a bra, somehow fritter away the day till Ranse got back from the studio, but within a week or two the place began to give me claustrophobia. After all, as I explained to Ranse, this wasn't just a hit-and-run part; with his term deal, we could afford a home of our own, a little ranch house where I'd make him pizzas and he'd study his scripts or twang on his guitar. He bought the idea—it reminded him of those color photos of Hugh O'Brian in *TV Guide*—so we started looking. I didn't know there was as much real estate as I saw in the next three weeks, so many custom Regencies and split-level châteaux and smog-free Shangri-Las. Every single one, though, had some drawback, and nine-tenths were out of our price range. The one that came closest, a sweet Cape Cod rental on stilts in Laurel Canyon, fizzled out when Ranse told the owner his profession. "Vandals!" she screamed. "The last actor I had here baked a fish in my silver tea tray!" She caught up a broom and lunged at him. "Get out of here, you yahoo!"

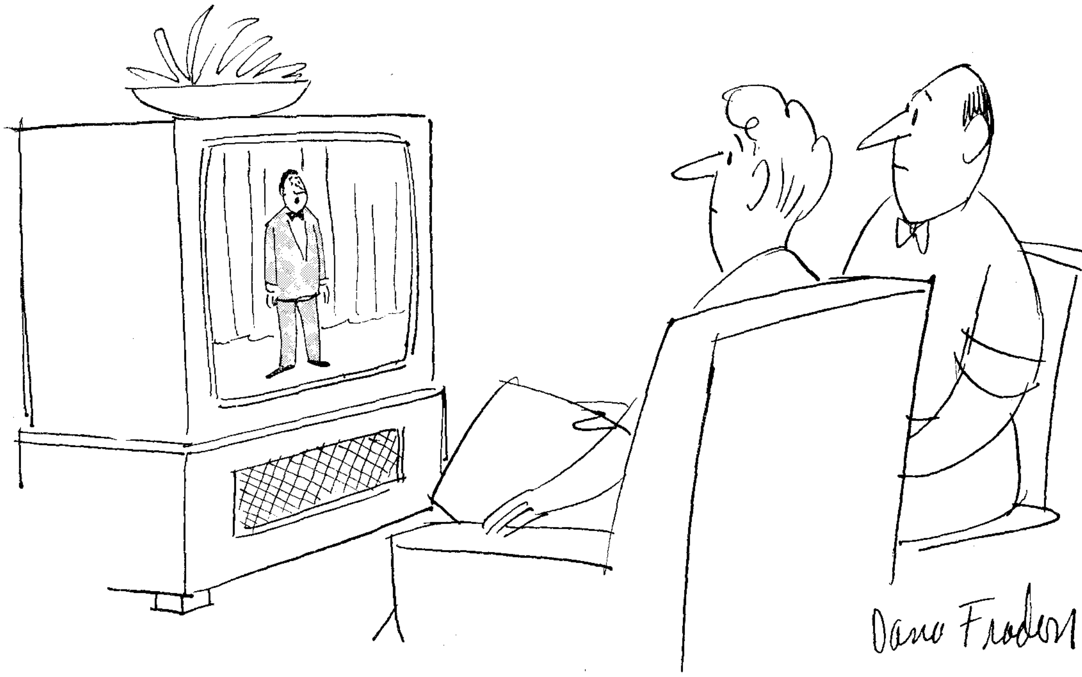
Then, just as I was in despair, our dream house discovered *us*—in, of all places, the darlingest ad in the *Hollywood Reporter*. It was terribly clever, written in the first person, like a dog begging to be adopted—full of simply heavenly details, Old World yet functional, a combination of a Sussex cottage and Frank Lloyd Wright. We couldn't wait to see it, but there was some mystery about the exact owner and we had to go through a realtor, a kind of a fat man named Hitchcraft. "Never mind whose it is, dear," he told me, with a sulky smile, as he drove us out to the valley. "This is the type property that speaks for itself. If you like it, we've got a deal." Well, it was one of those things—love at first sight. Ranse stood in the middle of the living room gloating like a big kid over the hand-hewn rafters, the crooked hinges.

"Is this sensational or is this sensational?" he crowed. "I tell you, Smyrna, it's not for real! Right out of Walt Disney."

"But very personal at the same time," I chimed in. "The place *says* something to me—do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, it does to everyone," Hitchcraft said in a hurry-up kind of way. "It— it grows on you. Er—why don't we step outside and discuss terms?" To our surprise, the price was a third of what we'd expected, and when he offered to rent for a spell with an option to buy, we jumped at it. As Ranse said later, if he weren't such a judge of character—actors have to size up people in a flash—he'd have suspected Mr. Hitchcraft was anxious to rent the house. But he was just being overanalytical—I suppose from the year he put in with the Actors' Studio.

WE were a month getting settled, what with rugs and drapes and some occasional pieces that Harper



"Folks, why wait for the Trendex people to call you? Call them! Tell them you're watching my program."

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Brothers lost in transit from the warehouse. I used a mixture of Spanish colonial and Chinese modern as my basic decorative scheme, and worked out a cozy dining area in rock maple under the balcony, from which I suspended driftwood lamps with glazed-chintz shades. Clumsy big bear that he was, Ranse was always lacerating his scalp on the driftwood, but he had to admit the effect was scrumptious. Except for my vanity, upholstered in a serape I found on Olvera Street, my bedroom was fluffy, while Ranse's was nautical in tone—a built-in bunk with a porthole painted above it, fish nets looped up on the walls, and all the accessories bound off in Manila rope. As for the den, we converted that into a Polynesian-style bar—oodles of rattan and chubby hogsheads to roost on as we quaffed the rum concoctions Ranse never tired of inventing. We both of us were dead with fatigue the night we tacked up the last bullfight poster, but we felt a sense of completion—the way Marlon must feel after a preview, or James Jones when he finishes a trilogy.

The first hint I got of anything uncanny was like a week later, one morning just before lunch. I was in the kitchen mixing a fig-and-avocado purée in the blender, humming away contentedly to myself, when all of a sudden this voice spoke up in a sneery, insinuating whisper. "Happy as a sandboy, aren't you?" it said with an oily little snicker. "Not a care in the world. Well, you're in for a surprise." My heart gave a great agonizing thump, and I was scared I was going to faint. The voice wasn't coming from any one direction; it was all around me, as if the house itself was talking. "You're awfully naïve about that husband of yours, my pet," it went on, in a hateful, fake-solicitous tone. "Do you really believe he was on location last night? That was pancake on his cheek, all right, but he didn't put it there. Stop deceiving yourself—you can depend on *him* to do that." There was a lot more, all about some Latin-American creature with jet propulsion, but I stuffed my fingers in my ears and ran out to the lanai. Once my panic subsided, I tried to rationalize the thing. It wasn't a hangover or a hallucination; I hadn't had a drink in days, and I never touch tranquillizers or bennies. The words had sounded as distinct, as clear, as a tape recording—a nasty, unctuous voice, neither a man's nor a woman's, with a pronounced English accent. That eliminated the only possibility I could think of—our Japanese gardener, who, in any case, was miles away at the incinerator, burning pecan hulls and talking to them in sign language. Unable to explain it, I finally decided the whole business was psychological and erased it from my mind, but I used every pretext to spend the rest of the day outdoors.

"Something troubling you, *querida*?" Ranse inquired lightly that evening as we sat over coffee in the patio—drinking it, that is—and listened to the traffic on the Freeway. Save for the occasional thud of a ripe grapefruit, no sound disturbed the velvety tropical night. Ranse's eyebrows, albeit his question was casual, were raised in concern.

"Why, of course not, *caro mio*," I said, all froth and insouciance. "What ever could be, in this— this enchanted castle of ours?" Simultaneously, all the horrid jealousy implanted in me that morning boiled up, demanding to be placated. I adopted my most offhand manner. "Have you finished the hayride sequence yet?" I asked. "I'd love to watch the night shooting, if I'm not in the way."

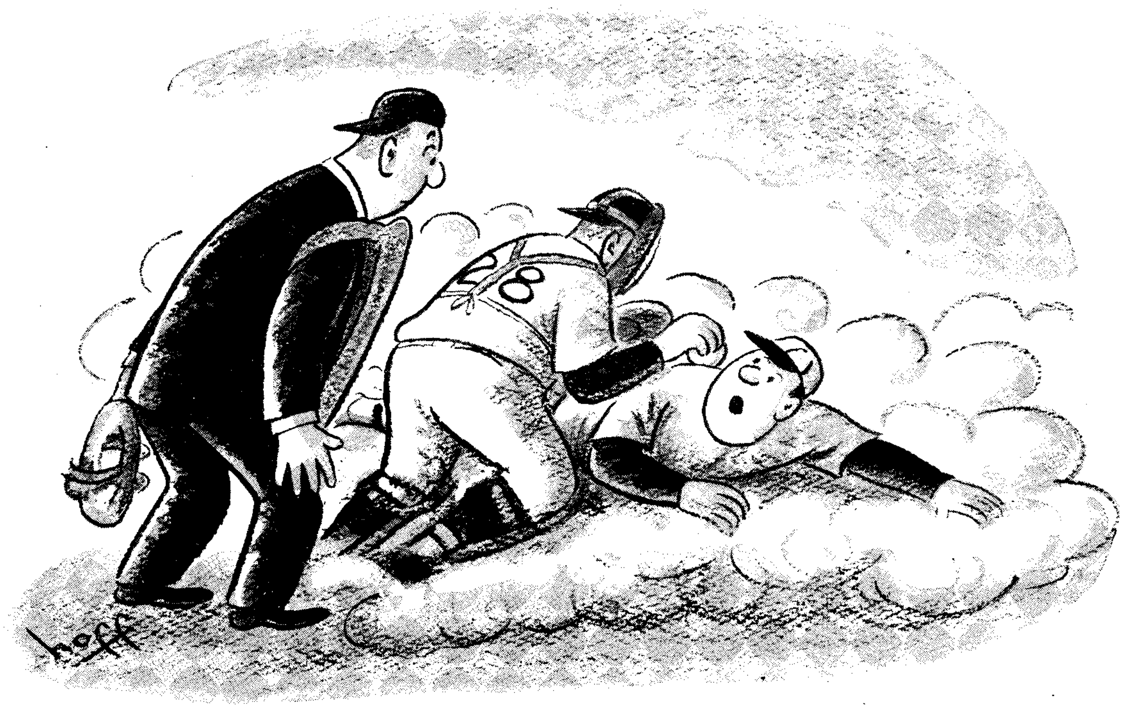
Ranse hesitated in a fashion that immediately confirmed my worst fears. "Afraid that's out of the question, baby," he said. "You see, Chita Casaba and I do a pretty torrid scene there. She freezes when civilians are present, so the director's closed the set."

"How chummy for the two of you," I said gaily. "Heavens, I didn't mean to intrude. . . ."

"Now hold on a second," Ranse protested. "This isn't for kicks, sweetie—it's the way Daddy earns his bread. Can I help it if this Mexican spitfire is fantastically stacked and wears a flimsy blouse? I do what they tell me."

"And let the chaps fall where they may," I couldn't resist adding. Naturally, he flew into a passion at that—raked up the past and accused me of carrying a torch for Byron Wormser, my ex—and we both lost control. After I'd had a good cry, though, I realized how innocent the poor guy was and forgave him. A man of his talent was bound to encounter all sorts of reefs in his work, but thanks to my palship and wifely insight he could steer past them safely. I fell asleep that night supremely confident that be his name Phil Feldkamp, Hamish Trefoil, or Ranse Gantry—and they all were—he was mine.

My heartsease was doomed to short shrift. The following afternoon, I got home from the beauty parlor, made myself a cup of tea, and decided to take a quick tub before meeting Ranse at the Shrimp Basket, this cute spot where you lounge in baskets and the waiters bring you tiny, delectable shrimp. Just as I was pulling on my shower cap, that ghoulish voice began needling me again



"Before you announce your decision, I'd like you to know that my wife is having a baby."

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in its odious, caressing way. "Well, ducky, at last we're alone together," it purred. "So you thought a facial and a finger wave would help you hold him, eh? How delightfully artless you are! That crêpy neck and those middle-aged hips aren't much competition for the most luscious hellcat since Lupe Velez. How do you suppose *he* feels when he compares her creamy, satiny skin—"

"Stop it—stop it!" I screamed, beating away the noxious words that enveloped me. "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because I'm yours," the voice exulted. "Every stuccoed inch of me, from the plaster pickaninny out front to the fireproof thatch on my roof. Because you acquired me in lawful money of the United States pursuant to the terms and covenants of the standard lease approved by the Los Angeles Real Estate Board. And because I'm watching over and under and all around you, which your husband isn't by a long chalk. That lad's got other fish to fry, and take it from me, they're crackling. If you don't believe it, go over to the Casa Golondrina, on South Normandie Avenue, third floor rear. . . ."

I was sobbing on the divan when Ranse came in, and I was so hysterical I didn't even pretend to be subtle. I let him have it—told him that everything was over between us and that I had all the evidence I needed for a divorce. At first he was dumfounded, absolutely shattered. Then he began yelling denials and counteraccusations. He said that I'd been stepping out with five men I never heard of, one of them a chiropractor on Lankershim Boulevard, that he'd had daily reports on my didos from a source he wouldn't reveal. When I swore I'd drag him through the mire till he proved it, he collapsed like a pup tent, started whimpering about his career and his mom.

"Honey, I don't know how to say this," he faltered. "M-my report didn't come from a private eye or anything. It— it was a voice." He paled with alarm at the expression on my face. "Smyrna—what's the matter?"

"Oh, darling!" I cried, taking shelter in his arms. "My precious sweet, can't you see what's happened? We've both got the same horrible delusion!" Breathless and yet strangely relieved, I poured out the story of my visitations. It tallied with his in the main, except that the voice had wounded Ranse professionally, calling him an adenoidal lout and advising him to grease cars for a livelihood.

"It's senseless to fight this obsession by ourselves, dearest," I pleaded. "Maybe we ought to consult—well, a doctor who knows about such things."

"Gee, get involved with a shrinker?" He hesitated, clouding over. "We can't afford— Wait a minute, though, I've got a hunch! Do you remember Morris Carnarvon, who plays those psychiatrist roles in pictures? He could give us some advice. I'll phone him—"

"No, we mustn't lose our heads," I broke in. "First, let's call the rental agent, that fat man—what's his name? Hitchcraft, that's it. Here, you talk to him—I'll get on the extension. And be cagey—don't say too much."

My warning was unnecessary. The moment the agent heard Ranse's voice, I could tell that he knew what was up, that there'd been trouble before. He didn't admit anything, of course—gave out with a lot of double-talk about the rhythm of the house, and not everybody adjusting to its special appeal, and so forth. When Ranse insisted he come over, however, he got slippery and said he was involved in a big deal he couldn't abandon. "Your landlord?" he said, obviously stalling. "Why—er—yes, understandably. Well, the fact is, Mr. Gantry, we're not quite sure who it is. . . . My dear sir, I'd be only too happy to if I did. . . . No, I never have, and neither has anyone else in this office." His tone had become definitely snappish. "Your checks? Well, I merely obey instructions. I deposit them in the trunk of that English walnut at the rear of your garden."

That was all we needed to know. Half an hour later, Ranse and I crammed the last of what clothes we cared about into the boot of the Porsche and backed it out of the driveway. As he fumbled on his smoked glasses, I turned for a final look at the house. Under the trellis near the laundry area stood a character like out of a novel by Thomas Hardy, only a little more ectoplasmic—a gnarled old man in a rustic-type smock, leaning on a staff. He was waving farewell and grinning from ear to ear. I kept mum till we hit the Freeway, but then— Oh boy, Flipsville.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8—(AP)—President Eisenhower attended Communion services at National Presbyterian Church today and then went golfing. Eisenhower went alone to church except for the usual Secret Service detail. There was no reason for this Communion service, which the church holds four or five times a year.—*Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.*

Just give the news, please.

THE ECLIPSE

ANYBODY would have noticed them, they were both so pretty. The young lady was immaculate and fresh, out of choice, or perhaps you could say out of disdain for people who weren't; gloves snow white and stocking seams straight—she would stay just so all summer. The boy with her might or might not. He was small but growing, possibly about twelve years old, and could reach a new phase any minute. He was by nature blond and bright as a daisy, and soap and water had been recently at work, for the tuft of hair at his crown was springing erect again, strand by strand. What had made him content to scrub so well? She, obviously, was the answer.

She rode backward for the time being (later they would swap), reading a slick-paged magazine, and he looked out the window, but remarks occurred to them; they exchanged glances as though by signal. His feet were reassuring: honest, puppylike, clumsy. One thought pleasantly of them bare below rolled blue jeans, splotched with dust and watermelon juice. From behind the magazine page she drank in the soft-cut lines of his profile. Her eyes fell away the instant before he caught her staring. Somebody could come very near to them without their noticing. Somebody did. "Dorothy Eavers! Don't you remember *me*?"

The train passed through a landscape that looked empty, partly because they were moving so fast; it gave them only a slight rocking motion as a sign of its power. Since the interior of the sealed, air-conditioned coach was not cluttered by the sound of rails, there was no need for the woman to shout, much less get up and cross the aisle. But she had done both. Never mind; the two travelling companions recovered almost at once. She was not a threat. By some feat, the immaculate girl was even able to recall her name.

"Ina Pearl! I didn't see you."

"Well, I saw *you*. The reason it took me so long, I couldn't believe my eyes. Not that you've changed a bit, now that I see you up close. I just didn't know you lived down here any more. I didn't know you had a little boy, either. I declare! He's almost as tall as you."

"But he's not mine! This is my student, my pupil."

"Music!" said Ina Pearl. "It always just thrilled me to death to hear you play. But weren't you going to New York and go on the stage?"

Dorothy Eavers winced. This came of college-girl exchanges, confidences given that would be quoted with no regard for accuracy.

"I never thought of the stage," she said. "I had hoped to do concert work, but I couldn't make a go of it. I took a job teaching public-school music in Stilton. Quite a change! I give some private lessons, too—to Weston, for instance." She touched his hair. "I wasn't good enough for New York, I guess."

"Oh, now, I bet you were, too!" cried Ina Pearl.

"The funny thing is I give more concerts now than I ever did," said Dorothy Eavers. "Weston, here"—her smile at the boy, meeting his eyes, was like a wink of agreement on Ina Pearl—"Weston has put me in my place. I'm his accompanist. No one can get enough of hearing him sing. We're going to New Orleans now to audition for this famous boys' choir—oh, I'm sure you've heard of them. They—"

"Did you know," Ina Pearl inquired of her, comfortably regarding Weston, "since I saw you last, I've had two? They're just about his size. One might be a little bit bigger and the other a little bit littler. Sing! You couldn't make them stop yelling long enough to *sing* anything."

Having thus established her children as indubitably superior to boys who did stop yelling and sing, she went on to tell everything else about them. Weston knew himself out of it now. He turned his attention from the fleet landscape and examined her, this talkative intruder. She was nothing like Miss Eavers. He went through an appalling catalogue of her faults, arriving at the conclusion that she wasn't in the least attractive. When she opened her purse and took out her compact, powder sprinkled into an unwholesome tangle of junk. Her fingernails were painted bright, and three of them were chipped. He could think of other, even worse things that probably were wrong with her, too—he had got quite a supply from watching his mother—and from every single one of them Miss Eavers was absolutely free, which was why everybody back in town said she was "stuck-up."

Oh, he had heard them talking. From the upstairs window after supper, sitting where they said he oughtn't to, because the screen might not be strong enough, he had heard them.

"Stuck-up thing!" (Mother.)

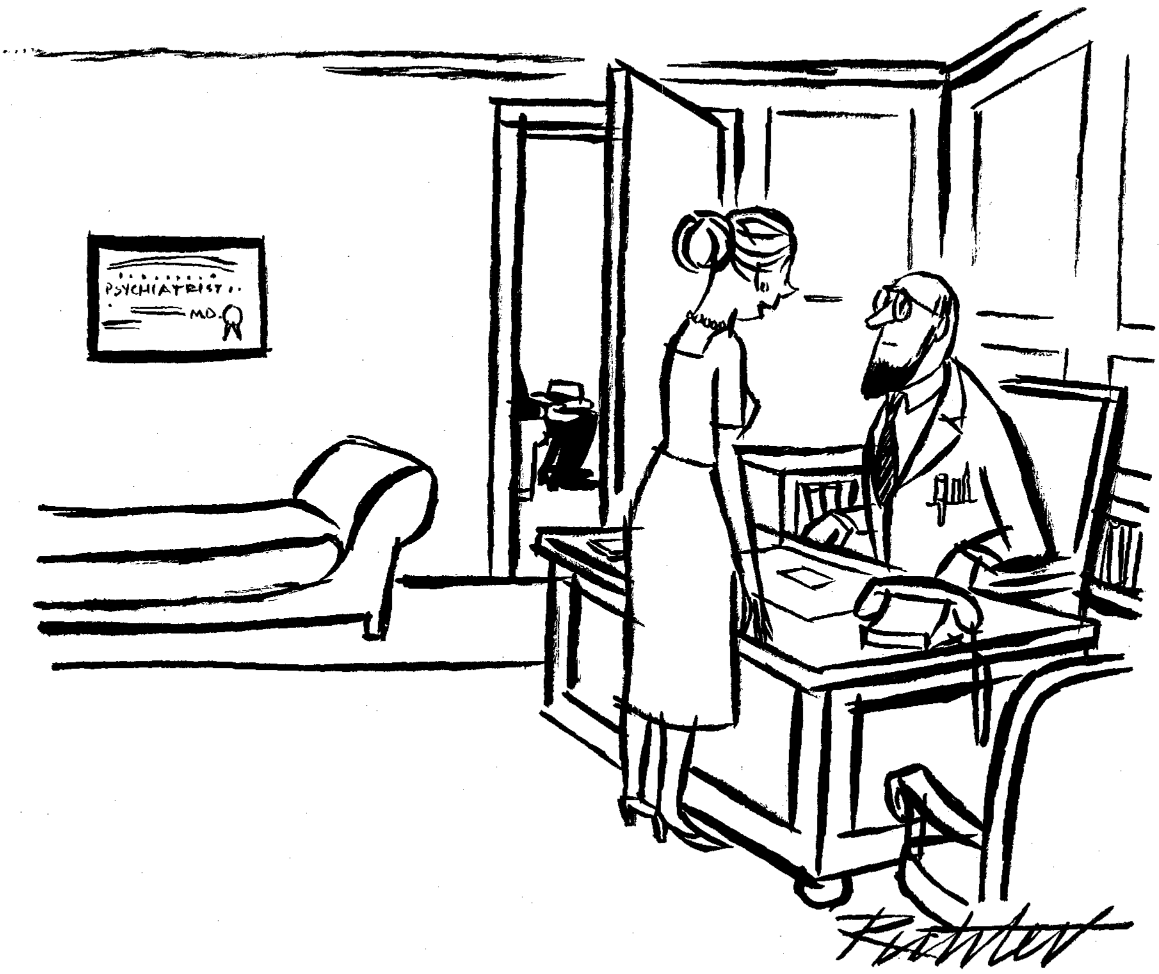
"Got mighty pretty ankles, Miss Mamie." (Mr. Harry Buford, from across the street.)

"Bob Nabors begged her for a date, like several others when she first came, but Bob especially.... Just crazy about her. Why would it hurt to give him a date? She thinks because she's lived in New York and knows about music." (Mother.)

Cigar glow down in the dark. (Mr. Harry, thinking about her.) "Maybe she likes 'em older, more mature."

"I got nothing against her. I just wish Weston wasn't quite so enthusiastic. He ought not to put all of his time on music." (Daddy.)

"She's stuck-up, if you



"Oh, not the Norman Vincent Peale."

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ask me. Just plain stuck-up." (Mother.)

From the window in the dark, Weston could look up into the clean, brilliant September sky. He knew better than anybody. Miss Eavers was no more stuck-up than a star.

When the woman called Ina Pearl got off at the next station stop, they did not converse about her.

"Where's this?" asked Weston, leaning out.

"Picayune, I think," said Miss Eavers.

"I wouldn't like to live here, either," said Weston.

"What do you mean, 'either'?"

"Either here or Stilton." He did not choose to watch the exit of Ina Pearl from his life—how she was greeted by two little boys with suckers in their jaws, how she scrambled into a car beside a man in shirtsleeves. Weston looked ahead of him. His mouth was softly closed; his lashes were thick as June grass; his summer freckles lingered just below the skin, like a thin wash of gold. He waited to move on again. "Or anyplace else in Mississippi," he murmured.

Miss Eavers glanced up in something like alarm from the enamelled page of the latest musical-arts magazine. She occasionally felt twinges of her responsibility for him, but their relationship had galloped from the first, and, except to instruct him in range, scales, breathing, voice projection, and allied matters, she had never exerted her natural authority.

"But *you've never been out of it!*" she exclaimed.

He did not accept the reproof, if that was what it was. He had got his idea from her, after all, if never in so many words.

"I'm going out now," he said superbly.

He was obviously headed for a lot of trouble.

THE first he knew of it, the trouble had already happened. It was at the audition—for that hour they had talked about for so long did finally, actually roll around. Weston's fine concluding high note had been sent aloft to fade, he had heard his little discreet applause from the handful of listeners who sat in the auditorium with their notebooks out, and he had made his little bow. He and Miss Eavers were leaving the stage of the auditorium when she and her music books brushed past him into the wings. A man was coming into the wings from another direction, stooping to enter a small door that opened into the backstage area from the auditorium itself. A short flight of steps brought him quickly level with them.

"Dorothy Eavers!" he said. "I couldn't believe it."

"Sh-h-h!" said Miss Eavers, a bit teacherish. "You'll have to whisper."

"When I came through the door and saw you up there on the stage, I said, 'I'm *right* back *in* college and late for convocation.' You always played the Alma Mater."

"I saw you when you came in. From the corner of my eye. Can you imagine! I recognized you right away."

Weston was hurt. That she could have been free to notice anybody while he was singing, even out of the corner of her eye! And where had she been looking all the other times she accompanied him? Oh, he was very hurt.

Some quality in the season, in the spring air that was so much heavier this far south than what they had left in Stilton, liberated him. He felt he was dreaming, so he did not try to be polite. He certainly did not want to go along while Miss Eavers had lunch with this newspaperman she used to go to college with. He said he would go back to the hotel; he took advantage of an artist's right to weariness. He would go by himself, too. He had got around Jackson, after all, more than once; he knew that cities, like mechanical toys, never gave you any problem you couldn't figure out. He did not wave goodbye when he parted from them on St. Charles Avenue, though he felt sure that she had turned and was looking back anxiously, had turned and turned again, until the man's big hand pressed her back below the shoulder blades and she moved on. "If anything should happen to him . . ." He did not hear her say it, but if she was saying anything, that was it—not "But I want to be with Weston." Just let a man who wasn't from Stilton come along and she became exactly like all the others *in* Stilton. Maybe she was stuck-up after all. He was tremendously successful in reaching the hotel.

The only thing he was not successful

in doing was staying alone in his room. He had absolutely nothing to say to himself. If he didn't mind being alone at home, in Stilton, it was only because somebody was always wondering about him. He went down into the lobby and wandered about among the palms. He bought some chewing gum, some Life Savers, and a pack of cigarettes, just to see how it felt. He sat down at a desk in the writing room and wrote, on a picture postcard of the hotel, "I have slipped away from Miss Eavers and tonight I am going to some HOT SPOT. Oh, boy!"

Then he could not think of anybody to address it to. A year ago, there would have been three or four. But now they all knew the truth: He Sang. It was her fault that he couldn't make the card sound right. Oh, hadn't she been awful? She had cut him off from everybody except herself; then she had gone off and left him. He tore the card in two and went to buy a newspaper. He sat on the edge of a sofa, sinking down between the armrest and the big leather cushion. The paper was all about a world as troubled as his own, though much less concentrated.

"See anything good, sonny?"

There was a man sitting at the far end of the sofa from him. He spoke with a Northern accent and he was whacking away on a stick of gum.

"*Want to read it?*" Weston asked.

"No, thanks. Already seen it. Just making conversation. Killing time. You meeting someone?"

"I was meeting my teacher. But she won't come now."

"I thought boys always wanted to get away from their teachers. Maybe you're teacher's pet. Or maybe your teacher's a pet. Ha-ha!"

Weston had never actually heard anybody say "Ha-ha!" before. He had read it lots of times, mainly in the funny paper. This gave him confidence. "I'm just crazy about Miss Eavers," he confided mournfully. "Only she's so much older than I am that naturally we can't get married. She likes me a lot, though. She won't give anybody in town a date, but when I come to take a lesson, that makes her happy. I know it does. She says so. I can sing real well, see? Miss Eavers says if I'm not a genius, I'm the closest thing to it she's ever heard sing. We came down to New Orleans to audition me for this real famous boys' choir. Everybody at home just knows I'll get in. I can make people cry. Then, this morning, right while I was singing, this man her own age came in. She'd already met him a long time ago, and—" He found the next too grisly to relate.

"Now she's gone off with him," said the man, as easy as that. "So you didn't get the prize?"

"The what?"

"Did you win the money? Did they take you on? You know what I mean."

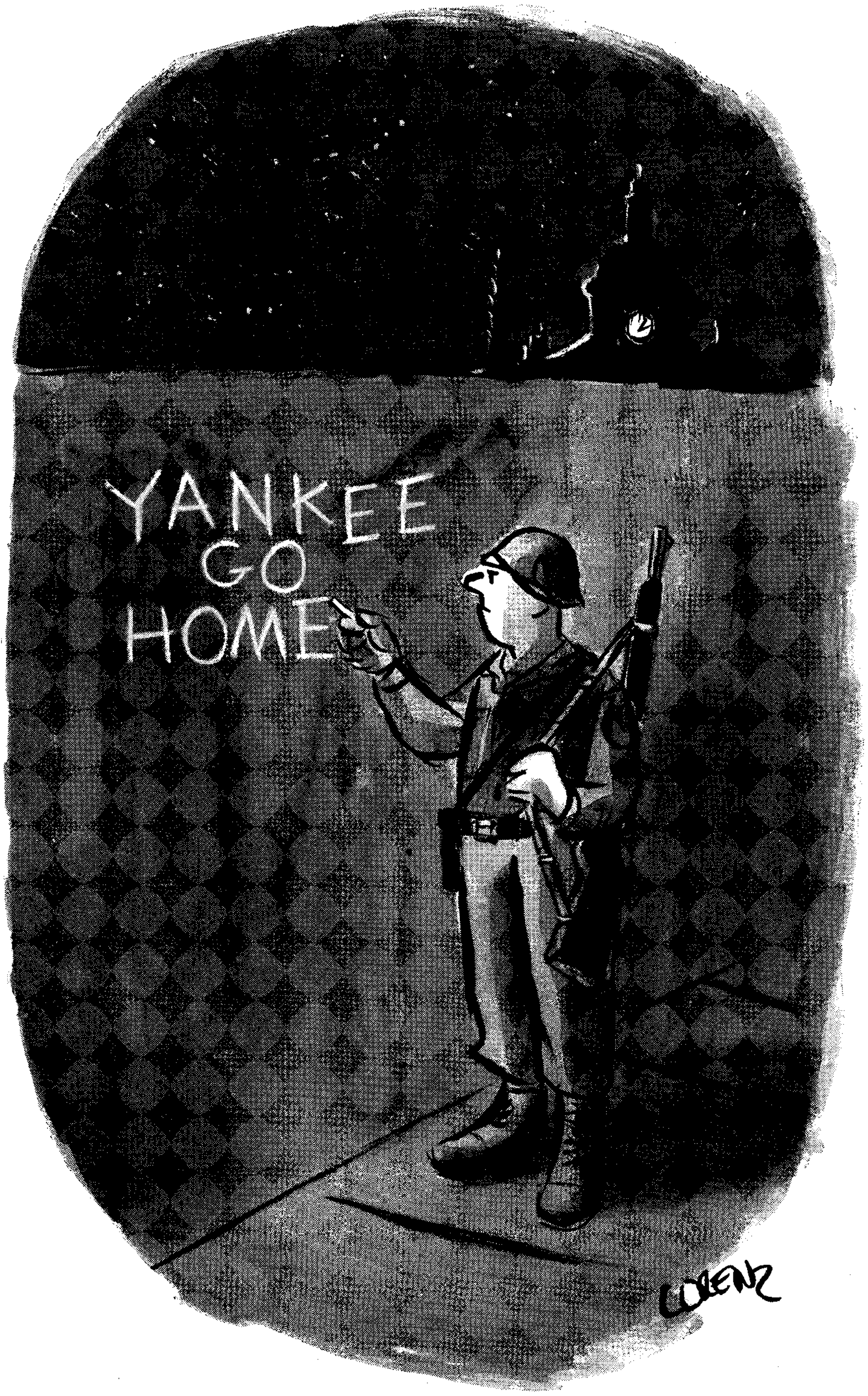
"Oh, the choir director. I don't know. He said for us all to come back this afternoon and they would tell us which ones. But I don't care about it. It was all on account of her I was doing so well."

"Look, now, kid, you can't look at it that way. You gotta get in there and win, see? By golly, maybe you *are* a genius. All you gotta do is get in there and show 'em."

"It would make her feel a lot worse if I didn't," said Weston, though it had never seriously entered his head that they wouldn't take him. Too many people had told him how good he was, some even from Out of the State. He was greatly in demand for civic clubs and had given a concert in Jackson. "However, I will," he added.

"That's the spirit."

The Northern man, who was waiting for space on an airplane to Denver, Colorado, took him to the hotel drugstore and bought him a sandwich and an ice-cream soda. Then he seemed to forget that Weston was there at all. Perhaps longer conversations than the one



they had exchanged were unknown to him. He hauled himself back to attention by means of a tremendous yawn. "I think you're really stuck on this schoolteacher, kid."

Weston did not answer.

"Yes, sir, got a real old-timey crush. But she's perfectly right, you know—going off with that fellow her own age. Look at it from her standpoint. Anyway, you got to learn to be realistic. Y'know, if I've got a motto, that's it. *Be Real-isstic!*" The man leaned close to pronounce this thoroughly, and revealed very bad breath and tartar more than halfway down each tooth.

"Thank you for the chicken-salad sandwich and chocolate ice-cream soda," said Weston. "I better hurry on back now. I hope you have a nice trip and all. Goodbye."

He walked hastily out of the drugstore, bumping into stools. He wished he had not told the Yankee man anything. He had turned out to be just as bad as Mother and Daddy. Never mind. Weston *did* sing better than anybody else, and he had only to go to the auditorium and hear them say so.

When he rejoined Miss Eavers outside the auditorium that afternoon, she was alone. She looked as cool as ever, in her spring silk dress that had something like water lilies printed on it, and her new little curly straw hat. She had bought all this for their trip, just as he had not worn until now his blue-and-beige checked flannel coat and gabardine trousers. His underwear was new, too, if anybody wanted to know. Miss Eavers held her long spring wrap over her arm, but otherwise she looked just the same as when she walked away with the man she used to know in college. Maybe her forehead was a little rosy and her hair shaken a bit forward, as though by a breeze or agitation, but this might have resulted naturally from having said to the man, "I have to hurry on back now," and leaving him with a disappointed feeling, just as Weston had left the Yankee in the drugstore. At any rate, neither of them told each other about it.

"Hello, Miss Eavers."

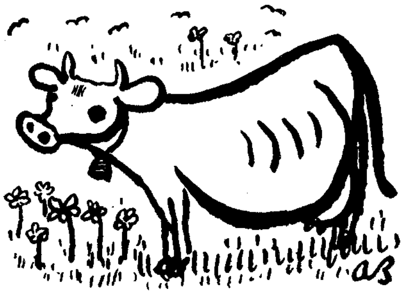
"Weston." She touched his lapel, which he knew to be perfectly straight. "They say we can go in and have a seat. In a few minutes they'll tell us who has been chosen."

He held the door for her.

GOING back, they had the lounge car to themselves most of the time. It got dark along about Picayune, and Weston tried to think of some way to make Miss Eavers not notice when they got to Stilton, so that they could go on to Chicago together in the coach with the soft gray rugs and the green easy chairs and the lamplight, and maybe never come home at all. She could change her printed silk dresses for black satin. It would be as simple as that. Better and better night clubs would pay them more and more. They would show the world.

The fact was that the director of the boys' choir had not chosen Weston after the audition; worse still, he had not mentioned him at all. But now that Weston and Miss Eavers had been through every detail of the audition four times and had decided that the director, if not actually crazy, knew nothing about his job, he began to feel drowsy and comforted, just as he felt after any other kind of misfortune—a bump on the head, for instance. In Chicago, they all came around to his dressing room to shake hands.

Presently, in the swaying twilight where they so comfortably were, he became aware that Miss Eavers was talking. He even knew that she had begun to speak after a sigh. "I had such a good time today. It was a wonderful surprise to see Frank. I hadn't seen him in years. He took me to such a nice place to eat. We had good food. Later, we rode out along the lake in his car. We had a lot to talk about. I want to live like that. I want somebody nice, who knows where to go and what to order, to ask me out every now and then. I miss that kind of thing in Stilton." She sighed again, and the two sighs formed the proper setting around her words.



He leaned toward her. She must be told right away about Chicago. He finished splendidly, drawing out his wallet. "You didn't know, but Daddy gave me fifty dollars extra, to have in reserve in case we needed it. So we've got a start, see?"

"Weston." Her face had the expression he could always bring to ladies' faces in every audience by singing one of the old ones, like "Old Black Joe" or, more successful yet, "Danny Boy." He had even made her cry. She reached across and caught his hand. "Weston." She said it again.

He looked down at her hand on his; it might as well have been the chilly white touch of an aunt. She even patted. He knew then that they would not be going to Chicago, let alone trying to sing in night clubs. They would get off when the train stopped at Stilton.

"We planned this trip for two months," he said, "and you went off with the first man that came along."

"Oh, Weston, do try to look at it from my standpoint."

"All this time you made me think I

THE MISSTEP

Keepers at a London zoo have taught an orangutan to clean its own cage, says the National Geographic Society.—*The Times.*

This is the way it starts, you know:
A first misstep in the long ago,
An Early She in the foul cave's gloom
Fumbles with twigs, and behold—a broom!
At first, the dimmest sort of revulsion;
Centuries later, a washing compulsion.
From jungle dark with fern and creeper
Up to the light of a Bissell sweeper;
A fateful moment—Woman Emergent,
Sowing the seeds of a pink detergent.

Ponder your deed, O tidy ape!
There's no road back and no escape.
This single spark from your cloudy dome
Kindles the watchfires of The Home.
In one wild moment of feeling superior
You've opened the floodgates of The Interior.
And distant monks in a distant age
Will sigh when they think of the Early Cage.

—E. B. White

• •

could sing better than anybody else in the world."

"I thought you could. You can! I still think you can!"

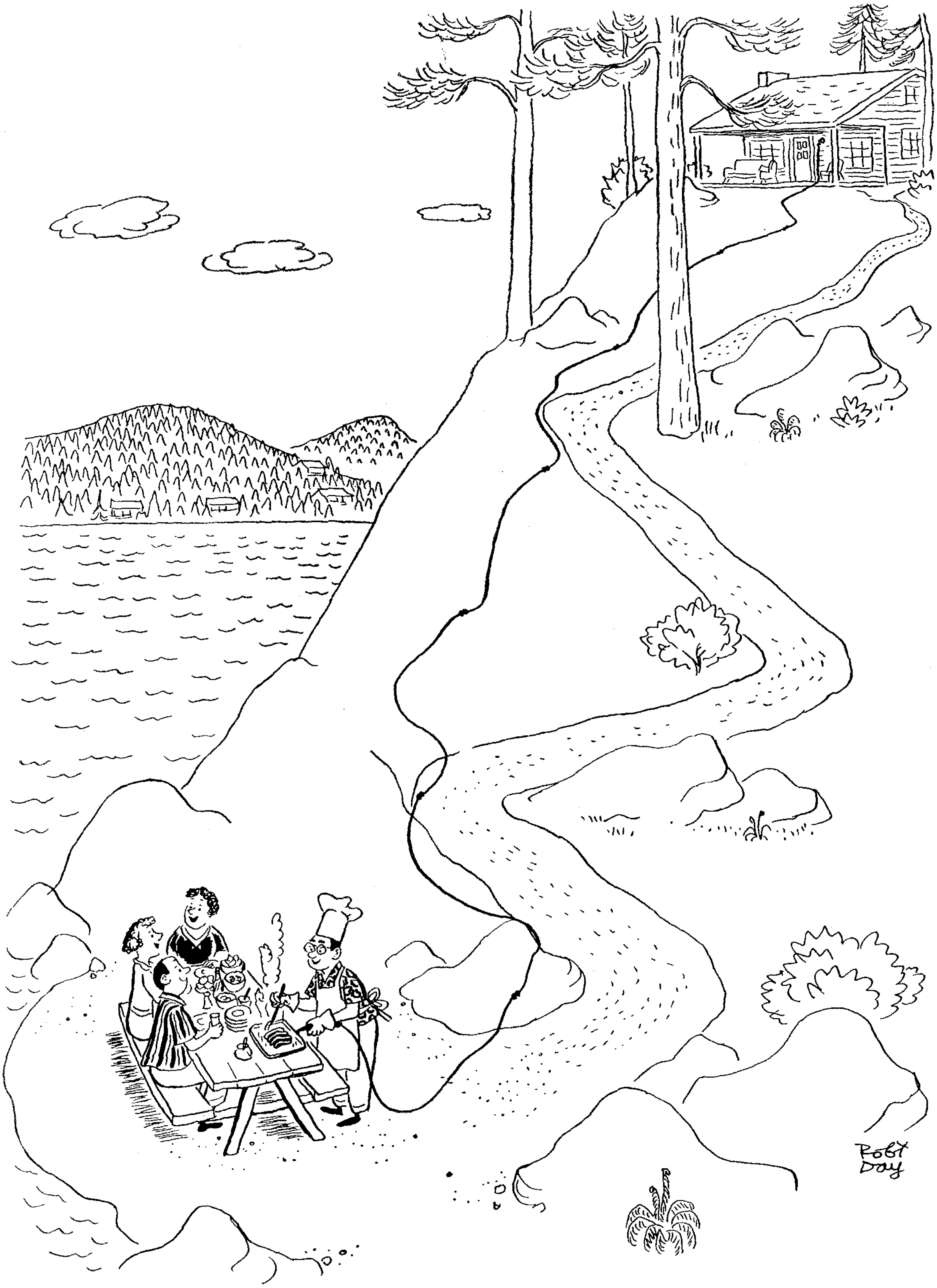
She was going to have answers to everything, and he would have to believe them. All that, too, came of her being older.

He left Miss Eavers and began to wander as freely as a chimpanzee on the loose through the dark, night-travelling train. When they reached the outskirts of Stilton, just at the point where he knew that the train broke over the rise and all the watchers at the station could see, he had found the right way to release the emergency brakes. Having previously read, on a printed card beside the handle, all the penalties that pertained to this action, along with the directions on how to perform it, he was not surprised at the wrath of the conductor, or at how more and more officials kept appearing from various distances along the train. When at last they pulled into the Stilton station, even the engineer came down from the engine to join the others, all on account of Weston. He could tell the engineer by the great big cuffs on his gloves.

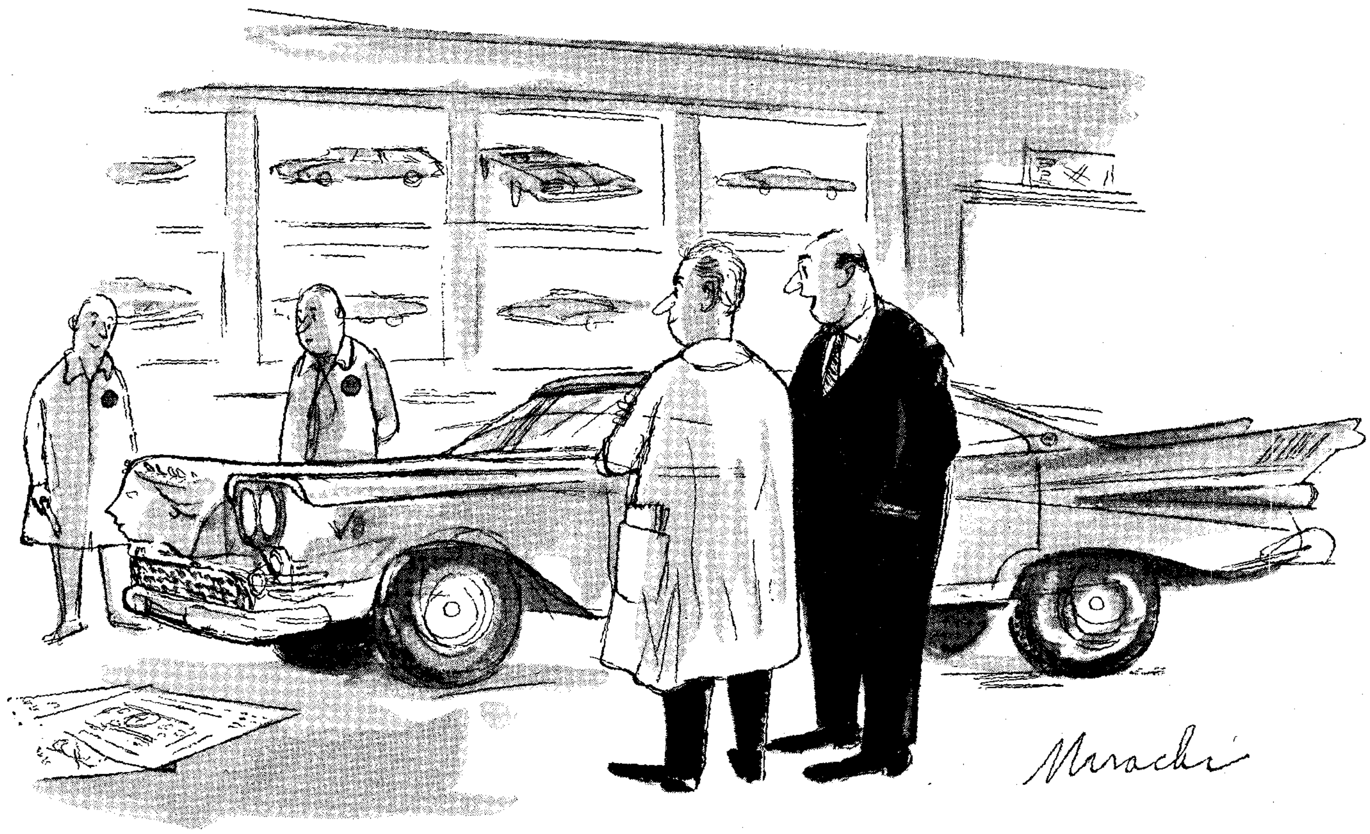
The conductor hauled Weston down the steps by one arm. Not until then did Miss Eavers appear. "Where's yer husband, lady? Is his daddy here?" they all asked her, but she only shook her head in a dazed way, as though there had really been a wreck. She never did tell them that she wasn't anything but his music teacher.

Then everybody left off speaking to her, because Weston's father was there, saying, "I'm his daddy. You don't mean *he* did it? You don't say! You *don't* say!" He could not have been happier if he were making eggnog on Christmas morning. He lighted a cigar and offered others to the conductor and the engineer and the stationmaster, and cheerfully signed all the papers about how he would have to pay the twenty-five-dollar fine. After the train left, all the men who had come down to meet it hung around the station for a long time, talking. They all could tell about similar things they had done, and all of them said that when they were boys they had wanted to stop a train some way or other but never had. Mr. Robert Littleton had tried to flag one once, but it hadn't paid any attention. Finally, Daddy and Weston went home together.

"How did you stop her, Son?" Dad-



"Isn't Gilbert wonderful?"



"Before we make any final decision, let's wait and see what Ford has up its sleeve for next year."

• •

dy asked on the way home. "How did you reach the handle?"

"I stood on a suitcase in the car platform," Weston said.

It was quite some time before anybody thought to ask him how he had done in the music contest.

The next afternoon, Miss Eavers called to say that he had not come to his music lesson and that she thought he might be sick, but his mother said no, he wasn't sick, but he wasn't in the house right then and he would call her later. Weston was there, however. He was lying flat on his stomach on the glider on the side porch, listening to every word, but he was incapable, through something that seemed a good deal like laziness, of opening his mouth to say so.

IN the following days, he rallied. He sang for the Kiwanis Club at Scott's Hotel on Friday, as scheduled, and, the next week, went with Miss Eavers to Clinton, Mississippi, to give a program for the Junior Chamber of Commerce. But the weather kept getting hotter. School sped inexorably toward June. What had it all meant? Nothing could completely focus his attention. He took to playing the radio, listening to any old thing.

During May, some newspaperman came up all the way from New Orleans twice to see Miss Eavers; the postmistress said that letters were being exchanged. Nobody was surprised when she resigned from the school in June. The only question was how Weston would "take it;" to everybody's relief, Weston did not seem overly concerned. As a matter of fact, he believed himself to be secretly glad of it, though only in a minor way, like finishing typhoid shots. Whenever he had wanted to do something, it seemed he always had a lesson or a program. Naturally, he couldn't put *all* of his time on music.

So neither anybody nor anything warned him about the anguish that struck him like chills and fever one hot summer night when he awoke wondering, *How did she get home?*

Nobody had seen her leave the station that night they got back. (What would she have to say to men who swapped stories while they waited around to meet the train, or to railroad conductors, or to the engineer in his great big dirty gloves?) She had simply withdrawn. He saw her now, carrying the suitcase through all the poor parts of Stilton, at last turning into the pretty street where she lived. Now she passed alone under the trees, sweet as an arrow, and started up the walk to her rooming house. The yard around her rested fragrant and damp with spring; the bridal wreath hung whiter than moonlight. The porch was wooden and hollow, but she did not make much noise crossing it, and in a bit of moonlight she saw where to fit her key. She turned sidewise to get the suitcase through. Then she closed the door behind her. The house was big and dark and quiet; lots of people lived there, but he knew where her room was—right above the front porch. The street said nothing, all its length. In the yard, the flowers did not stir. No light came on.

From the town he watched—from just what point he did not know, but he knew he watched—and no light ever came on. She might as well have walked through the false front of a house and fallen a mile, the way they did in movie cartoons. She might as well have died on the stair.

Miss Eavers! Miss Eavers! Oh, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait!

On the hot, coverless July bed Weston lay, and a tongue of lightning flickered in the far sky.

—ELIZABETH SPENCER

•

Dr. Purcell guys this characteristic with cruel skill. He leaves no stone unflung. He re-writes the famous lines "This is the way the world ends, Not with a bang but with a whimper" with a four-letter word for the climax.—*The New Republic.*

He's not the only rewrite man, either.

MOTHER'S DAY AT THE PORTE DE VANVES

I WAS talking recently, in Paris, with a friend of mine, an American sculptress who lives in a studio out near the Porte de Vanves, on the southern edge of the city. There, the Rue Raymond Losserand—formerly the Rue de Vanves, rebaptized after the war to honor a hero of the Resistance—enters the city and serves as a Main Street for the neighborhood. The district is a working-class one, and nearby, just outside the city limits, are the almost solidly Communist suburbs of Montrouge and Malakoff. My friend told me that in the midst of the political crisis preceding General de Gaulle's accession to power, on a certain beautiful Sunday—the first Sunday in June—there was an odd multiple celebration in her neighborhood.

For one thing, that Sunday was the *Fête des Mères*, as the French call Mother's Day, and all the florists of the quarter were doing a rushing business. There is scarcely a block in the humbler quarters of Paris that doesn't have its tiny florist shop, usually with a few geraniums or fuchsias or hydrangeas standing on a shelf outside the window. On that Sunday morning, close to noon, the Rue Raymond Losserand and the side streets near it were full of people of all ages, many of them returning from Mass, carrying potted plants or cut flowers home to *Maman* for the *Fête des Mères*.

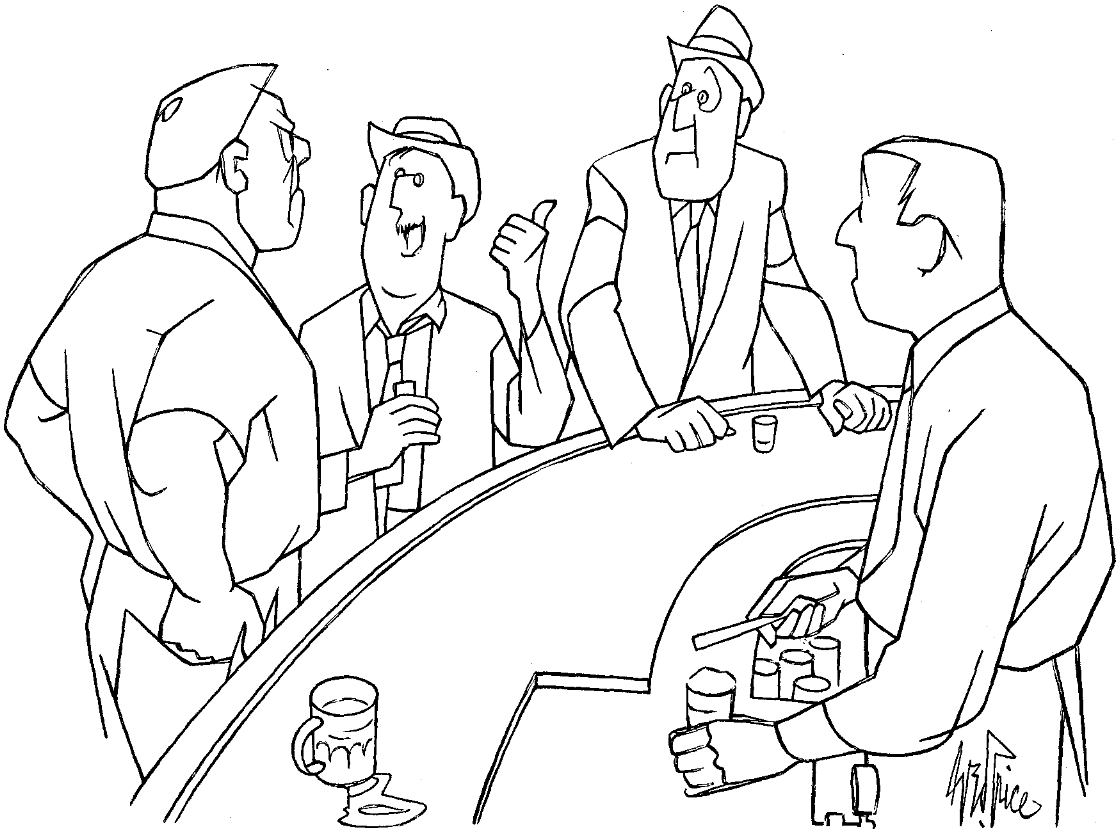
That Sunday was also the occasion for the annual *fête foraine*, or fair, that is held in a Catholic day school in the neighborhood. On a side street, near the Porte, is the residence of the priests who teach in the school—I've often seen their black-gowned figures, but have never known what order they belong to—and the school itself is about a block away, on the Rue Raymond Losserand. On one Sunday each year, the playground and some of the ground-floor rooms of the school are transformed into a fair, with booths where home-made cakes and pâtés, as well as other articles, are offered for sale or raffled off. The children of the school always put on a dramatic skit during the afternoon, under the supervision of the *pères*, and even those youngsters who aren't among the actors dress up for the entire day in masks and fancy costumes.

So, in addition to the lines in front of the flower shops that Sunday, and the numerous flower-bearing inhabitants of the quarter thronging the streets, there was a constant coming and going of priests hurrying between their residence and the school, many of them carrying chairs or tables or other properties for the show, and also quite a crush around the school of excited boys and girls dressed like Wild Indians or Scottish Highlanders or medieval queens, or just wearing wigs and false noses. The children were flinging confetti everywhere, and they, the priests, and the passersby—all who had anything to do with the *fête foraine* and a great many who hadn't—were covered with it. Inside the school playground, waltzes were issuing from a loudspeaker.

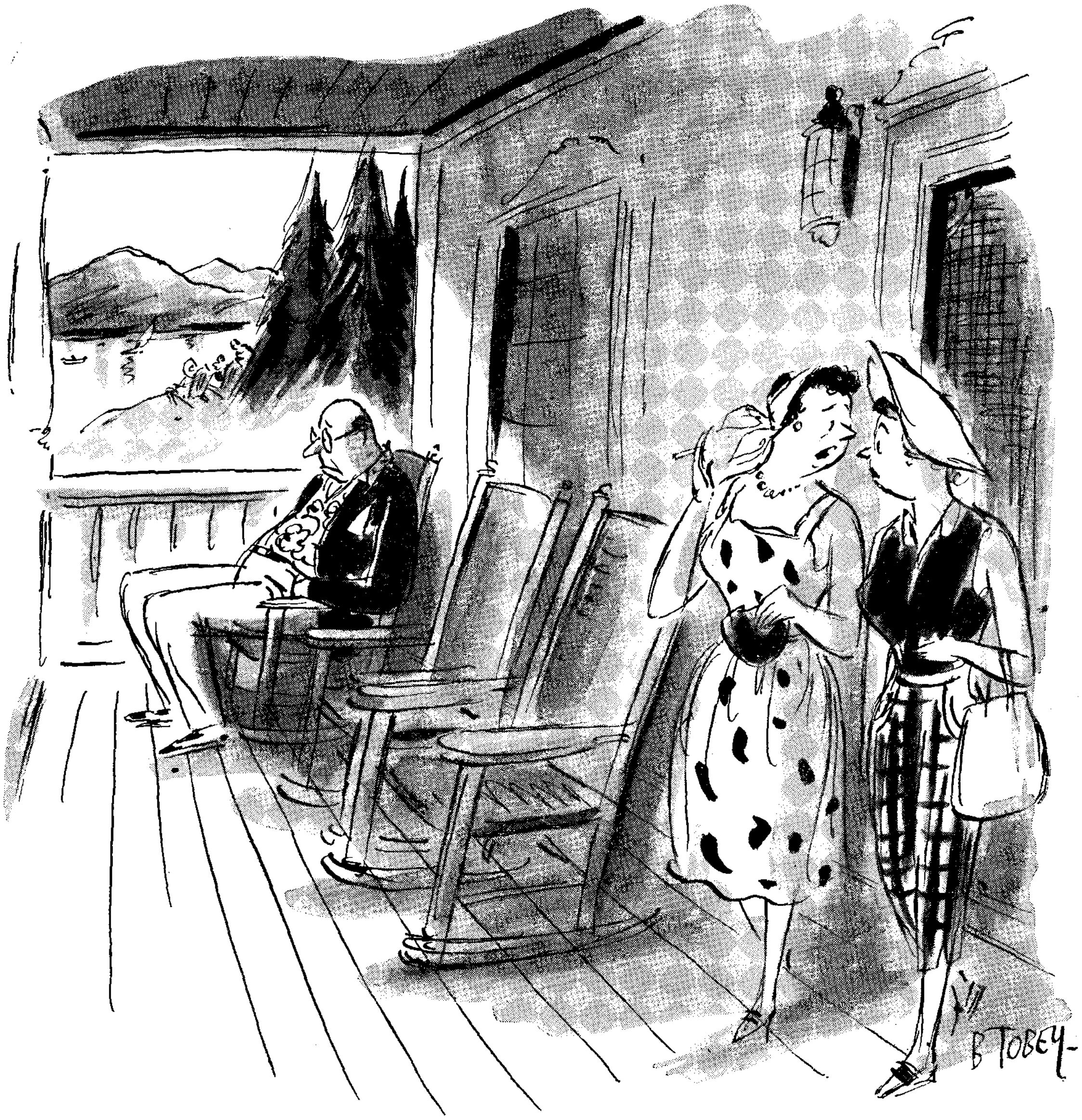
Quite suddenly, among all that surging gaiety, there was the sound of singing, and a procession came in sight down the Rue Raymond Losserand from the direction of the Porte de Vanves. It was composed of men and women walking four abreast (a column just wide enough not to block auto traffic), and some of the marchers were carrying banners inscribed with the hammer and sickle and the words "*Parti Communiste de Montrouge*" and "*Parti Communiste de Malakoff*." My friend, who was on the Rue Raymond Losserand, doing some Sunday-morning shopping, stood on the sidewalk and watched the marchers advance, and as they came nearer she became aware—more aware, probably, than most of the French people present—of what they were singing. From the distance, the tune had sounded like "Auld Lang Syne," and now she realized that it was indeed "Auld Lang Syne," but with new words—very simple words, repeated over and over—to fit the occasion. "Down with de Gaulle," the Communists were singing. "*A bas de Gaulle, à bas de Gaulle, à bas, à bas, à bas. A bas de Gaulle, à bas de Gaulle, à bas, à bas, à bas.*"

The new words fitted the old music perfectly. Many of the singers were smiling, and nodding and waving to friends on the sidewalks. They were on their way to a big Communist mass meeting scheduled for noon in a hall closer to the center of Paris.

IN a working-class Paris neighborhood, there are, of course, many Communist Party members, but there are also many other people who vote Communist "*pour embêter les patrons*"—to spite the bosses—and plenty more who, on principle, are opposed



"*You misunderstood me. I said* he *could lick any man in the house.*"



"Poor Tom! He called the office this morning, and they told him everything was running smoothly and to stay another week."

• •

to any one-man system, like de Gaulle's. So, what with the beautiful weather and the catchy tune, it wasn't long before almost everybody on the street was joining in the singing. The Mother's Day flower buyers, the children in their costumes and false faces, passersby and spectators—all except the *pères*, in their long, black confetti-splashed habits—were singing the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Some of them stopped singing rather quickly, realizing that by joining in the song they were expressing a solidarity that they didn't entirely feel. And the *pères* did their best to silence the children, scolding them and cuffing some of them when they caught them. But plenty of people—even plenty of children—kept right on singing.

And then a shout went up as the front line of the marchers was joined by a woman everyone knew. She was the mother of one of the *fleuristes*—a lady florist who has a little shop quite near my friend's studio—and she was singing louder than anybody else. Her daughter is popular in the neighborhood, and was doing a lively Mother's Day business. The mother, who lives with her on a pension of some kind, had been helping her out in the shop that morning, as she always does on particularly busy days, and had apparently become overstimulated either by the fact that it was Mother's Day or by the rush of business, and so had taken time out to visit one or more of the bars in the quarter, for relaxation. Neither she nor her daughter is a Communist, but suddenly there she was, at the head of the marchers, reeling a little, helping hold up one of the Party banners, and bawling out the new "Auld Lang Syne."

The *fleuriste* was terribly distressed, and began crying, "*Maman! Tais-toi! Viens ici!*" But, spurred by the singing and general excitement, her business was increasing at a great rate, and she couldn't possibly stop wrapping flowers and plants, and accepting her eager customers' money, long enough to snatch her mother from the procession. "*Maman!*" she kept calling, louder and louder, as the forefront of the marchers moved away, "*Maman! Tu n'as pas honte?*," while many of her customers sympathized with her, patting her on the shoulder, urging her not to take it to heart. Her mother had just had "*un coup de trop*," they said. "*Ça arrive à tout le monde.*"

ANYWAY, for a little while, there was quite a mighty chorus of the up-to-the-minute version of "Auld Lang Syne" in the Rue Raymond Losserand that Sunday morning. My friend said that, what with all the costumed and false-faced children from the *fête foraine*, and the busy *pères*, and the confetti, and the constant movement of flowers up and down the street—so many people were carrying flowers that it was as though masses of flowers themselves were on the move—and the waltzes coming over the loudspeaker, and everyone's singing, it was like the grand finale of some comic opera. "Of course, the comic opera that was ending was the Fourth Republic," my friend said. "Even for Paris, it was a quite extraordinarily music-hall kind of funeral."

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

When writing us, please outline your problem in detail. Except for names of persons other than yourself, be completely truthful and as factual as possible. Give us your age and the approximate age of any other persons involved in your problem. . . .

In the event you do not have a pressing problem today, we have enclosed a wallet-sized card for future references.—*Letter from Personal Problems, Box 391, New York 23.*

Well, there's a problem right there. We've lost our wallet.

LETTER FROM WARSAW

JUNE 20

THE Wagons-Lits Company operates luxurious sleepers and diners all over Western Europe but it sends some fairly expendable rolling stock on the daily four-hundred-mile run through the Iron Curtain from Vienna to Warsaw. The particular Warsaw-bound sleeping car I boarded not long ago in Vienna was a venerable museum specimen, with rattling windows, faded upholstery, and a cracked washbasin between each pair of compartments, in flagrant violation of the company's sacred rule of privacy that it strictly enforces on its more modern models. The water bottle I was expected to share with the passenger in the next compartment was empty, the glass was dirty, and there was neither soap nor a towel. The Polish attendant said he didn't have any towels; his supply of them had been stolen, one by one, and since he had to pay for them, he wasn't going to order any more. For much the same reason, he had removed all the light bulbs in the corridor, but he still had these, I was glad to hear, and planned to restore them in the evening. Although it was only ten minutes past noon when the train pulled out, the beds were already made up for the night, leaving the passengers their choice of riding prostrate or standing up.

The attendant chose the former, and we were scarcely outside the city limits when he retired to his compartment, took off his shoes and chestnut-brown uniform, and lay down in stocking feet and a pair of dirty jeans. Most of my fellow-passengers had little use for his services anyway—services that are customary on Wagons-Lits in Western Europe. They were a bunch of youthful Polish athletes returning home after having won some competitions in the West, and, the day being hot, they stripped to the waist and trooped boisterously up and down the corridor, pausing to whistle out the windows at girls we passed as the train rocked along through small towns in eastern Austria. The only other passengers were a handful of older, more dignified Poles—government officials of one sort or another, I gathered—and their families. Making the best of it in their cramped quarters, they fortified themselves against the monotony of the seventeen-hour journey by bringing out bottles of beer and mountains of sandwiches.

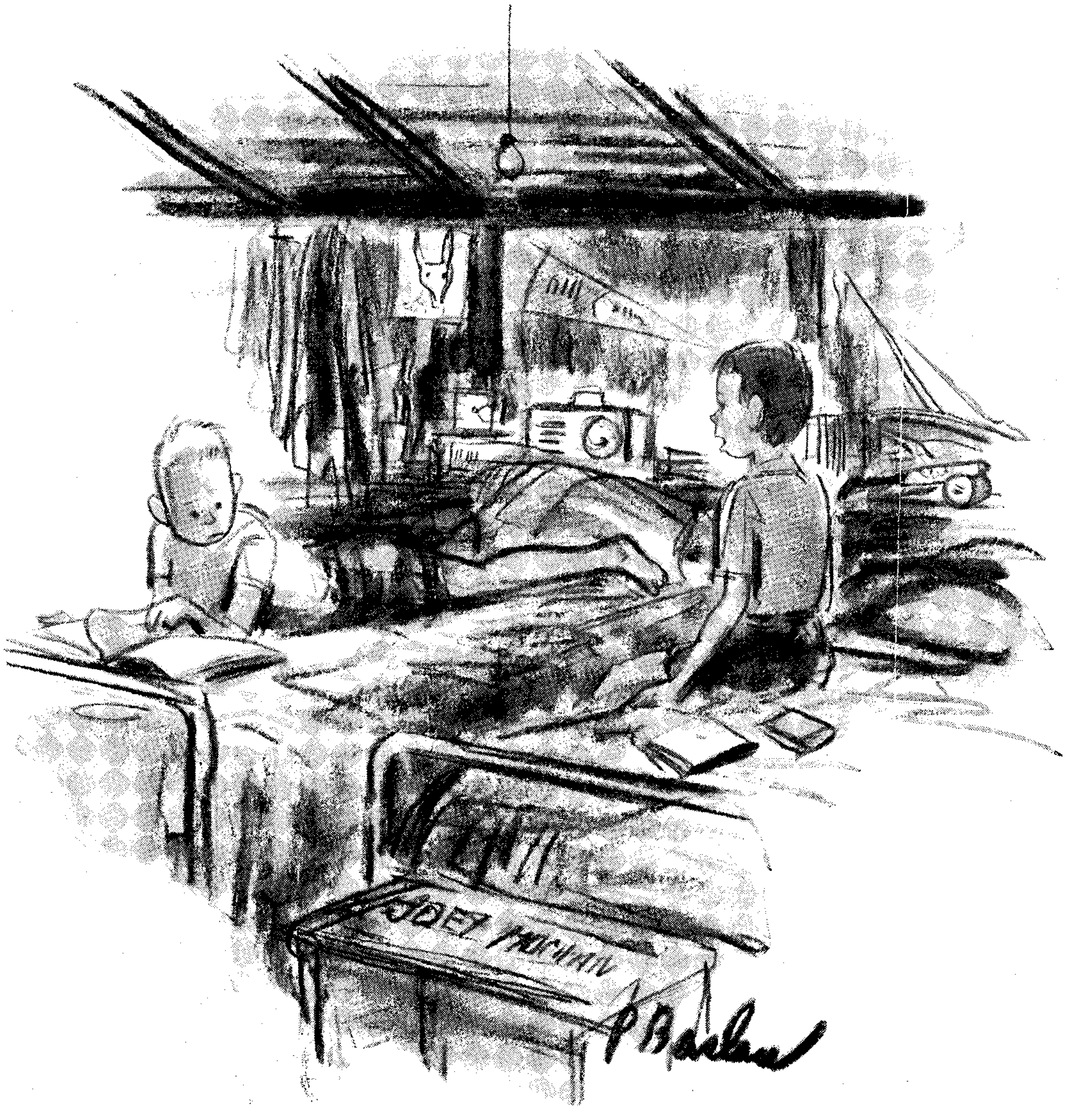
During a brief stop at the border town of Hohenau, two *gemütlich* Austrian guards merely glanced at my passport and wished me a pleasant trip. Then the train moved on into Czechoslovakia, and conditions at the border checkpoint there, near Břeclav, were wholly different. A pair of armed guards brusquely took away my passport and kept it almost the entire two hours that we were held up while Czech soldiers crawled under the cars, looking for bombs, I suppose, or maybe conspirators riding the rods. The atmosphere had a sobering effect on the Polish athletes; no longer exuberant, they stared silently out the windows, not at girls now but at the Czech soldiers as they went about their work, or at three rows of barbed-wire fences glinting in the sun and topped at intervals by electric insulators. Later, I fell to talking with one of the young men, and mentioned the Czechs at the border. He gave a contemptuous shrug and said, "During the Hungarian revolution, it was said in Warsaw that the Hungarians were behaving like Poles, the Poles like Czechs, and the Czechs like cowards."

When at last the train was permitted to proceed, we passed through one village after another where glum and sullen people watched us go by, standing against an invariable background of posters and banners inscribed with slogans proclaiming Czechoslovakia's "eternal friendship" with the great Soviet Union. That night, the prevailing mood changed again when a polite Polish border guard came aboard at Zebrzydowice, welcomed me with a smile, perfunctorily held my passport against the door of my compartment to stamp it, and gave it back to me. He said it was a fine time to go to Warsaw; he envied me. "It's always a fine time to go there," he added.

The behavior of the various border guards I handed my passport to reflects the general outlook in their respective countries. In contrast to the traditionally easy-going ways of Vienna and the gloomy resignation in Czechoslovakia, Warsaw created an impression of vitality, stubbornness, and absence of fear. The Poles have not become resigned to the status quo. When they don't like something—and there's plenty they don't like—they say so, openly and succinctly. They haven't freedom of public assembly, but they certainly have freedom of public grumbling. The secret police, formerly maintained by the Ministry of Security, have disappeared, along with the Ministry itself, which was abolished after Wladyslaw Gomulka, in October, 1956, resumed his post as head of the Polish Communist Party and made his defiant stand that induced Russia to relax its domination of the country somewhat. (While the Ministry's high-ranking officials were absorbed into other agencies in the bureaucracy, the rank and file of its personnel—eight thousand men in all—were fired. The government obligingly set up training courses to prepare them for a more productive life, but the Poles have good memories, and many of the ex-cops have been unable to get new jobs.) All in all, hemmed in by ruthlessly repressive East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union, the Poles have achieved an astonishing amount of personal freedom, a fact that they point up with a story about two dogs—one Czech, the other Polish—that meet at the border, each bound for the other's country. "I'm heading for Prague, because I hear the stores there are all well stocked with good things to buy," says the Polish dog. "But what ever makes you want to go to Poland?" And the Czech dog replies, "I'm going there to learn to bark."

I have not seen a single Red poster

or banner in Warsaw. It is as hard to find a picture of a Soviet leader here in the capital as it is to meet an authentic Polish Communist; I have yet to spot someone wearing a Party emblem in his lapel. The Polish United Workers' (or Communist) Party, which claims a membership of over a million in this nation of twenty-eight million, recently went through its files and weeded out nearly twenty per cent of the total—persons who, it reported, had joined for purely opportunistic reasons, had attended no meetings, and had shown "no ideological spirit." Some informed people here think that if the Party had been really strict in applying these standards, its membership would probably be not much greater than it was in 1945, when it stood at twenty thousand. In any case, it seems safe to say that no more than five per cent of the population are genuine Communists, and a large proportion of those who are profess to be Polish Socialists—with the accent on "Polish," which, to a Pole, makes all the difference in the world. A popular pastime among the hypothetical ninety-five per cent who are enthusiastic anti-Communists is to watch the steady decline of the circulation of *Trybuna Ludu*, the Party paper; the figure, published every day on the back page, has dropped in the past two years from close to a million to less than a quarter of a million. Surrounded by Soviet military and naval forces but resolutely united by patriotism and a deep faith in the Catholic Church, the Poles move toward a problematical future with little to bolster them except courage, a kind of mad romanticism, and a bitter sense of humor.



"Are you kidding? All the time my mother keeps telling me what a hot shot you are."

WARSAW is a tough, depressingly ugly city, but there is character in its ugliness. It is a city of ruins and of unfinished houses being built with raw bricks newly made of salvaged rubble, of gray skies and gray faces, of shabby trolleys with shabbily dressed people hanging from their handrails like bunches of gray grapes. Yet these same people possess an amazing store of energy, recuperative powers, and love of living. The coffeehouses are crowded with people talking animatedly about all manner of subjects—sports, world politics, poetry, but mainly about Poland. They may appear to be neither healthy nor prosperous, but most of them look as if they didn't have a worry in the world. Almost without exception, they have lived for the past twenty years through tragedy, misery, and assorted cataclysms unequalled elsewhere in Europe. Since September, 1939, when German Heinkels and Stukas flew over Warsaw to drop the first bombs of the Second World War, six million Poles—men, women, and children—have died as a result of the conflict, but there is nothing in the manner of the survivors to remind one of that appalling fact.

After those initial bombings and the swift conquest of the nation came five years of Nazi terror. Then the Poles decided they could take it no longer, and for sixty-three days and nights the people of Warsaw fought against German troops, often with their bare hands, while their supposed ally, the Red Army, looked on from the other side of the Vistula River, not at all dismayed, it later developed, by the outcome. On October 2, 1944, the Germans succeeded in crushing the insurrection, and whatever Poles were still alive in Warsaw were evacuated. Hitler issued an order that the city be "erased from the face of the earth."

The order was pretty effectively carried out; when the war in Europe ended, Warsaw had fewer than fifty thousand inhabitants. Furthermore, the Nazis brought in demolition squads to burn down what parts of the city they could and blow up the rest; by the time they finished, eighty-seven per cent of the buildings in the capital had been destroyed, including ninety per cent of its industrial plants and ninety-five per cent of its dwellings. But soon the people who had been evacuated began returning, to look for their dead and to start all over again. After a few years

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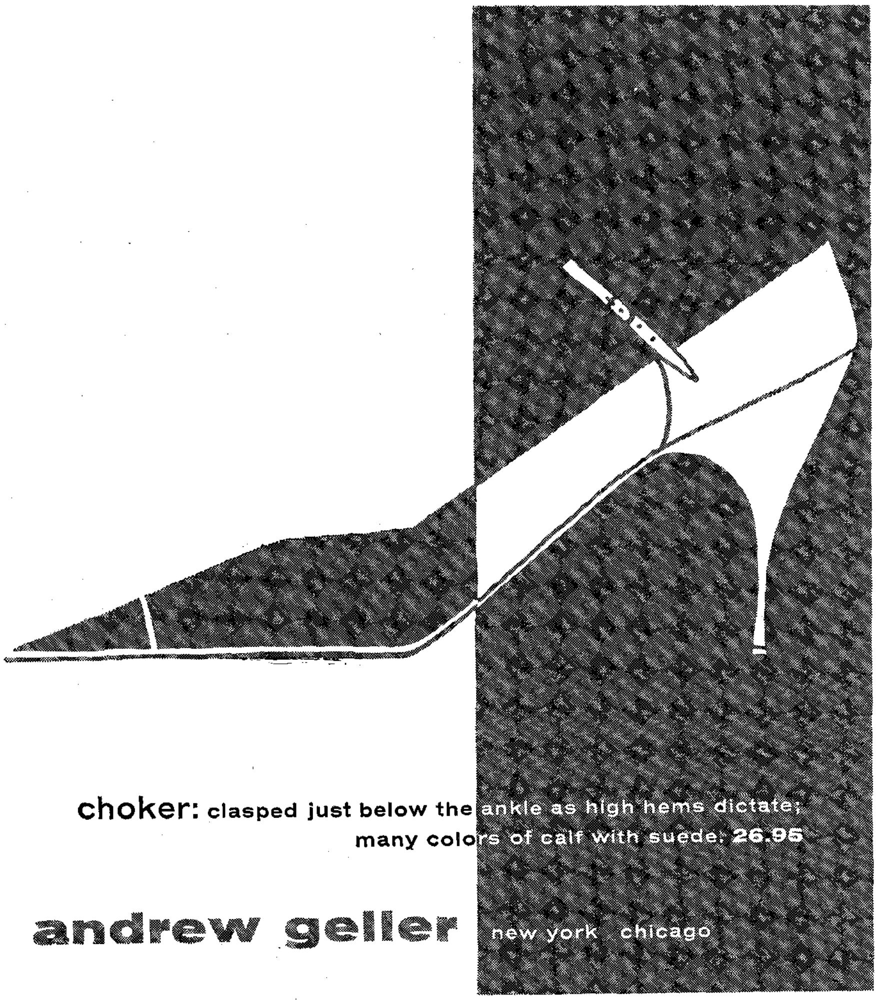
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of drastic socialization and frenzied rebuilding, they became victims of the Cold War, as Soviet police moved in and put the screws on Poland, instituting an era of Stalinist terror that people in Warsaw say was no less dreadful than the Nazi variety. This finally ended on the glorious evening of October 19, 1956, when Gomulka, who had been jailed by Stalin five years before, denounced Soviet imperialism before four distinguished Russian visitors—the Messrs. Khrushchev, Mikoyan, Molotov, and Kaganovitch—and warned them that in Poland "you have the choice between the Polish road to Socialism or chaos."

At that moment, Soviet tanks were less than forty miles from Warsaw, and they were converging on the city from all sides. The Poles won their desperate gamble—a gamble similar to the one the Hungarians lost two weeks later—and three hundred thousand people gathered in the capital's largest square to cheer Gomulka. It was an unforgettable moment in the nation's history; Radio Warsaw described it as "springtime in October." "I remember how impressed I was when Gomulka arrived in the square without even one bodyguard," a Pole who was in the crowd told me the other day. "We went crazy with joy and tore down the Soviet flag. All our windows facing the West were at last open again."

THE windows are still open, but inside the house the mood has changed—not toward the sights and sounds that reach the people through them (many Western newspapers are openly on sale in Warsaw—among them the New York *Times*, the London *Times*, and *Le Monde* of Paris—Hollywood movies are almost always sellouts, and everybody listens to Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America) but toward the head of the house himself. When Gomulka took over in 1956, the nation was solidly behind him, and while it can hardly be said that he has since lost the bulk of his support—indeed, in a recent poll of public opinion he was voted the most popular man in Poland, with a young writer named Marek Hlasko, and Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, head of this country's powerful Catholic Church, finishing second and third, respectively—certain influential segments of the population have become sorely disenchanted with his regime. And, like other Poles, they make no effort to conceal their feelings. Writers, poets, artists, and intellectuals at large, who were among the most enthusiastic supporters of Gomulka two

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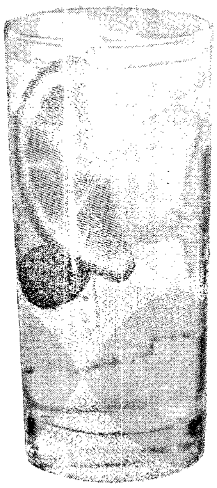

years ago, are now outstandingly caustic critics of his regime. Their point of view carries greater weight than it might in some other countries, for they are Poland's new élite; they have no use for ivory towers but keep in close touch with their fellow-citizens, and the rest of the nation listens respectfully to what they have to say. "Gomulka stands with his head tilted toward the East, his hands outstretched toward the West, and his back to the masses" is one sardonic observation that is currently going the rounds. Another predicts that the Poles are about to launch a sputnik of their own with two men instead of a dog inside it—Prime Minister Jósef Cyrankiewicz, "who can live in any kind of atmosphere," and Gomulka, "who is used to being run by remote control."

Such barbs are typical of the sort of humor the Poles employ to express a prevalent feeling of angry frustration brought about by the general trend of their country's affairs. The basic trouble seems to be that back in 1956 the people were so elated by what had already been accomplished that they came to expect too much of Gomulka in his effort to lead them down his "Polish road to Socialism" toward a better life. Gomulka is still widely respected as a Polish patriot—the greatest compliment that can be paid a man in this country, and one that no doubt accounts for his standing in the poll. But he is also, in a nation of romanticists, a lone-wolf realist who has felt obliged to make realistic compromises with the Soviet Union, and these stand high on the list of things the Poles don't like. To cite a specific example, they don't like the announcement that "the Party has reëstablished a new cultural policy," which is another way of saying that the Party has reëstablished a tough censorship. Some newspapers, magazines, books, and films, both foreign and domestic, have been banned, and plays are heavily censored—all by the Ministry of Culture, ostensibly in the interests of "art." Poland's university students gave Gomulka strong support during the October comeback, and the circulation of their paper, *Po Prostu* ("Plain Speaking"), vigorously edited by a group of fiercely patriotic young men, rose from twenty thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand. The editors were in some ways Poland's equivalent of Britain's Angry Young Men, but they were more united in their anger, which was directed against such down-to-earth evils as the black market, drunkenness, inflation, inefficiency in factories, graft, and many like maladies

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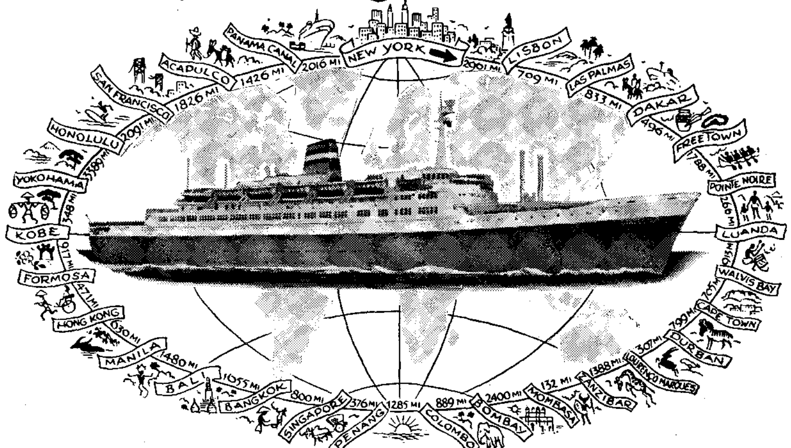
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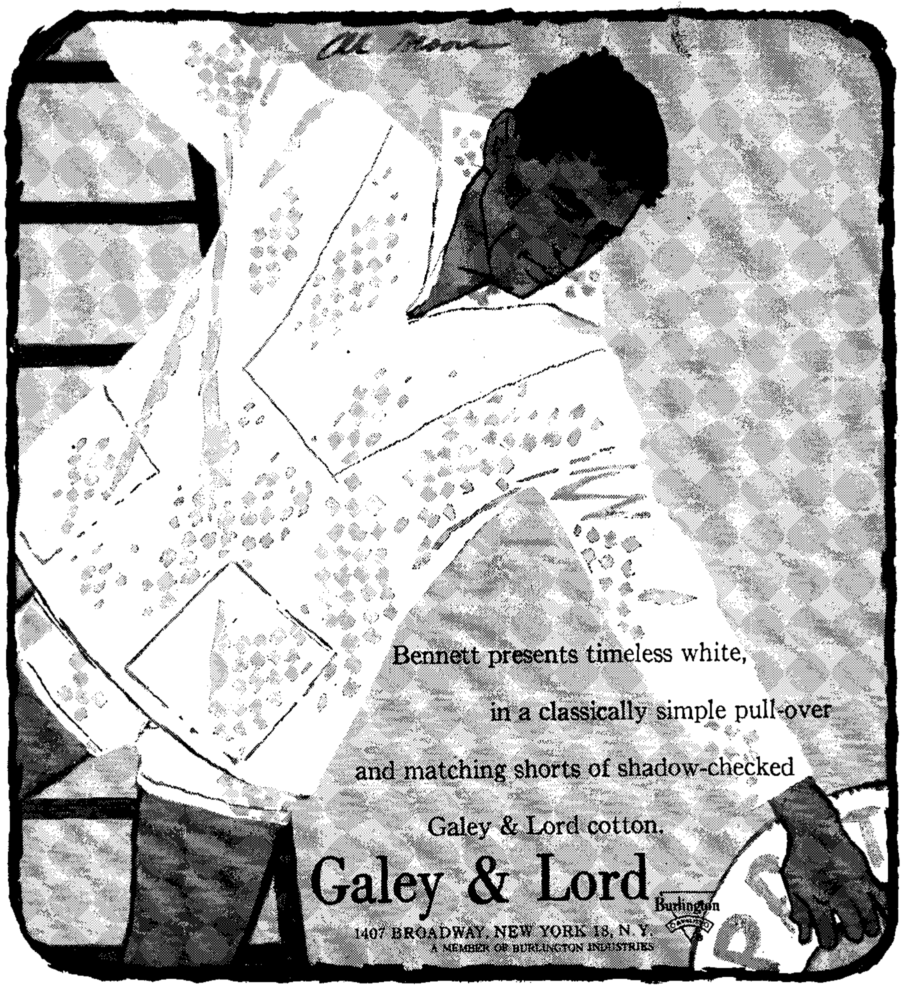
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that afflict their country today. Then, last fall, they attacked Gomulka for taking a soft line toward the Soviet, and that did it. He banned the paper. Polish writers are not yet told by the government what to write, as writers in other Communist countries are, but there is a growing suspicion that the happy months of unrestrained creative freedom are over, and people are wondering whether the "new cultural policy" is a hint of worse to come. The intellectuals claim that without their help there could have been no turning of the tide in October two years ago, which is probably true, and many of them admit that they were guilty of overestimating Gomulka, who is primarily interested in politics and economics and shows little concern for cultural matters—so little, in fact, that some even call him an anti-intellectual. "We were too hopeful, so today we are on the defensive," says Antoni Slonimski, a poet who spent the war years in England and returned to Poland because "people here listen to what we exponents of the arts have to say."

PRIVATE enterprise enjoyed an impressive revival two years ago, but now restrictions are becoming increasingly burdensome in that field, too. A woman I know—the energetic, middle-aged wife of a lawyer and mother of two sons—who has just opened a "private-initiative" dressmaking establishment in a new state-built glass-enclosed store in one of Warsaw's fashionable shopping areas, provides a case in point. The building is similar to many that have been put up in clusters here and there in the center of town during the past two years for private-initiative stores, as opposed to state-owned stores. The government doesn't like these private ventures, because they have no place in a Socialist economy, but so far it has tolerated—though it has also firmly regulated—them, because it realizes that there is a small but consequential segment of the population that wants better merchandise than can be bought in the state-owned stores and is willing to pay higher prices for it. (Of the five private-initiative stores in the vicinity of the dressmaker's shop, one is a delicatessen, another sells glassware, a third toys, a fourth extremely well-made shoes styled along Western lines, and a fifth is a haberdashery with an excellent assortment of silk ties.) My friend could not afford to rent the whole building—a two-story affair only sixteen feet long and twelve feet wide, for which the state was asking a hundred thousand zlotys a year, or nearly

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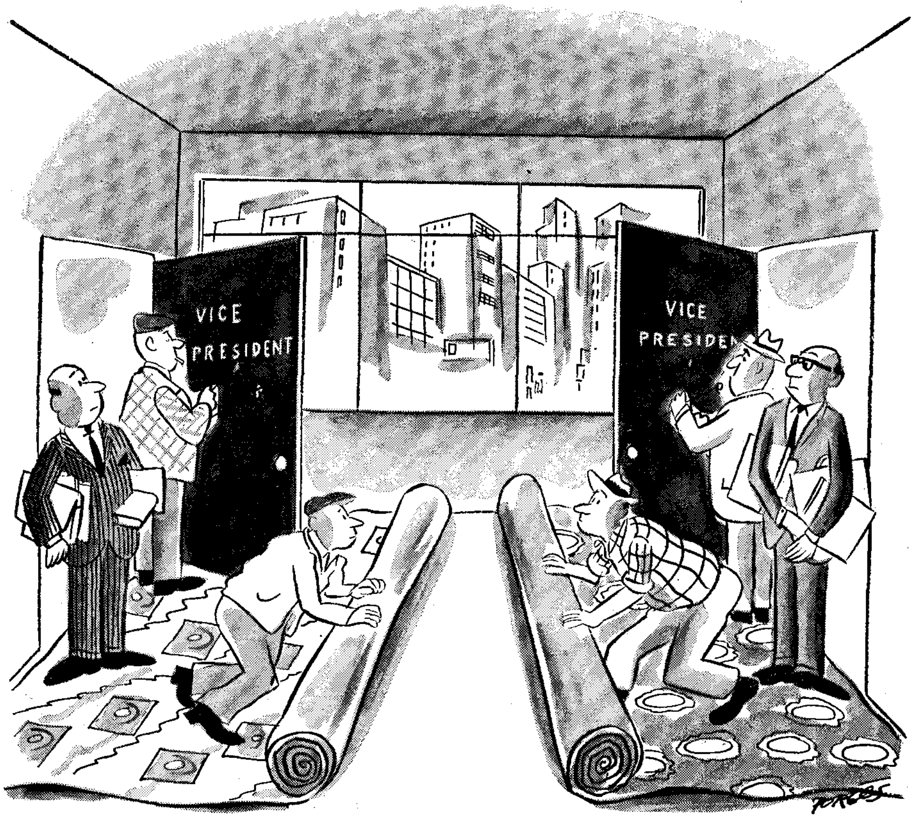

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$4,200 at the official rate of exchange of twenty-four zlotys to the dollar—so she got a milliner to take over the ground floor, and she has her shop upstairs. She and the milliner have an option on the place for ten years, but that is a long time as the proprietors of Warsaw's private-initiative stores view things. "When I close my shop at night, I never know whether I'll be allowed to open it in the morning," my friend told me the day I stopped in to see her new setup. "Nothing is sure under Communism. Lots of people make quick profits with these stores and get out again as fast as they can."

Before my friend could set herself up in business, she had to prove to the government that she had worked three years as a dressmaker's helper and another three years as an apprentice. She also had to pass two examinations. In the first of these, she was given a few yards of calico and a picture of a dress, and told that she must make a dress like it in three days. The dress she submitted was declared satisfactory by a jury of dressmakers and bureaucrats, whereupon she was given the second test—an oral one, in which she was questioned about her knowledge of trade laws, wage regulations, fabrics, and economic and social conditions in Poland. She passed that, too, and spent the next two weeks in a tangle of red tape before she was granted a "work card," entitling her to open her store. But the government's interest in her enterprise did not end there; its agents will dictate the prices she may charge for her dresses. The state will keep her guessing as to what her tax rate is going to be, but will considerately compensate for this by relieving her of the trouble of filling out tax forms and simply telling her at the end of the year how much she owes. Only then will she know whether she has made money (and possibly become rich) or has lost money (and possibly gone bankrupt). The whole matter of the prices she may charge and the taxes she must pay rests on the outcome of a visit by a team of government inspectors, who, shortly after she started her business, came around to make an appraisal of the shop's worth, adding in not only the value of the inventory and furnishings but their estimate of her ability to run the place. On the basis of their findings, her shop will be classified in one of three categories. She has yet to hear how she fared at the hands of these visitors, but hopes that they will not give her a first-category rating, because, while this would mean that she could charge somewhat higher prices, she

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would also have to pay much higher taxes. Until she learns how she made out, she is charging prices that range from three hundred zlotys ($12.50) for a simple cotton dress to three thousand zlotys for an evening gown. My friend has yet to sell a three-thousand-zloty evening gown—after all, there aren't many people in Warsaw who make as much as ten thousand zlotys a month—but she is building up a clientele consisting mainly of the wives of writers, engineers, doctors with private practices, and private businessmen, and she is sure that if the government will only let her keep her shop, she'll soon make a success of it.

THE fact that there are so few Poles who can afford things like my friend's evening gowns is another reason people are disappointed in the Gomulka regime. They fully expected his government to raise their wretchedly low standard of living, even though he never made any definite promises of higher wages or lower prices—presumably because he was familiar enough with Poland's economic plight to realize that he couldn't fulfill them. This country just isn't in a position at present to give its people a better life. Under the Polish Six-Year Plan, drawn up in Moscow in 1950, Poland's heavy industry was expanded to serve the Soviet economy. Russia sold the Poles Egyptian cotton for their textile mills, expensive Swedish ore for their steel mills (which were ordered to make armor plate for North Korean tanks), and parts for Polish automobiles manufactured under Russian license, and, in return, "bought" Polish coal, paying three dollars a ton at a time when a fair price would have been nearly twenty dollars.

Poland has some new factories, but they suffer from a dearth of technicians and skilled workers; the ranks of the forty-to-fifty age group, which is usually the major source of managers and foremen, are badly depleted, for first the Germans and then the Russians either killed or shanghaied the cream of Poland's manpower, and many other potential workers have escaped to the West. As a result, Polish-made goods tend to be of such low quality that they cannot be sold in Western markets and can be disposed of only by barter with the Communist countries. "Our heart-strings are tied to the West but our purse strings are tied to the East," a Polish official told me. In Poland, even bureaucrats often have a touch of the poet.

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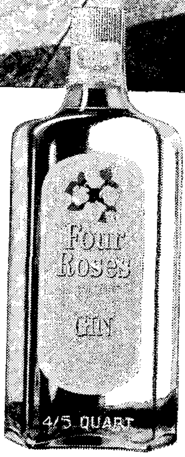

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ufacture of consumer goods, and his efforts seem to have met with some success, for the shops of Warsaw have a greater variety of stuff to sell than at any time since the war. But there is also less money, because wages have been frozen and the government has adopted a restrictive credit policy, so there aren't many buyers for the new products. Wages are not only frozen, but they are frozen at such low levels that the Poles, ordinarily an industrious people, are inclined to work no harder than they think is justified by their pay. The average wage is probably in the vicinity of fourteen hundred zlotys a month, which is fifty-eight dollars, unless the worker wants to buy things that are available only on the black market, where his money may be worth as little as a quarter of its official value. According to a newspaper report, over a hundred thousand jobs are going begging in Poland, while sixty thousand potential workers prefer to remain idle and collect unemployment insurance. The government insists that factory workers increase their output and improve the quality of their products and promises to raise their wages once they do, the workers say that the sequence must be just the reverse, and there the matter rests. Meanwhile, a common saying of the day goes, "The government pretends to pay the workers and the workers pretend to work." In a town in western Poland, a sign on a large, unfinished structure originally read, "This Building Will Be Finished in 1955." Later, the "5" was crossed out and replaced by a "7," and now the "7" has been crossed out and replaced by a "9" followed by some humorist's question mark.

Inasmuch as few Poles can live on their salaries, most of them have to "mobilize additional sources of income," as one popular Warsaw satirist put it while chatting with me a few days ago. (He himself was doing all right, for satire is a respected and well-paid branch of literature in Poland.) Everybody buys tickets for the many lotteries that are constantly being run off, from the proceeds of which the state takes a fat slice. Pilfering, which became a highly developed art during the German occupation, when it often meant the difference between extinction and survival, is flourishing again, and Warsaw newspapers frequently report, with ill-concealed delight, ingenious ways that have been devised to rob state-run enterprises. One such story concerned a nylon factory whose management had been aware for some time of small but steady losses of stockings, although the employees were regularly searched before being allowed to leave the plant; the dénouement was the discovery that a number of the workers were smuggling carrier pigeons in with them in the morning and releasing them with stockings strapped to their legs. Under the circumstances, petty corruption is generally condoned, which accounts for the fact that although all building materials are theoretically controlled by the state and none are supposed to be turned over to private contractors, privately owned buildings are going up in many parts of Warsaw right now. The records of those responsible for fuelling government cars are said to show that Polish-made Warszawa automobiles, favored by officials of the state, consume fifteen litres of gasoline for every hundred kilometres they travel, but it is common knowledge that they consume only twelve, the assumption being that the extra three litres are burned up by their underpaid chauffeurs while driving them, with their speedometers disconnected, as jitneys to carry unauthorized passengers during the rush hours. The Poles, old hands at getting by when times are hard, are masters at such games.

BUT notwithstanding all the internal bickering and disillusionment, those windows facing the West are unquestionably still open; the Poles' admiration of Western ways and Western products amounts to nothing less than a craze, which one of my friends here calls "a revolution against the social revolution." It is a preoccupation that touches on all manner of things. The romance between Princess Margaret and Peter Townsend, for instance, created as much of a stir here as it did in London; a local disc jockey was swamped with requests to play the Princess's favorite songs. Smart young women in Warsaw wear chemise dresses and Brigitte Bardot hairdos; the young men wear slim-look trousers and either crew cuts or Elvis Presley sideburns and manes. Not many of either sex have the money to dress well, but everybody tries to look fashionable and Western, the two words being synonymous here. Warsaw has few, if any, of the proletarian sans-culotte types, with unshaven faces and uncreased pants, that are a common sight in other Eastern European capitals.

Cracow, a medieval city with a long tradition of culture and leisurely living, can now boast, if it wants to, that it has spawned some of the hottest student jazz bands on the Continent. It is also the editorial headquarters of an illus-

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trated magazine called *Przekroj*, which plays up the latest Western fads and fashions and, despite a press run of four hundred and fifty thousand, sells out almost as soon as it reaches the newsstands. Its editors also wage energetic crusades against what they consider archaic Polish habits. At least one of the crusades—an effort to persuade Polish males to forsake the custom of hand-kissing, which *Przekroj* termed "unhygienic"—seems to have been an outright flop. I have seen many Polish men make a gallant ceremony of kissing the hands of women acquaintances wherever they happen to meet, even if in a crowded streetcar or across a typewriter.

Western luxury goods, so dear to the Poles, are, of course, not sold in the state-owned stores, but many of the private-initiative stores carry them. While few of Warsaw's citizens can afford to patronize the latter, the majority of them somehow or other manage to acquire a few small items that give them the illusion of sharing a way of life with the people in the wonderful West. A lot of them go out to the grimy industrial suburb of Praga, across the Vistula, where they shop for such commodities at the local *ciuchy*, a sort of black-market street fair, which, with no apparent objection from the authorities, offers a selection of Western treasures that includes Scotch whiskey, American soap, French dresses, and English razor blades. Nothing illustrates better the pitifully low standard of living in Poland than the *ciuchy*, with its ramshackle booths tended by old women standing guard over their precious goods. The entire stock of a booth I remember in particular consisted of one pack of Chesterfields, one can of sliced Hawaiian pineapple, one piece of Cadbury chocolate, two combs, one pair of dark glasses, and one toothbrush. Other booths are more specialized. One I saw contained only a large table piled high with used zippers salvaged from old clothes; near it was one with nothing but buttons for sale—thousands of buttons, ranging from small plain white ones for men's shirts, at three zlotys (or twelve and a half cents) apiece, to a splendid pseudo-Renaissance specimen priced at a hundred zlotys. *Ciuchy* customers are a shrewd and critical lot, who spend a long time examining the old women's wares before making a purchase. They scrutinize used shoes from the West to determine whether they are really second-hand or have merely been worn a couple of times and superficially scuffed up to fool the customs inspectors. They are familiar with

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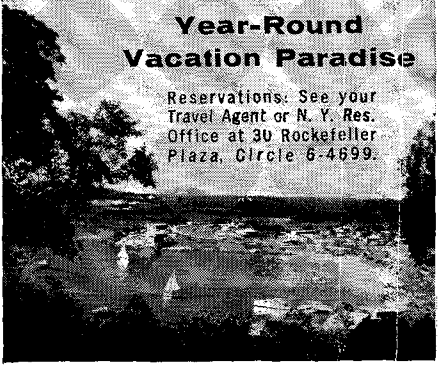

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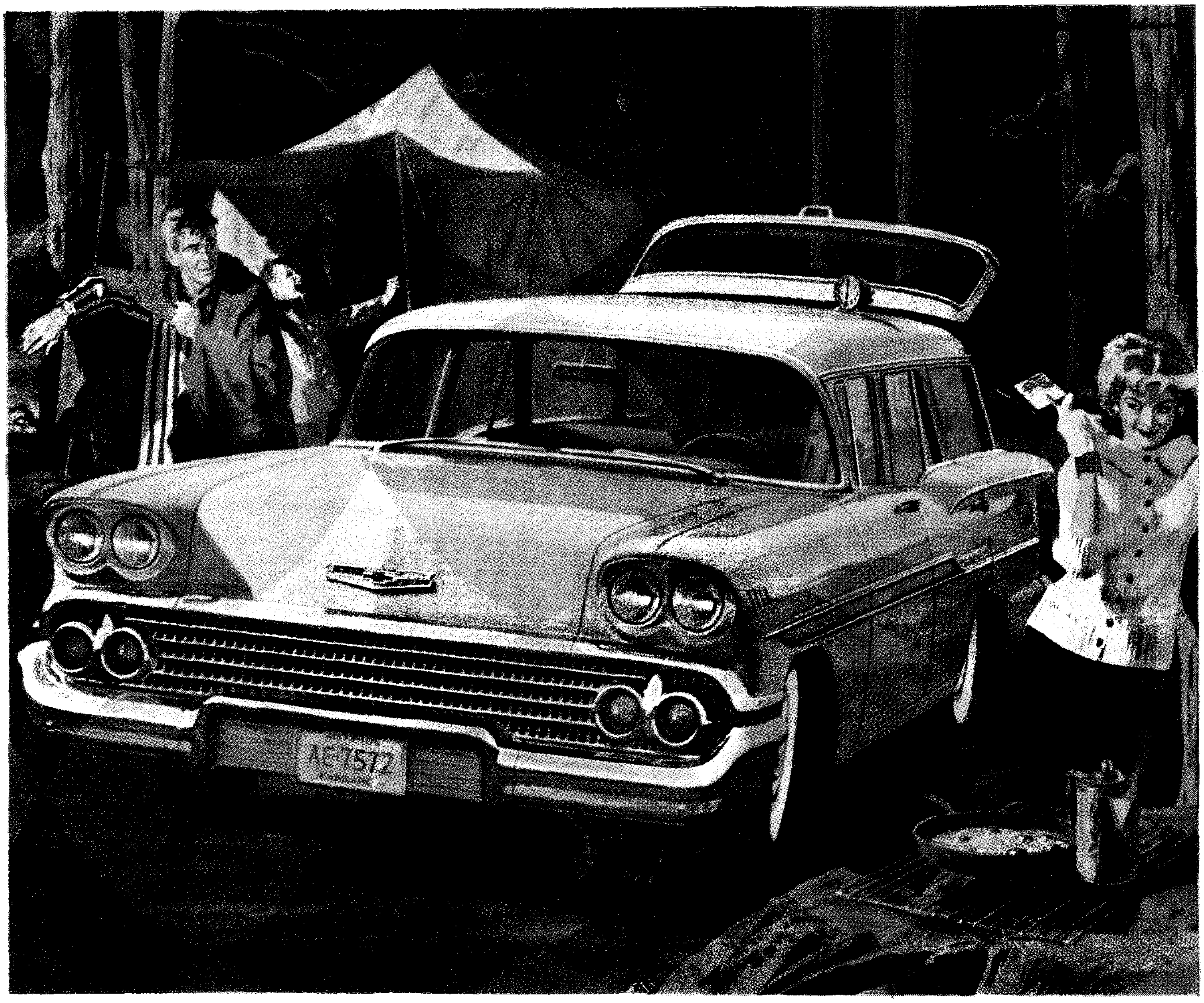

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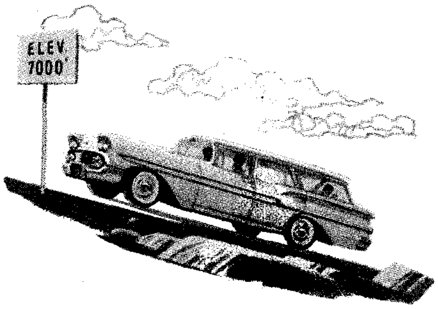

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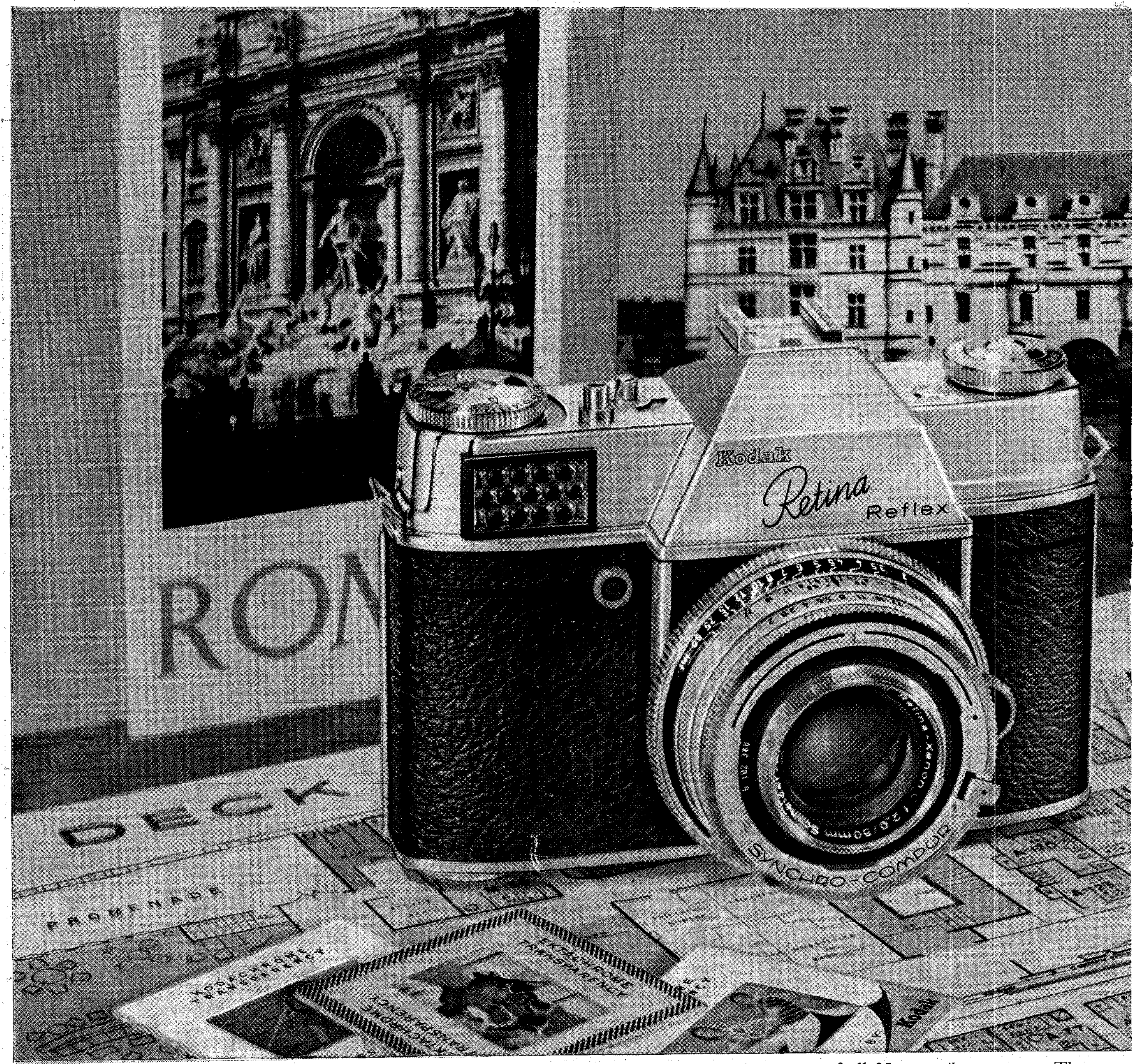

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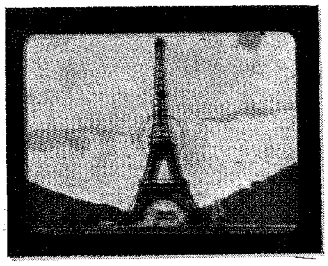
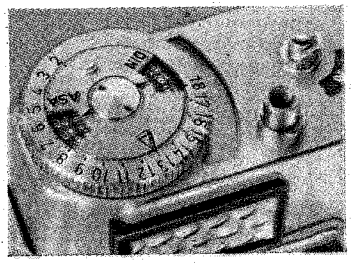
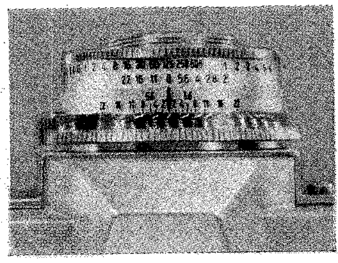


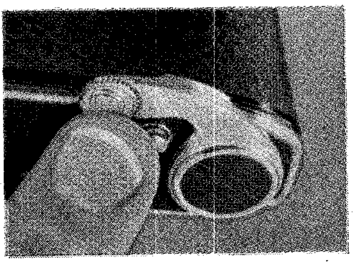
View and focus through the lens on bright ground glass. Focus in rangefinder spot also (center). You see exactly where focus is sharpest, see your subject complete—without parallax—in about natural size!



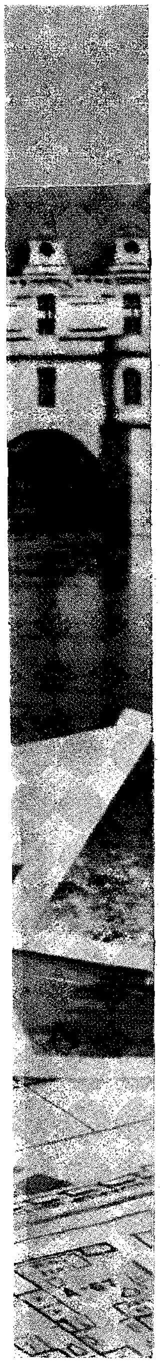
Photoelectric exposure meter is built in. Ends guesswork under any lighting conditions. Gives easy-to-use EVS readings by reflected or incident light, for films from 5 to 1300 ASA.



Set once to EVS number on meter — lens and shutter will now stay "in step." You can switch freely from fast-shutter action shots to small-lens-opening close-ups without re-calculating the exposure.



One stroke of the thumb lever and your film advances, shutter sets, lens opens to f/2 for bright viewing . . . all automatically! Film locks at last exposure, so you can't overwind. Self-timer lets you get in the picture.



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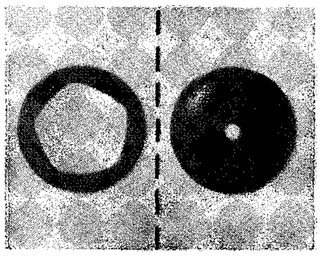
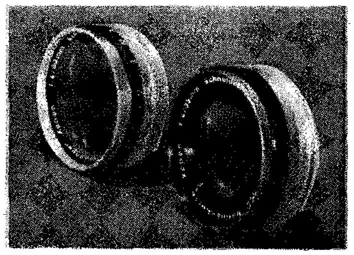
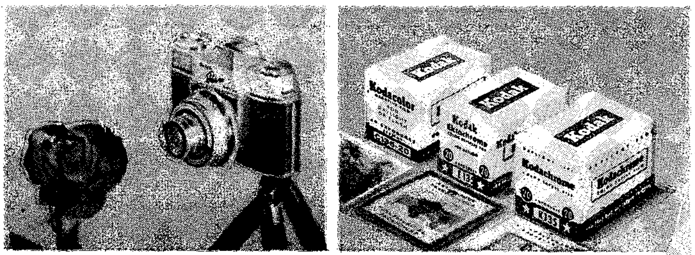


Automatic diaphragm closes down to pre-set aperture when shutter is tripped—you don't have to do it by hand. Works with all lenses. Shutter speeds 1 to 1/500 second; flash-synchronized.



Interchangeable lens components are wide-angle 35mm Curtar *f*/4, $77.50; telephoto 80mm Longar *f*/4, $80. No auxiliary finder needed. All lens components provide superb sharpness and color correction.



The Retina System grows along with your interests. It includes specialized aids, such as attachments for close-ups at 6 inches from *film* to subject. (Right) For color slides—Kodachrome and Kodak Ektachrome Film. For color prints, new 135 Kodacolor Film.

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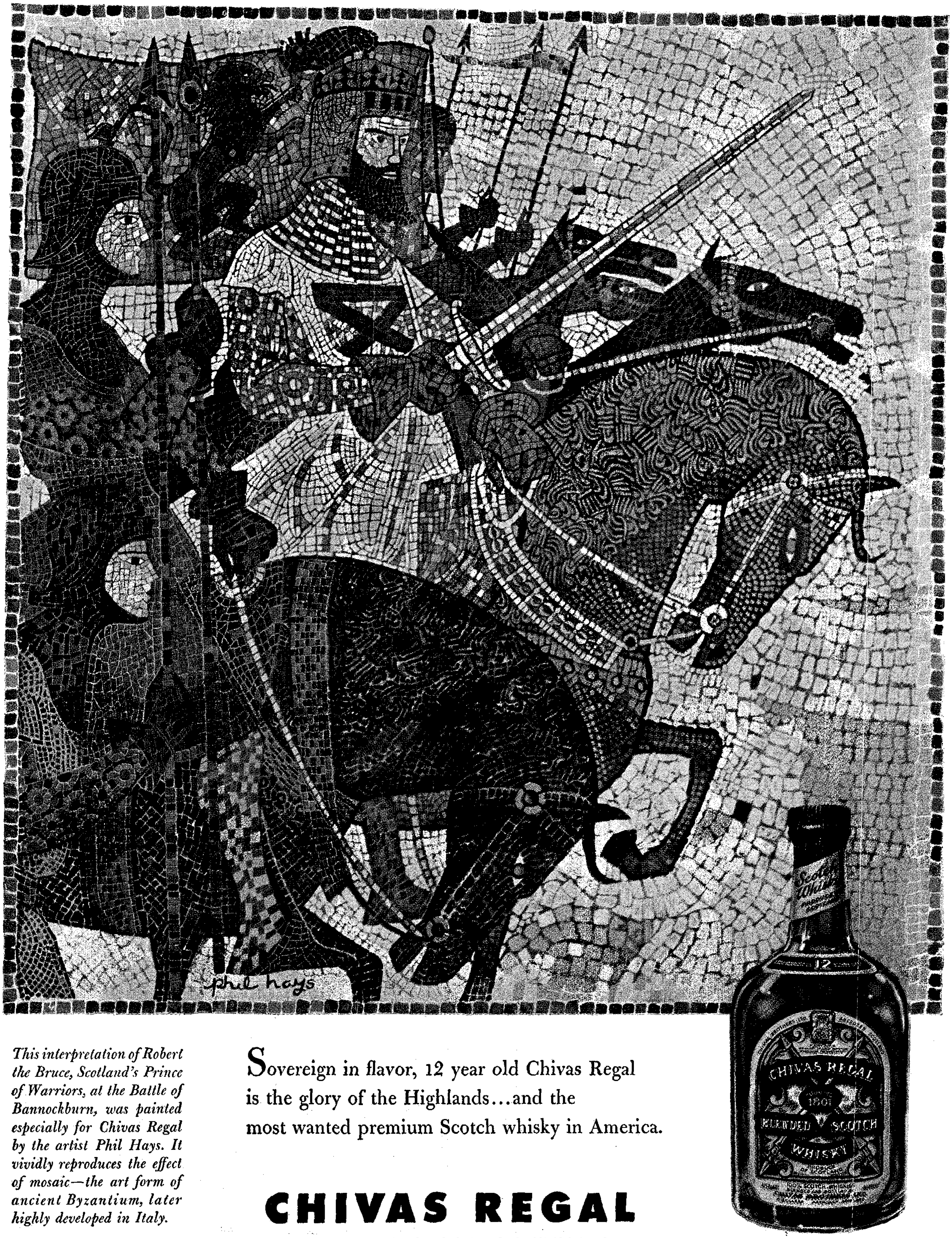

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the merits of all the well-known brands of American cosmetics and grocery products—and with good reason, for many *ciuchy* stalls are supplied by free-lance agents who scour the Carpathian Mountains, travelling from village to village to buy up cans of Maxwell House coffee, Revlon lipsticks, boxes of Kleenex, and other prized items included in gift packages sent to the townsfolk by relatives and friends in the United States.

These gift packages are one of the reasons that Americans are popular in Warsaw right now—more so, in fact, than they are in most cities in Western Europe. Needless to say, not all Poles sell to the *ciuchy* buyers; many thousands of them are eating better and looking better because of the contents of the packages they receive. Either way, though, the packages are a boon. Americans are also liked here because their government helped Poland with dollar loans. (Most Poles are not aware that Gomulka's Poland has received less help of this kind than Nasser's Egypt or Franco's Spain.) But a perhaps deeper reason for the popularity of the United States in Poland was suggested by a young student when he said to me, "You Americans think as we do here in Warsaw." (To a Pole, naturally, Warsaw is the hub of the universe, and sets the standards by which the thinking of all foreign peoples is judged.) English is now the second language here, having displaced French—once the favorite of the landed gentry and the upper middle classes—because the Poles regard it as the more widely spoken. Most American entertainers who have visited this capital recently have scored enormous successes, among them Dave Brubeck, who played jazz at the Warsaw Philharmonic; the "Porgy and Bess" troupe; the Glenn Miller Orchestra; the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell; the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy; and the American Ballet Theatre. Artur Rubinstein returned to his native Warsaw the other day, after an absence of twenty years, and was given a hero's welcome before his concert and a twenty-minute ovation afterward. A Polish production of "Kiss Me, Kate" enjoyed a successful run, and the American Embassy is being besieged by Polish producers trying to acquire the rights to "My Fair Lady." Polish translations of books by American authors are bought as fast as they come off the presses; a printing of thirty thousand copies of Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was sold out in a single day. (A Warsaw newspaper also printed

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it in installments.) Other best-selling American authors are Erskine Caldwell, William Faulkner, Irwin Shaw, and Pearl Buck. Paying a visit to Warsaw University one morning, I stopped in at an English seminar where six Polish students were listening to a seventh read an essay on Faulkner's sentence structure.

Warsaw's literary tastes, however, are by no means confined to books by contemporary Americans. Current best-sellers also include "The Forsyte Saga," "Robin Hood," "Moby Dick," and the works of Proust, Graham Greene, Sartre, Arnold Zweig, and Françoise Sagan. Among today's domestic writers, poets are the most respected of all; books of verse by Antoni Slonimski (the fellow who was in London during the war) and Wladyslaw Broniewski, two of the nation's best-known poets, sell over fifty thousand copies. Reading, in fact, has become almost as popular in Warsaw as talking. Along with the social revolution that followed the war came a flood of books priced within the reach of almost everybody. Inasmuch as there was little else to buy at the time, the Poles became a nation of readers (Shakespeare, Dickens, Gogol, and Balzac were the favorites in those days), and they have been ever since.

THE rebuilding of Warsaw has been in progress for thirteen years. During that period, four architectural styles have been imposed upon the city—the medieval; the Russian-pompous, embodying Stalinist ideas of grandeur; the "social-realist," as it is sometimes sarcastically called, a modification of the Russian-pompous that was introduced a few years ago by Polish architects, who, at the same time, added some minor atrocities of their own; and the Warsaw matter-of-fact, a post-1956 development sensibly stressing straight lines, plain façades, and large windows facing south. Good taste is evident in only the first and last of these styles, and since exponents of the second and third had the upper hand for eleven of the thirteen years, bad taste is prevalent in the new Warsaw. By far the most effective job of reconstruction is the restoration of Stare Miasto, the medieval Old Town, situated on an escarpment along the west bank of the Vistula and long regarded as the heart of the capital. It was founded in the twelfth century, and its growth was often interrupted or retarded by wars and insurrections, but no soldiers or insurrectionists ever devastated it as thoroughly as the Nazis.

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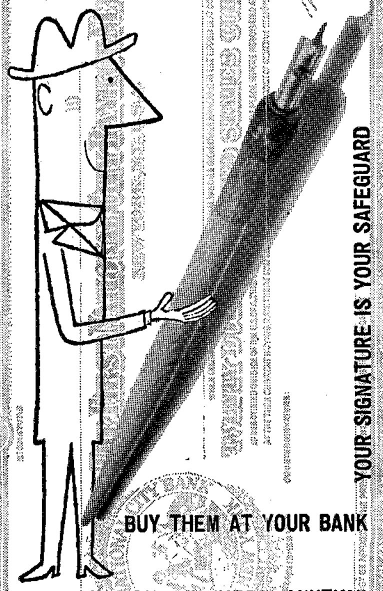

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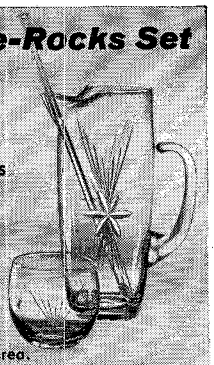

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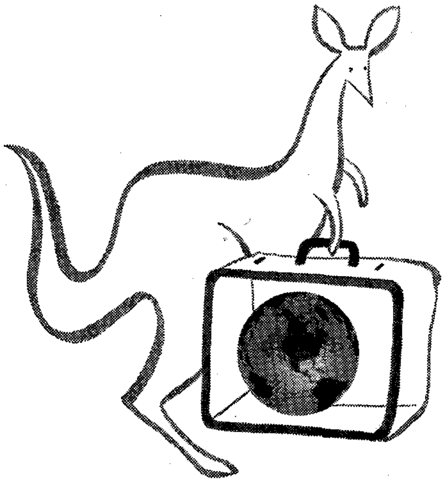

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already become a legend. After the German demolition squads left, few of the people who had remained in Warsaw, or who began coming back to the ruins, had a roof over their heads, but it was generally agreed that before they did anything about mass housing, the Old Town—with its narrow, gabled four-story buildings dating from the fourteenth century—must be rebuilt as swiftly as possible and exactly along its prewar lines. It was a romantic, madly impractical idea in the finest Polish tradition. Most of the detailed maps and drawings that would have been helpful in accurately reproducing the ancient city had been destroyed by the Germans, but there still existed some paintings of it by Bernardo Bellotto, the eighteenth-century Venetian Master known as Canaletto, who came to Warsaw in 1768 as court artist during the reign of King Stanislaus II Poniatowski, fell in love with the place, and remained here until his death, twelve years later. Canaletto painted scenes of the city with such affectionate fidelity that his canvases became the blueprints of the restoration; probably never before had a collection of paintings served as the model for a town, instead of the other way around.

One by one, with devoted, painstaking care, the little houses of Stare Miasto were rebuilt to look just as they once had in every particular. Some of Warsaw's foremost artisans made replicas of windows, doors, and lamps, while others, armed with paintbrushes, gave the façades precisely the ochre and russet tones that had endeared them to Canaletto, and reproduced the Renaissance murals of allegorical figures from Greek mythology and Polish history that had adorned them. And all the time the Old Town was being restored, the modern city for miles around lay in rubble and ruins; large sums were spent on Stare Miasto's small structures that a more hardheaded people would have insisted on using to put up housing developments. But not the Poles; the people of Warsaw, who lived by the thousands in dank basements and evil-smelling caves in the ruins while their Old Town was being resurrected, agreed that this was the only way—the Polish way—to do things.

Even today, the Old Town has an air of theatrical unreality that suggests a phantom city on a studio lot in Hollywood, for the wasteland of rubble still begins right at the end of its narrow streets. When I first wandered through those streets, I half expected to hear the strains of a Chopin mazurka issuing from some window or other (once you

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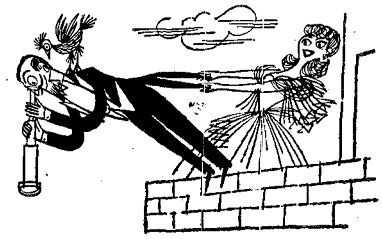

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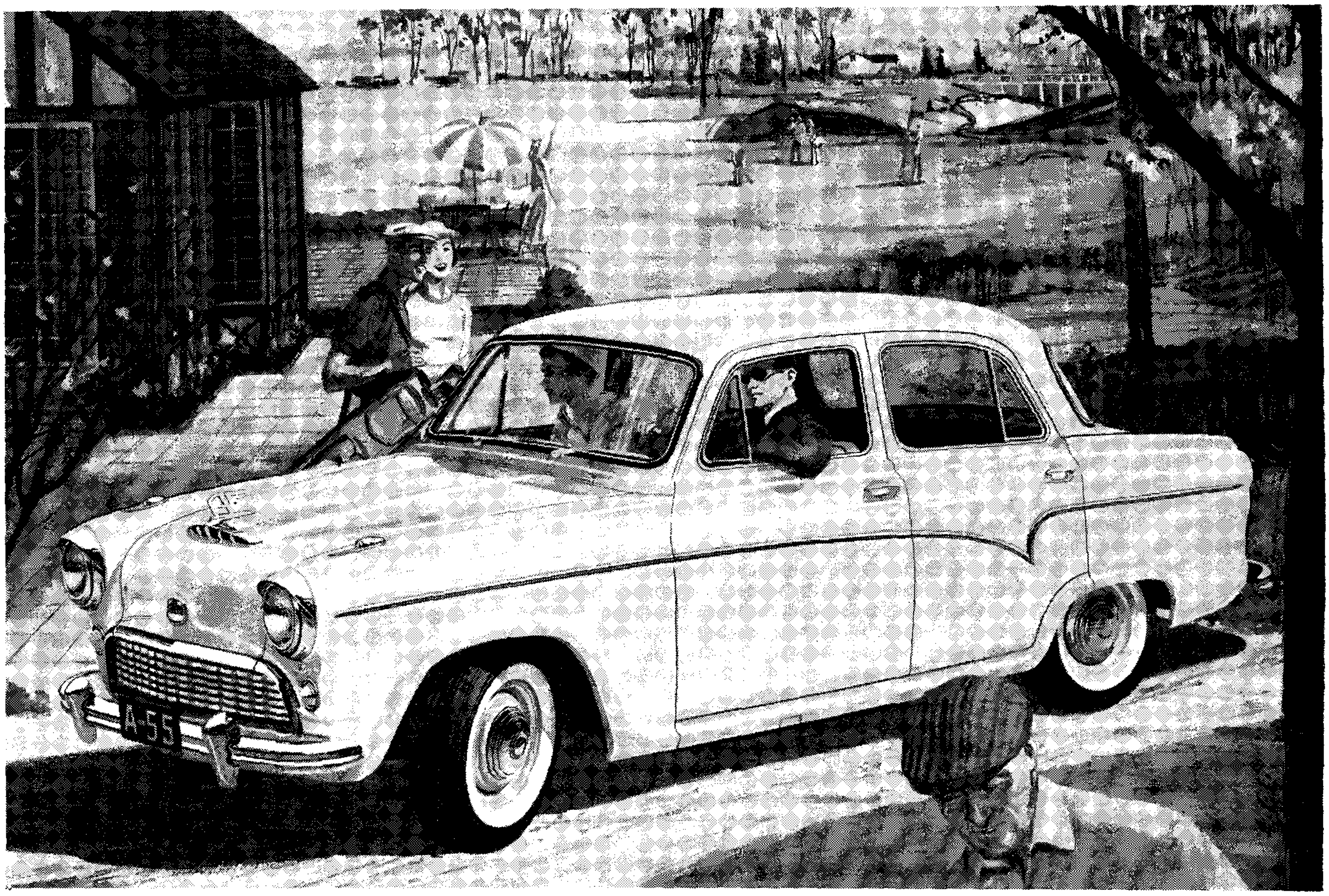

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start thinking in terms of Hollywood, it's hard to stop), but what I did hear was the excited voice of a reporter giving an eyewitness account over the radio of the Prague-Berlin-Warsaw Peace Bicycle Race, which is the East's answer to the Tour de France and the most popular sports event in Poland at the present time. Having satisfied myself that the houses of the Old Town are not made of papier-mâché, I soon discovered that the people who live in them are real, too—real artists, writers, and poets, many of them. It's a sort of Greenwich Village, with several cellar night clubs that have gaily painted walls and tiny stages and that are frequented by Surrealist girls and avant-garde young men who drink vodka-and-soda as they talk hour after hour about Sartre and Kafka.

On one side of the market square in the Old Town is a large winehouse, where poets and other literary personages gather in the afternoon and sit far into the evening, surrounded by their disciples. I happened to drop in there on a holiday, and found the place crowded with festive parties. The rooms were beautifully wood-panelled and had wrought-iron chandeliers; plainly, the artisans of Warsaw have lost none of their skill. The customers' orders were filled by a state-owned store on the premises that offered an interesting assortment of Eastern non-vintage wines—Ljutomer from Slovenia, Zilavka from southern Yugoslavia, Balaton Riesling and Somlo Furmint from Hungary, Melnik from Czechoslovakia, Maritza from Bulgaria, Samos from Greece, Riesling from East Germany, and a nameless red wine from Bessarabia. The throng was a cheerful one, and there was much talk and laughter. At dusk, the lights were turned on in the market square, and the allegorical figures on the façades of the buildings seemed to come alive. Now I did hear music issuing from quite a few of the houses, although it was still not Chopin but jazz—some on radio programs and some played on tenants' pianos. The square was a lovely sight; I think Canaletto would have approved of it. Parents strolled along the old-new streets with their children, while fathers explained to their sons the proud history of the Old Town, and then they all went back to their homes in crowded slums.

To say that all the families went home to crowded slums is to risk only a slight exaggeration, for Warsaw's population, which the Nazis so effectively reduced to fifty thousand,

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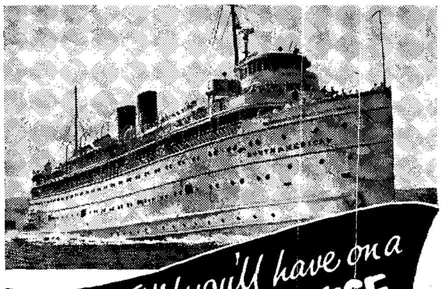

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Like a university, a good newspaper needs a faculty of specialists learned in many fields—science, government, industrial relations, medicine, politics, education, religion, criminology, economics, to name a few.

One measure of the caliber of an educational institution is the outside recognition accorded its faculty. So, too, a newspaper.

Since January, 1958, some 15 national awards have been bestowed upon the Minneapolis Star and Tribune and members of their "faculty" by organizations whose purpose is to recognize outstanding achievements in varied fields of journalism. These include a Pulitzer Prize for investigative reporting of corruption in labor unions which stimulated the recent congressional investigations; awards for excellence in reporting and commentary on medicine, foreign affairs, education, Washington news and minority problems, and awards for outstanding photographic reporting.

Newspapers do not print stories to win awards. The awards do, however, offer one good measure of the fact that, in fulfilling their obligations to report the news and inform their readers, the Minneapolis Star and Tribune have dug a little deeper, reported a little more skillfully and completely, worked a little harder to do worthwhile things for the community and nation.

Another meaningful measure of achievement is the acceptance these newspapers have earned in the area they serve. In the great 3½-state region called the Upper Midwest, the newspapers regularly received and read in the most homes are the

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Star *and* Tribune
EVENING MORNING & SUNDAY

630,000 SUNDAY · 495,000 DAILY
JOHN COWLES, *President*

Copr., 1958, The Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co.

Some Recent Awards

To: Clark Mollenhoff, of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune and Des Moines Register and Tribune Washington Bureau, Pulitzer Prize for national reporting.

To: Scott Long, Sigma Delta Chi award for editorial cartooning.

To: Victor Cohn, Albert Lasker Award for medical reporting.

To: Earl Seubert, named "Newspaper Photographer of the Year" in the NPPA—Encyclopaedia Britannica—University of Missouri competition.

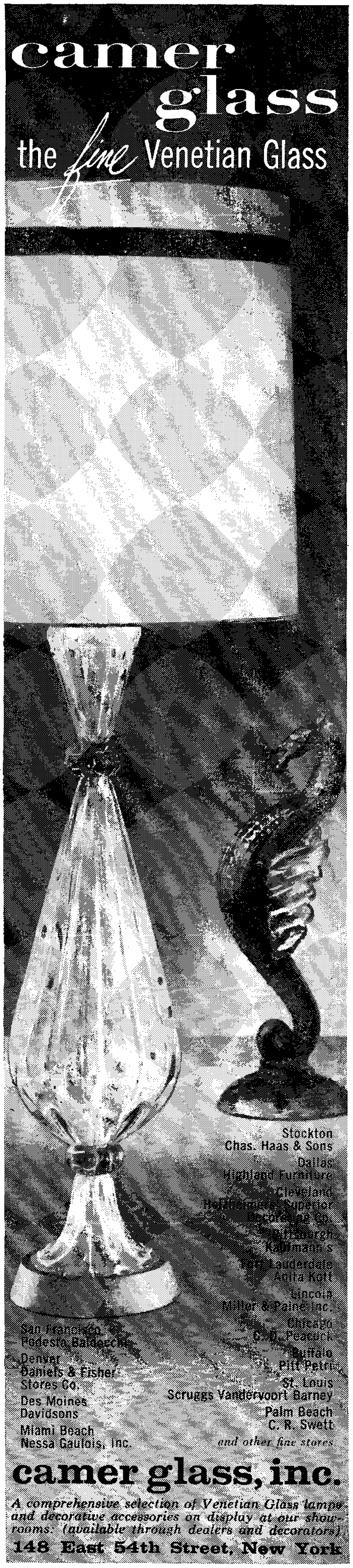
To: Robert Hewett, National Headliners Club award for foreign reporting.

To: Richard P. Kleeman, Education Writers' Association award.

To: Richard L. Wilson, head of the Washington Bureau, special honorable mention, Raymond Clapper Memorial award competition.

To: Graham Hovey, Overseas Press Club of America citation for interpretation of foreign affairs.

To: The Minneapolis Star and Tribune, Sigma Delta Chi award for public service.



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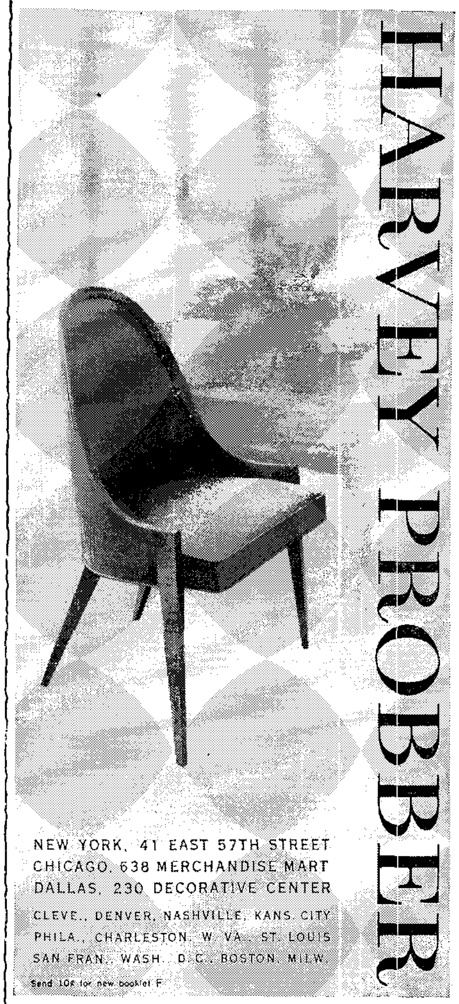
has since risen to more than a million, with the result that the city's desperate postwar housing problem is still far from solved. It is further complicated by the tendency of rural Poles to give up farming and head for the big cities, as well as by the fact that Poland's population is growing faster in proportion to its present total number of inhabitants than that of any other nation in the world except Canada, which can much better absorb the increase. Warsaw officials estimate that there is now one room for every two residents of the city, but, like so many of their other estimates, this one seems optimistic. In the suburb of Praga, the dreary site of the *ciuchy*, there is one room for every three and three-tenths persons. A woman I know here has lived for several years in a windowless room fifteen feet square; she is considered lucky by her friends because, while she has no view and little ventilation, she does have privacy—an almost unknown luxury in Warsaw. I called the other day on another acquaintance and found that he and his wife and child were sharing two small rooms and a kitchen with two other couples, one of whom also had a child, making a total of eight tenants; they were not greatly envied by their friends, but they were not considered badly off, either. The housing shortage is the theme of a successful play here—"The Eighth Day of the Week," by Marek Hlasko, the young man who was runner-up to Gomulka in the popularity poll and the winner of several literary prizes. The drama deals with the dilemma of two youthful lovers who can never be alone together because neither of them has a room, and with the complications that develop when the girl meets that rarity in Warsaw—a man who has a room of his own.

Overwhelming and endless though the task of materially easing the housing shortage probably seems to them at times, Warsaw's officials are not simply sitting at their desks and wringing their hands. They anticipate that the city's population will rise to two million within the next quarter of a century, and a panel of prominent architects and economists, under the supervision of the Ministry of Building, has kept this prospect in mind while working out an ambitious long-range master plan for a metropolis incorporating the most up-to-date ideas on how a city should be laid out. Before the return of Gomulka, proposals to erect a number of ponderous administrative buildings were being favorably considered, but after he took over, all these were set aside and work began on structures of a more



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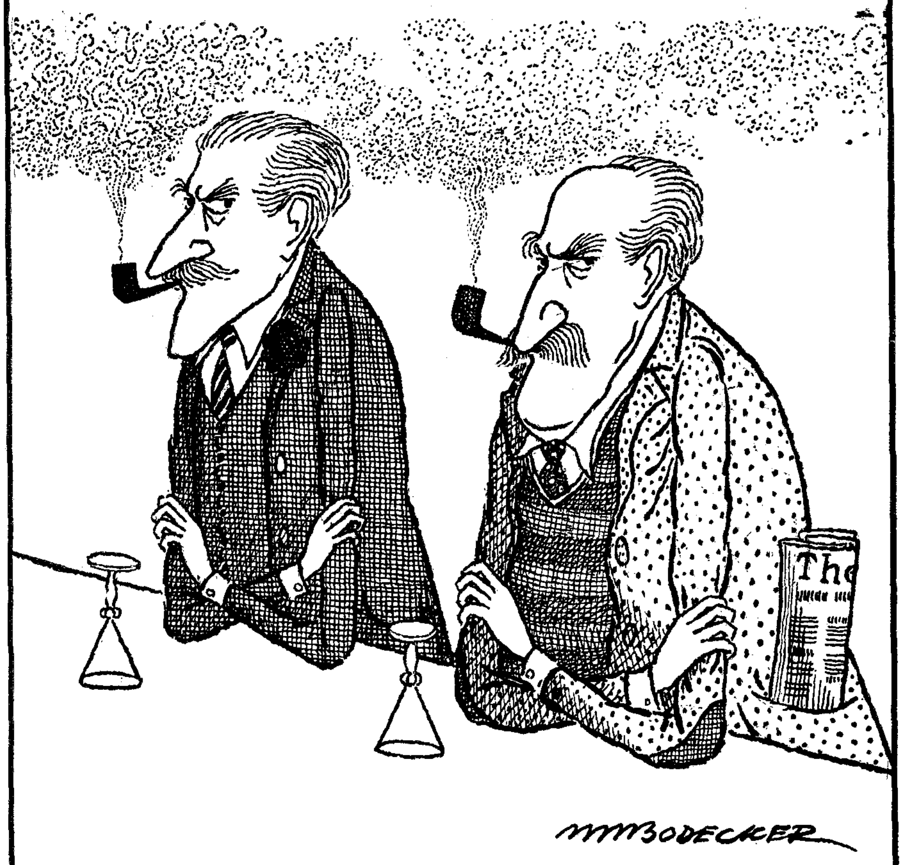
useful nature, with priority being given to grade schools, hospitals, homes for the aged, and apartment houses. Some housing developments have been completed and are already crammed with tenants; one of the biggest is in the Muranow district, formerly the ghetto, which at the end of the war was a ghastly jumble of ruins and the bodies of Jews. A large monument stands in the middle of this development to remind future generations that one of the greatest mass tragedies of all time occurred there, and not far from it is the cistern, preserved as another monument, through which some of the ghetto's residents escaped, only to be caught and killed later on.

THE Grand Hotel Orbis, where I am staying, is a massive ten-story pile that people in Warsaw who care about architecture look down on because it is a perfect example of the social-realist style that superseded the Russian-pompous, which it almost excels in foolishness. (The late President Boleslaw Bierut, a strong social-realist advocate, had a weakness for installing fountains in unlikely places and phony balconies on large façades.) Like most other structures of the social-realist period, during which many palatial government office buildings were put up for the benefit of the bureaucrats and only a few apartment houses for the workers, the Grand Hotel Orbis was originally supposed to be the headquarters of a ministry of some sort, but with the advent of the Gomulka regime the plans were hastily modified, with the object of making it the leading hotel in Poland. (Orbis, by the way, is the name of the Polish state tourist agency, which runs the nation's hotels, restaurants, sleeping cars, and other facilities patronized by travellers.) The entrance and the upper stories of the hotel are still unfinished, but it is already a going concern, and its sumptuous marble lobby is constantly crowded with free-loading guests—athletes, students, artists, journalists, workers, bureaucrats, scientists, and the like—all members of delegations from other Soviet-dominated countries invited to come here by the government to study various aspects of life in Poland. The delegates all seem a little bewildered as they are propelled this way and that by eager interpreters, meanwhile being fed too much food and given too much vodka, and by the end of each day they look as tired and unhappy as American delegates often do at the windup session of a prolonged convention. These nonpaying delegations are the curse of all the bigger



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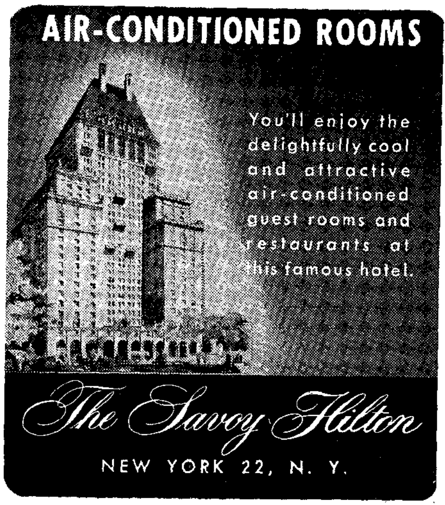

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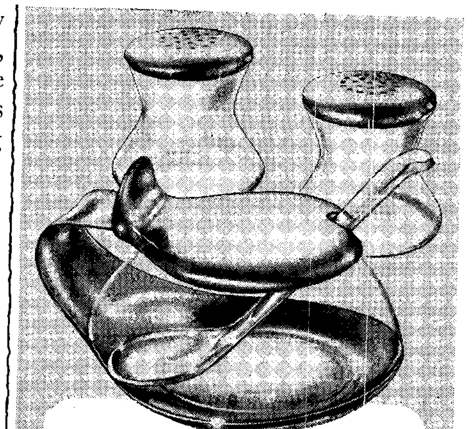
hotels east of the Elbe. They occupy the best rooms, monopolize the waiters, demoralize the other employees, orate in public dining rooms, and make things generally uncomfortable for the paying guests.

Despite its architectural style, the Poles are proud of the Grand—a "Western" hotel, they call it. The elevators run smoothly, it has bright lights and good furniture, and every room has a radio and its own bathroom, with plenty of towels and hot water, and plumbing that works. Every room on the second and third floors also has a telephone, a convenience that I am told will be extended to the rest of the building by the time it is finished. Other luxuries promised but yet to materialize include Scotch whiskey in the bar, a swimming pool on the roof, and an elegant restaurant on the ground floor. The Grand's coffeehouse, with hand-woven tapestries on the walls, indirect lighting, and a competent orchestra, is already open, and is packed all day long with bourgeois-looking citizens soaking up Western atmosphere. In the afternoon, elderly ladies wearing hats, gloves, and dresses that once, a long time ago, must have been both smart and expensive come in for tea and gossip, and young couples hold hands and listen to the music.

Among the many delegations currently staying at the Grand—assigned to rooms on the same floor as mine, as I am daily made unhappily aware when its members all turn on their radios full blast at seven-thirty in the morning—is one from the Soviet Army. By the time I go down to the coffeehouse for breakfast, the Russians are already there, sitting at a long table by the window. A bald, round-faced general, a dead ringer for Khrushchev, presides, flanked by lesser generals and senior officers. The waitresses, in black uniforms with starched white aprons, are as attentive to these guests as they are to all the others, but Poles breakfasting there take no notice of the Russians; when they raise their heads to look out the window, it is as if the long table were unoccupied. I asked a Pole what the Russians were doing in Warsaw, and he chuckled and replied, "That's always a very good question to ask, and it would be an even better one if it could be answered." He said that everybody assumes the Soviets are building rocket bases in Poland, which depresses the Poles yet at the same time comforts them. "That's not as much of a paradox as it seems," he went on. "You see, it's like this. Naturally, we don't like having Russian troops in our country, but who else is going to



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TETLEY
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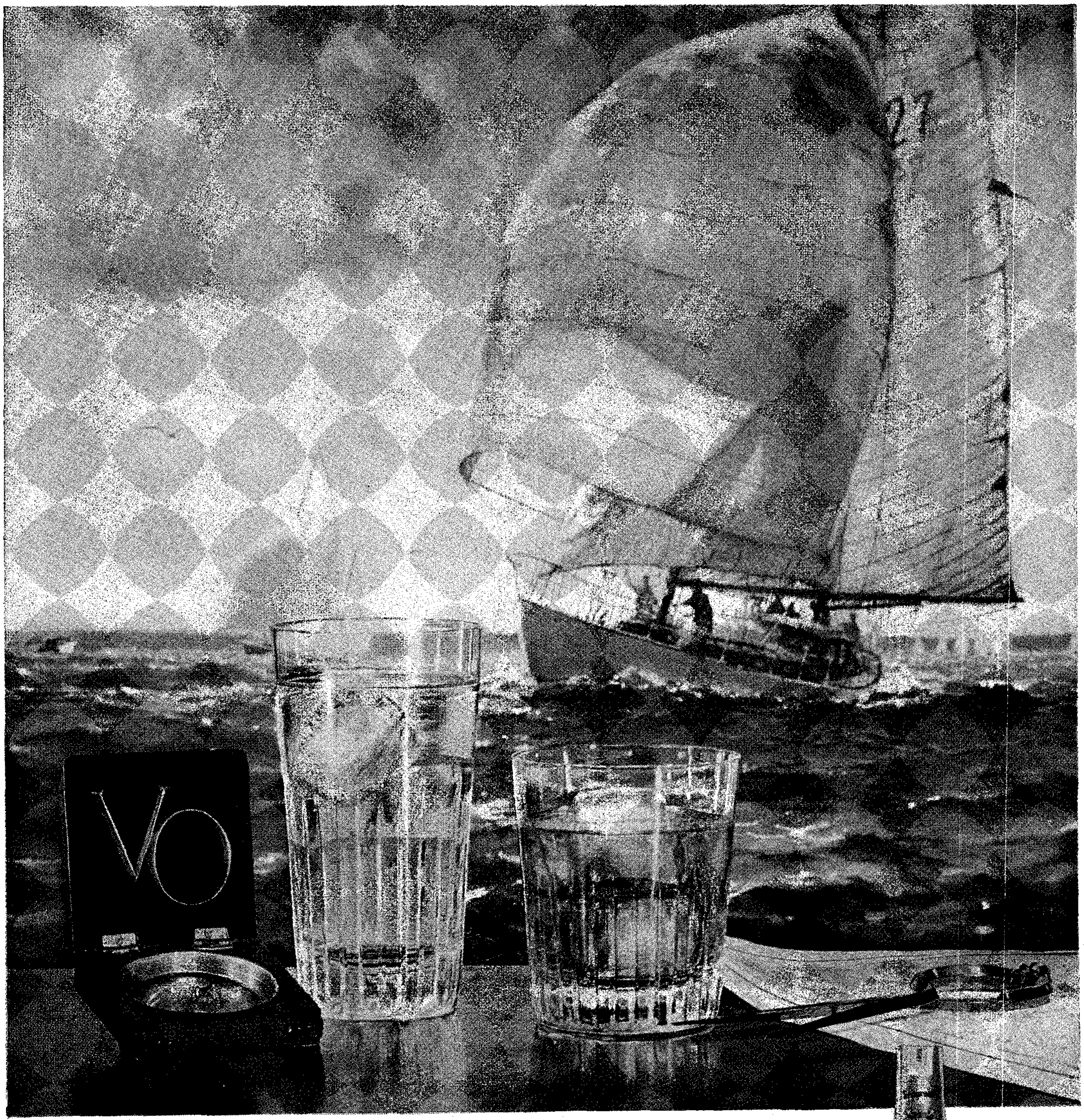

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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protect us from the Germans when, sooner or later, they again try to destroy us?"

Most of the Poles I have talked with about the matter seem to believe that not many Russian troops are stationed in Poland at the moment—only some garrisons in the neighborhood of Legnica (formerly Liegnitz), near the western border, and in the northern province of Pomerania, and detachments of communications outfits guarding the lifeline between Moscow and East Berlin, which goes by way of Brest, Warsaw, and Frankfurt an der Oder. One of my informants remarked grimly that the Russians don't need to keep a large number of troops in Poland, since they can always quickly move reinforcements across the border from East Germany on the west and the Soviet Union itself on the east; after all, it's only a five-hour drive from Warsaw to the Russian frontier. What Red Army soldiers there are in Poland keep to their garrisons and are not permitted to mingle with the citizenry. In Warsaw, except for the delegation temporarily overrunning my floor in the Grand, there are hardly any in evidence, which is probably just as well. For while the Poles, making the best of a bad situation, may actually persuade themselves that the presence of Red troops in their country has its value as a protective weapon of sorts, I think most people who know them well would agree that much as they distrust and despise the Germans, they distrust and despise the Russians even more.

PENDING the completion of the Grand's restaurant, some of the guests occasionally go to another hotel, the Bristol, for a meal, but it is not a very rewarding experience. The waiters there are alert in taking your order but slow to show up with anything to eat; they temptingly describe the *spécialité de la maison*, and then, after an hour's delay, bring a quite different dish to the table, but they do it with such charm that you haven't the heart to send it back, even if you have the time to wait another hour. Besides, you may not care for sitting there that long while the dining-room rug is being vacuumed, which it now and then is, regardless of guests who are right in the middle of their meals.

No matter what you are served, at the Bristol or anywhere else in Warsaw, it will certainly be no gastronomic masterpiece. Even the best restaurants in the capital evoke only faint memories of the days when Polish cooking at its best came close to rivalling that of

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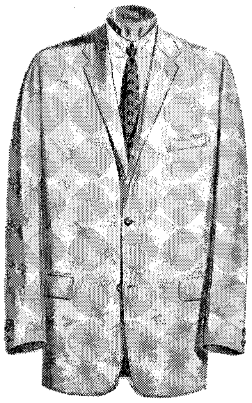

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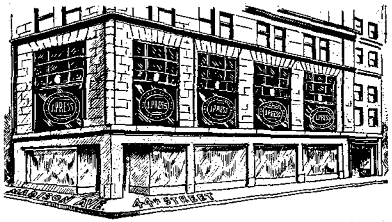

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France and Belgium. Most of the old-time Polish chefs have disappeared, and the few survivors have little opportunity to practice their art, for as a rule the people who once were connoisseurs of good cooking can no longer afford it, while those who now have the money to pay for it have never had an opportunity to sample it and so don't know what they're missing. The government has issued sets of recipes for dishes that may be served in each of its several classifications of restaurants—a form of standardization that is hardly conducive to *la grande cuisine*. Many ingredients once freely used by Polish chefs are either prohibitively expensive or no longer available at any price. Ham served with raisins and a sweet sauce, for instance, formerly a famous Polish dish, rarely appears on menus in Warsaw these days, because the raisins, which must be imported, cost more than the ham, a home-grown product.

The Poles, a proud and hospitable people, are distressed by the low estate to which their resources for making visitors comfortable have fallen. "It's all the fault of Marx and Lenin," a public-spirited native of this city told me irritably. " 'Das Kapital' doesn't say a word about running hotel dining rooms and sleeping cars. So naturally the people who are in charge today have no knowledge of such matters, and don't know how to find the right replacements for the specialists who used to manage our hotels and restaurants and transportation systems. The new Communist aristocracy doesn't care about good hotels and good sleeping cars. They travel in their private airplanes, and they either have their own palaces to live in or are the sort that never cared much for creature comforts to begin with. Like Gomulka. He's a modest man of simple tastes, who never goes anywhere if he can help it and lives so quietly and unostentatiously here in Warsaw that most people don't even know where his home is. In my opinion, it's more important to have good transportation service and good hotels—yes, and good mail and telephone service, too, which we haven't got now—than it is to have good parades."

The lunch hour in Warsaw restaurants begins at about four in the afternoon, when government officials leave their offices for the day, and ten is the customary hour for dinner. By then, your waiter is likely to be in a benign mood, having drained the dregs from the vodka bottles of his lunchtime customers. Diners usually start out by ordering single drinks of vodka, which are served in thimble-size glasses, but pres-

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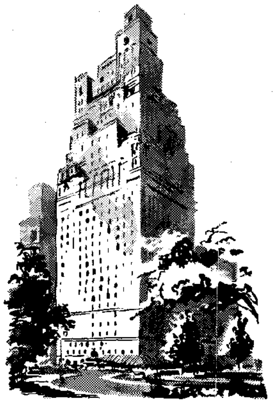

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ently they get tired of calling for one thimbleful after another and have a bottle brought to their table. The waiters are therefore not the only ones whose mood is benign; consumption of vodka in Poland, always a nation of sturdy drinkers, is three times what it was before the war, and alcoholism has become a serious problem. There are as many explanations for this increase in tippling on a national scale as there are for why some individuals turn to drink—people are fed up with the way things are going, people have little else to do, and so on. The State Spirits Monopoly stamps the labels of all vodka bottles, except those for export, with the date of distillation of their contents, and as this seldom turns out to have been more than two weeks previous to the date of its sale to the consumer, it would appear that the government is barely able to keep up with the needs of its hard-drinking citizens.

THE Russian-pompous style may be studied in some of the buildings on Marszalkowska Street, sometimes called the Fifth Avenue of Warsaw, whose atrocious frills and pseudo-Hellenic façades are so depressing to many Poles that they refuse to shop there, while others claim that they often make long detours in order to be spared the sight of these ornaments. But there are no detours that will spare Warsaw residents the sight of the chef-d'oeuvre of the Russian architects who foisted their ideas of elegance on the city. This is the Warsaw Palace of Culture and Science—the tallest, ugliest, and costliest building in all the Communist lands west of Moscow, a thirty-four-story monstrosity that stands as Russia's most lavish gift to the Poles and that is referred to by them as "a drunk confectioner's nightmare." Rising high above the city, it can be seen—or, more accurately, to the Poles' way of thinking, it cannot help being seen—from practically anywhere in Warsaw, constantly reminding the citizens of its donors, which was doubtless the desired effect. A tongue-in-cheek advertisement in a Warsaw newspaper a while ago offered "a comfortable three-room apartment with excellent view"—something as rare here as a solid-gold Cadillac—in exchange for "a small room from where the Palace of Culture cannot be seen." In a standard word-of-mouth joke of the same variety, someone asks, "Where can you get the best view of Warsaw?," to which the answer is, "From the Palace of Culture—the only place in town where you can't see the Palace."

The Russians put up their gift on

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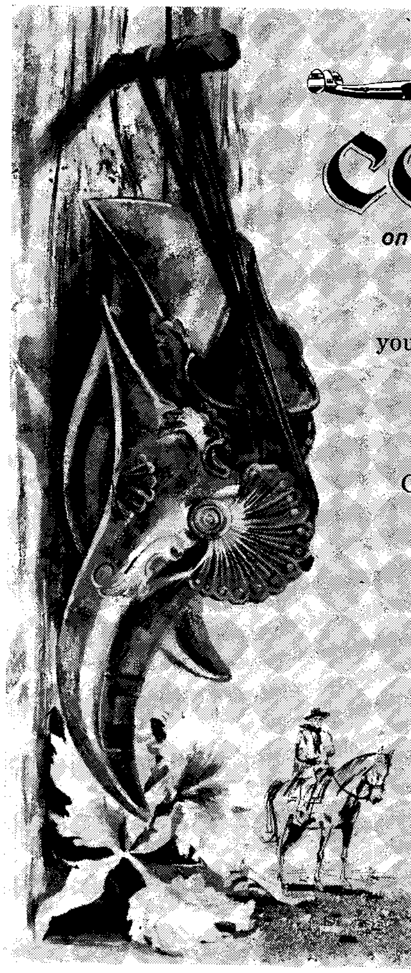

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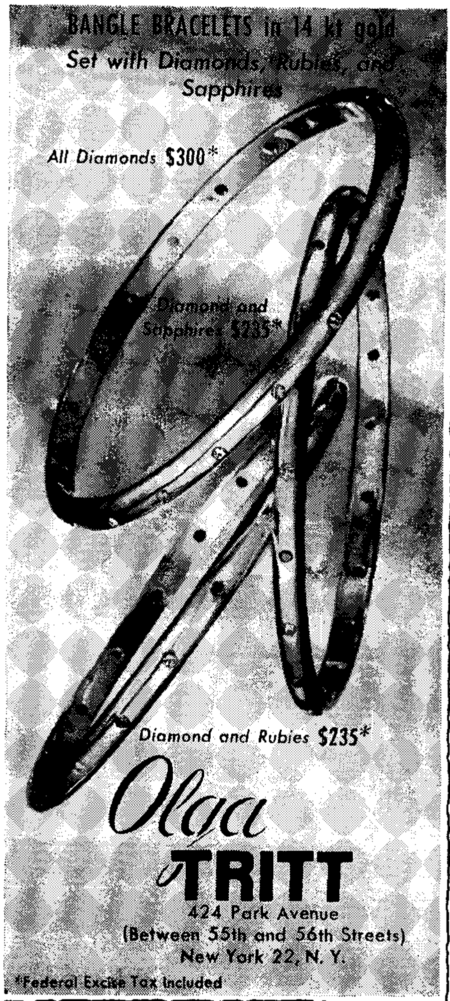
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the finest site in Warsaw, right in the center of the city, at the intersection of the principal east-west and north-south thoroughfares. There was some preliminary talk to the effect that they were thinking of making their gift a large hospital, which, of course, was badly needed, and the Poles were grievously disappointed when their benefactors finally decided in favor of *kultura*—culture being something that, it is wryly pointed out in Warsaw, the Poles had long before the Russians ever heard of it. But *kultura* it was, and the Russians spared no expense to provide it. The Palace, topped by a spire, is about seven hundred and fifty feet high and, counting sundry flanking pavilions, nearly seven hundred feet square at its base; a Polish architect tells me that decent housing for two hundred thousand people—a fifth of Warsaw's population—could have been constructed with the material that went into the building. It contains twenty-three hundred rooms—all sorts of theatres, auditoriums, lecture halls, cinemas, and libraries, as well as offices—covering seven hundred thousand square feet of floor space. The upkeep of this grotesque storehouse for the fruits of civilization makes it an expensive gift for the Polish government to be saddled with. Special pumps are required to get water up to the higher floors; the Poles have figured out that every time a toilet is flushed above the fourteenth floor, it costs the taxpayers two zlotys.

I paid a brief visit to the Palace one day with a Polish student, who said that while he loathed the building, he liked to look out over the city from the tower. The foyer was large and ornate, with the usual display of cold marble and massive proletarian sculptures. A small plaque in an obscure corner explained that Palac Kultury i Nauki, J. Stalina (the only public display of Stalin's name I've seen in Warsaw), is "a gift of the Soviet nation to the Polish nation, built by the workers of the Soviet Union and Poland from 1952 to 1955." A gallery leading off from the foyer was lavishly furnished with red carpets, large mirrors, and garish chandeliers. A dozen sightseers, clearly awed by this heavy-handed show of cold pomp, stood around staring at the fixtures, much as tourists in the Louvre stare at the Mona Lisa, except that here there was no equivalent of the Mona Lisa. A few uniformed men also stood around guarding God knows what.

We bought tickets to the observation tower and walked toward the elevators—a bank of twelve of them that would have done credit to any large

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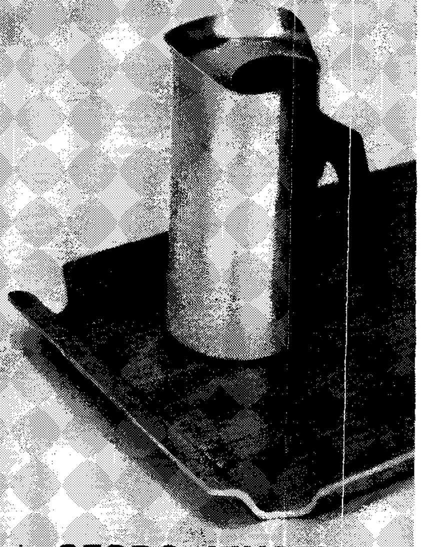
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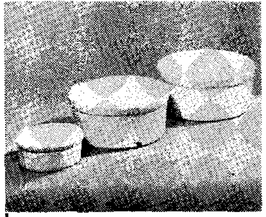
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New York office building. But no starter was on hand to direct their ascents and descents with the help of twinkling red and green lights on a control panel, and, in fact, there was no control panel, either, but it soon became obvious that neither was needed, for only one of the twelve elevators—No. 11—was in operation. A knot of people were waiting in front of the gate to No. 11—tired old peasants with bushy mustaches, women with stolid Slavic faces, tall young men with shocks of dark hair, pretty girls with sky-blue eyes and very fair hair, and some eight- or nine-year-old boys and girls, accompanied by their schoolteacher.

When at last No. 11 arrived, we all crowded in. As the elevator started up, two of the little girls whimpered with fright, and one of the boys grew green in the face, but after we reached the top and stepped out onto the observation platform, all was well again, and the youngsters raced about, spitting over the parapet at the tiny people in the street below and playing hide-and-seek behind a series of Omsk-Gothic porticoes.

The wind was strong—the cold wind from the Baltic that gives Warsaw its brisk, invigorating air—and the sun was pale behind a sand-colored haze. Walking through the streets of the city between all the new or partly finished buildings, I had tended to forget Warsaw's recent past, but as I looked out from the tower, I was painfully reminded of it by the big, ugly patches of wasteland that still lie between the slum areas on the outskirts of town. The prevailing color was not the light gray of the new buildings that I'd grown accustomed to but the grimy dark gray of desolation and misery. My young Polish friend, however, had seen these and far more distressing scenes so often that they no longer made any impression on him, and now there was an expression of enchantment in his soft, dark eyes as he turned to me and said, "It's a beautiful city, isn't it?"

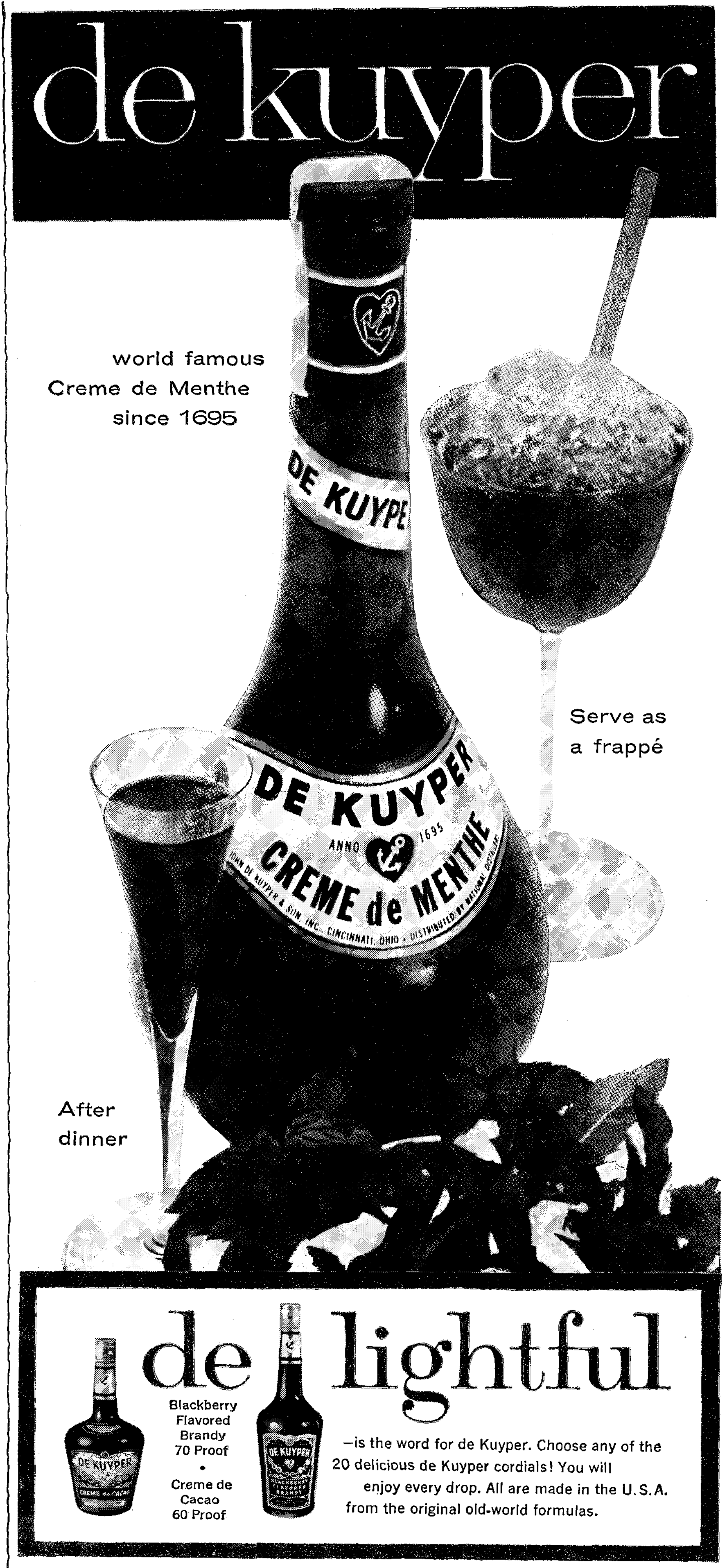
—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

◆

Samuel Hoover, who gave an address in the 4500 block of St. Clair avenue, East St. Louis, was fined $300 by Police Judge Robert G. Dowd Monday on a charge of masquerading as a woman.

Hoover was arrested Saturday night by Capt. John Doherty and other members of the hoodlum squad at the Cocanut Grove night club, 517 Market street. Hoover, who appeared in court wearing a dress, pleaded not guilty.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

We see you in that sack, Hoover.



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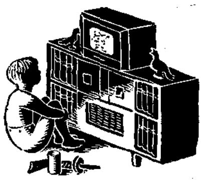

Playhouse 90 (Channel 2, 9:30-11 P.M., Thursdays) ended its latest season of new plays a couple of weeks ago—rebroadcasts of earlier Playhouse 90 productions on tape and film were to follow—with a stoutly nonsensical version of "The Great Gatsby." The week before that, it offered a better piece of work, a play by Rod Serling called "A Town Has Turned to Dust." As often happens when I take a seat in this lonely temple of network art, I found it hard in each case to watch the performance without an uneasy feeling that the management was about to raffle off a set of dishes. During the Serling play, the mercantile note that unsettled me was struck mainly in steady outbursts of advertising. Talk of drought in the play was interrupted by a beer plug in the form of a foaming stream of cold water. Later on, among other disturbances, Billy Hoeft, a Detroit southpaw, peddled Camels; Bert and Harry Piel hawked beer, in their own way; and a lady salesman pushed yellow, pink, green, and pure-white tissues with the help of a team of baby rabbits. During "Gatsby," the promotion formulas that made me most nervous were the "trailer," previewing next week's attraction, and the guest celebrity—on this occasion, Mr. Serling, author of last week's attraction, who appeared in person to help the house unload this week's attraction. It was evident, as it generally is on Playhouse 90, that if the producers could think of a way of selling the spectators popcorn on the spot, they'd sell popcorn. It seems to me that these booster techniques, these scrambles to compromise with every known or imaginable whim of audience or sponsorial taste, do a good deal to explain the present state of theatre programs on television. For one thing, they make it difficult for shows like Playhouse 90 to have a sensible, coherent shape or purpose. Undoubtedly, they contribute to the predominant quality of such shows, which is inconsistency. Within each program, expert productions are followed by clownish productions, serious plays are followed—sometimes in a ratio of two to one—by thrillers or Westerns, and even the serious output is strangely mixed in character, ranging, as it does, from creative pieces to plays with "hot angles" clipped out of recent newspapers. As for casting, producers yield regularly to the impulse to bolster or stimulate a performance with famous show-business personalities, whose own mothers would probably, if asked, advise them to pass up the assignments for art's sake and their own. In almost no theatre program that I know of is there an indication of a guiding mind, a single strong standard of taste, at work. The present time is said, obviously with reason, to be one of mortal peril for televised theatre in general. The Kraft Theatre died like a dog not long ago; so did Studio One. In the circumstances, I suppose that a degree of makeshift policy and of vicarious popcorn-selling is excusable. Whether the spirit of non-austerity should be carried to the point of non-reading by producers of the plays they produce—which, I've heard, has become a key rule of the new method—is more than I'm now prepared to say.

O. SOGLOW
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It seems a little wolfish, given these perilous circumstances, to knock the products of the theatre programs that still survive. The natural attitude toward Playhouse 90, for instance, is to respect its motives, honor its finer achievements, tolerate its sins, and root for its further survival. Tolerance is not always easy. In the case of "The Great Gatsby," the producer brought the personality system to bear on David Shaw's adaptation of the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel. The same treatment was applied earlier in the year to "The Male Animal;" at that time, a group of glamorous stars of stage and screen trampled the life out of an already moribund play. The cast of "The Great Gatsby," which was headed by Robert Ryan and Jeanne Crain, appeared to be fighting an unknown and unseen enemy. To do the actors justice, their target, as outlined by Mr. Shaw and the director, Franklin Schaffner, was an exceptionally obscure one. The production relied chiefly on costumes—apparently salvaged from a musical show of the period and hung upon the cast unpressed—to prove that what we were seeing was the sad, rich, half-cockeyed, dimly desperate world of the North Shore of Long Island in the early nineteen-twenties. It's a trivial point, perhaps, that the action began with a dance band playing "Yes Sir, That's My Baby" (vintage of 1925) in what was meant to be the year 1917. Still, in a way, this piece of business typified Playhouse 90's effort to pin down an era, and Fitzgerald's reactions to it, with its wrists and elbows. Mr. Shaw committed a solider mistake, I thought, when he put the wartime meetings of Gatsby and Daisy—in the book these were never more than pale and blurred, though poignant, memories, described by hearsay only—into actuality, complete with oaken dialogue. "Your mailman will develop round shoulders delivering my letters to your door," Gatsby told Daisy, as he went off to war. When the mailman remained square-shouldered from lack of work, Daisy's mother dragged her out of bed one day, clapped an armlock on her, and hauled her downstairs to marry Tom Buchanan. The postwar scenes each plant's

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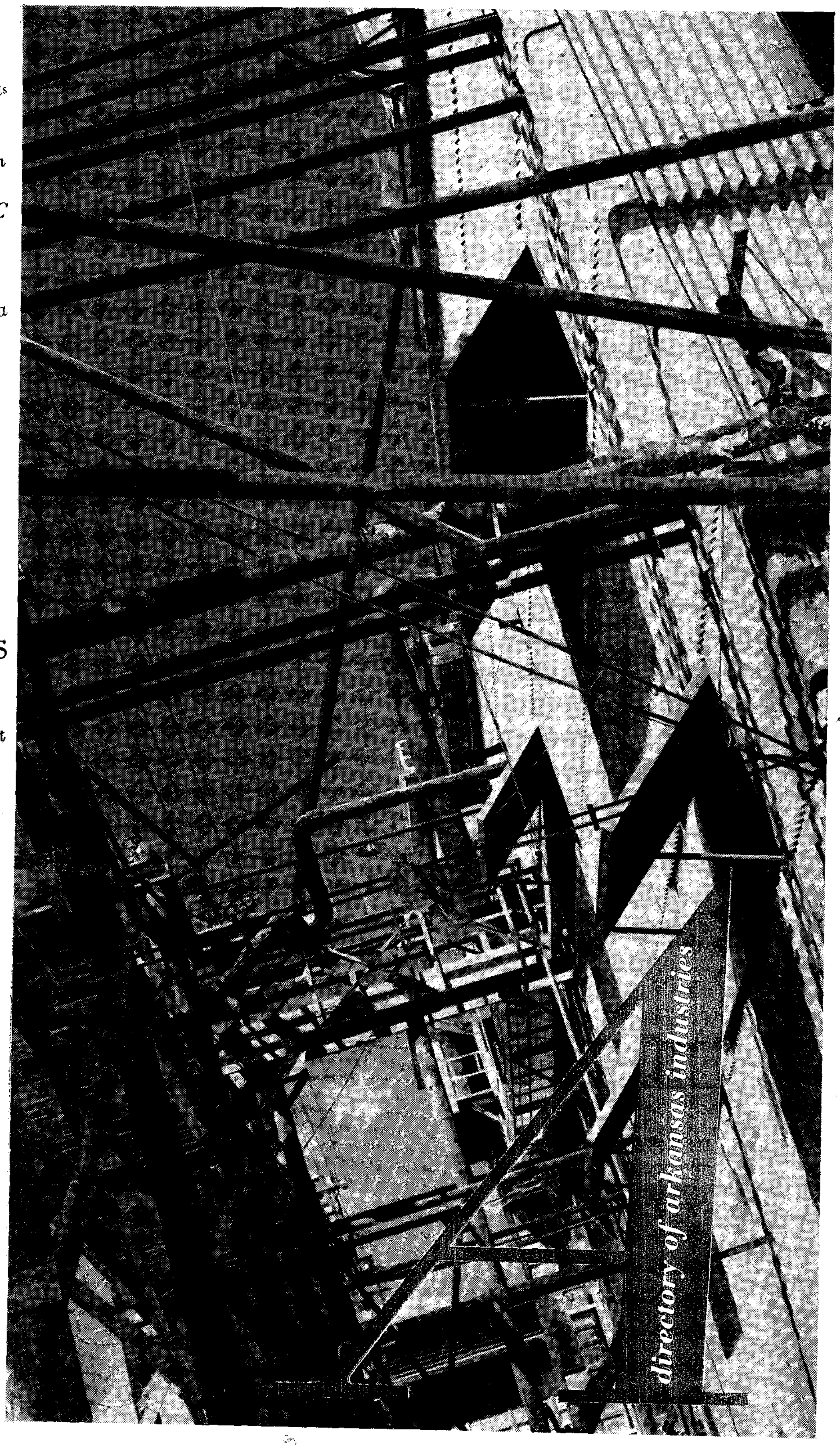

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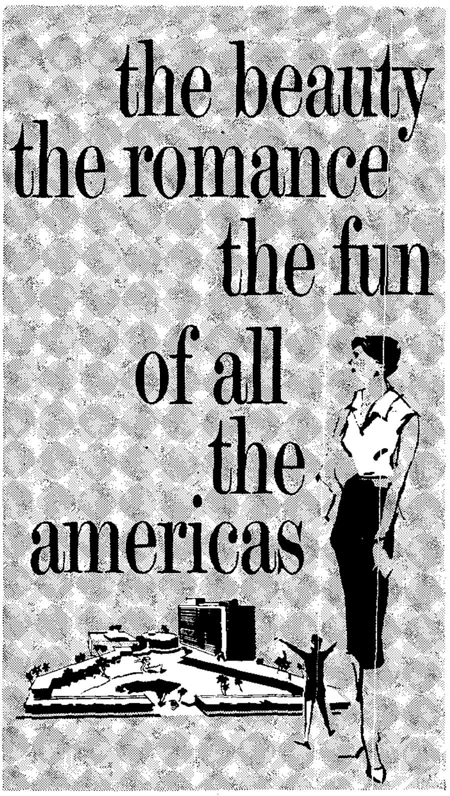
in East Egg and West Egg—though Mr. Shaw must have had the advantage of reading them as Fitzgerald wrote them—were not much more true or graceful.

The baffled cast went through its motions like players in a vaudeville or tent-show sketch demonstrating high life, adultery, and sophisticated bacchanalia. The playwright continued to pick away with one finger at Fitzgerald's mood music, misplacing the notes and the accents in this taut, lyric, faintly pretentious, almost too carefully phrased evocation of the atmosphere of a time and a place. Mr. Shaw did detect the priggishness of Fitzgerald—something that Fitzgerald, for that matter, made no attempt to conceal. He missed the humor of the author and the narrator, Nick Carraway, and their occasional half-wishful sense of involvement in the world they'd wandered into. As a result, Nick became in Playhouse 90 a kind of burlesque ingénue, a Victorian male virgin who denounced the victims of their environment in words fierce and bitter: "You're careless and confused, you and Tom . . . all of you!" Mr. Ryan, as Gatsby, reminded me of a sleepwalking athlete. Miss Crain made a full-bodied Hollywood siren of the rueful, witty, wanly exciting Daisy. At the curtain, she strode through her dead lover's house wailing "Gatsby! Gatsby! Gatsby!" in a voice that might have been heard in Port Washington, just east, as I recall it, of the Eggs.

"The Great Gatsby" was a brave and, potentially, a worth-while try. It failed as badly as it did because of the normal faults of the Playhouse 90 system: lack of teamwork, absence of leadership, an incoherent production policy, errors of selection and of judgment in general, and, I should guess, a chronic case of economic jitters. The program was in better form, as I've said, a week earlier, with "A Town Has Turned to Dust." There were at least two reasons for that. In the first place, Mr. Serling is a reliable and craftsmanlike playwright. In the second place, his play, while it was full of serious ideas, rested on a reliable, almost surefire formula—a lynching, many years ago, in a small Western town where the characters, including a neurotic sheriff, wore surefire costumes and lived against a surefire background. "A Town Has Turned to Dust" was a specimen of what I think of as the school of escapist psychology. City playwrights have a way these days of merchandising their thoughts on fear, prejudice, courage, death, human frailty, and unhappy love



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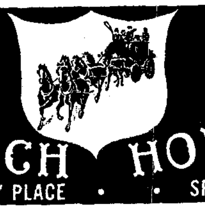

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or marriage by planting them in ready-made settings remote in space or time. It's hard to blame them. Their own lives and first-hand experiences have become damnably complex and confusing, both for themselves and for their audiences. This, of course, is true not merely of television writers and television audiences. On Broadway and in high-ranking current literature, there's the same tendency to set a story in a simple, bald, and far-off place where the probing is easy. No matter how remote the place, the people there are apt to be flavored by the author's habits. In "A Town Has Turned to Dust," the characters, or some of them, spoke the psycho-poetic language in which city playwrights have been thinking since the time of Clifford Odets, or earlier. "I feel dirty," a wife said, in reaction to her husband's lovemaking. "Every time you bury a lynch victim, you bury part of yourself," the sheriff said. He also said, to the lynch mob, "He blew his hot breath down your throats all afternoon." It's true that the sheriff had been to college in the East.

AS a rule, psychological playwrights escape into the past. It has now become possible to escape into the future as well. In another Playhouse 90 venture of last season, "The Ninth Day," by Dorothy and Howard Baker, civilization had been all but wiped out by atomic war. The problem foremost in the minds of a little group of survivors in California—most of whom were sterile, from radiation; they'd patriotically tried various combinations of divorce and remarriage to make sure—was how to keep the species going. Toward the end of the play, the last fertile boy and the last fertile girl were successfully mated. At that point, a sudden and terrifying thought struck the elder members of the colony: incest loomed in the near future. The happiness or unhappiness of the story's ending hinged on this point, since what was good enough for the children of Adam is clearly unsuitable, ethically and scientifically, in television. The Marines landed at the final curtain, in the shape of a Mexican couple who strolled into camp with their baby. There would, I judged, have to be a certain amount of cousinly inbreeding sooner or later. There would, however, as the colonists realized, in tactful silence, but with tears of joy in their eyes, be none of that nonmarketable brother-and-sister stuff.

The television playwright today, like the Broadway and the Hollywood playwright, has almost got to produce a certain amount of escapism, psycholog-

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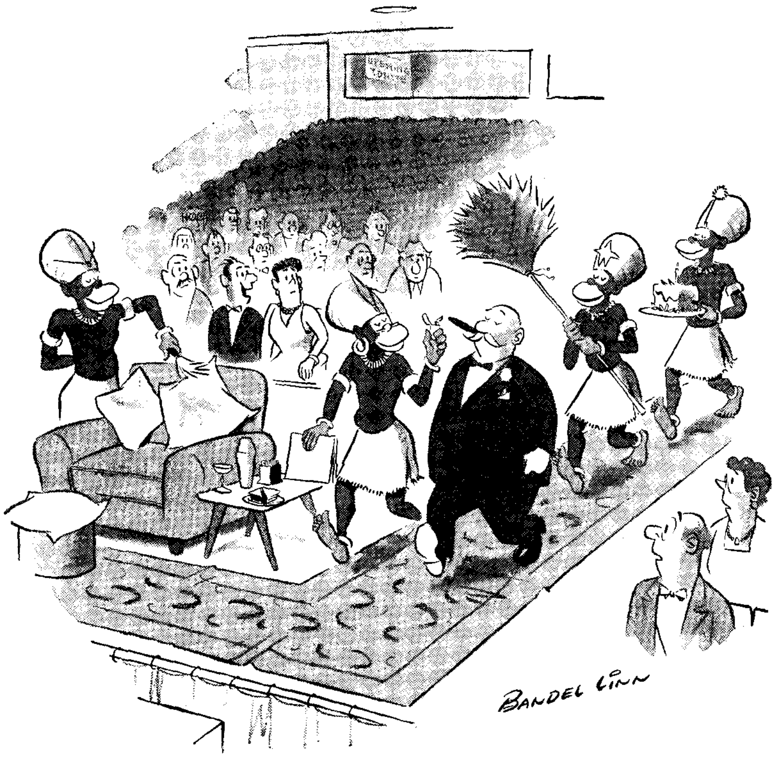

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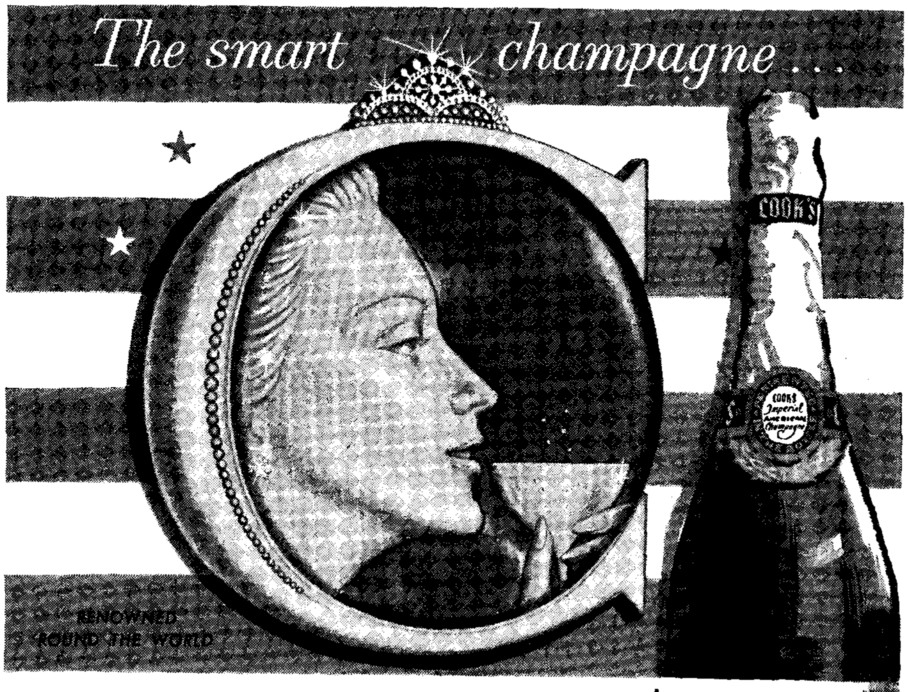

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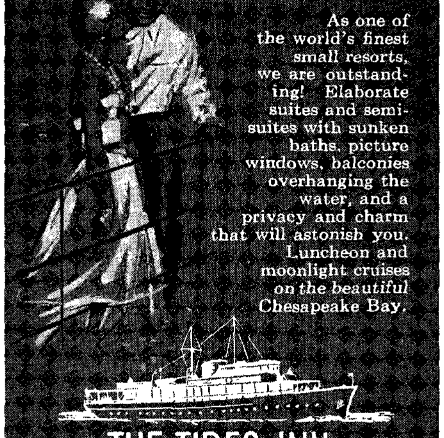

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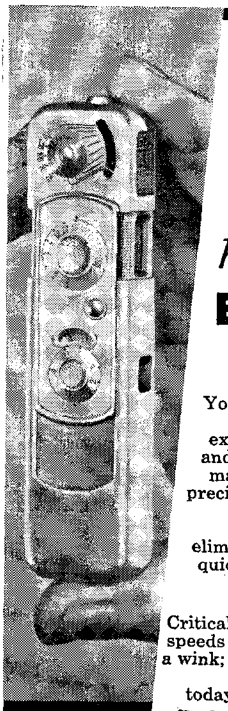
ical or otherwise. Some of it, like "The Ninth Day," has been a trifle maudlin. Some of it, like "A Town Has Turned to Dust," has been skillful and effective work. It's to the credit of the theatre programs in television, those that have died and the few that survive, that there have also been in the last year or so a number of more forthright and realistic productions. One such was Mr. Serling's "Requiem for a Heavyweight." Another was "Portrait of a Murderer," by Leslie Stevens. Another was "The Miracle Worker," by William Gibson. The last-named, a play about Helen Keller's girlhood, had a vigor, almost a violence, of movement about it that is, or can be, one of the special assets of televised drama. The kind of violence I mean would be impractical in a thoughtful play in a legitimate playhouse; it would stun or dismay the audience. In television, the screen, the element of physical second-handedness, serves to mute or contain the most savage energy. Sheer vigor was the main virtue of still another TV play, "The Comedian," with Mickey Rooney, an otherwise trite piece of work. "The Battle for Wednesday Night," also a show-business play, was notable for the unconfined vitality of Jack Oakie's acting.

Here and there in the past season, to change the emphasis slightly, there have been nobly experimental offerings, mostly in fragments. The Kraft Theatre produced three short plays by Tennessee Williams. The Seven Lively Arts (a program that could, I think, if its producers' ideas had had more time to settle, have become an outstanding platform for drama, among other things) sponsored adaptations of three stories by Ernest Hemingway. One of these plays, "The Light of the World," was a bold and honest effort against considerable odds. Another, based on the story called "The Battler," was a practically perfect performance.

There's no good reason to expect televised theatre, considered as a whole, to be more consistent than Broadway theatre. And you know Broadway theatre. In any given season, it will breed turkeys more arrant than Playhouse 90's "The Great Gatsby" and "The Male Animal," or the U.S. Steel Hour's "The Littlest Enemy" and "Huckleberry Finn" (in which Huck looked and sounded like a country-music-style guitar player). But individual Broadway writers and producers have been known to be consistent. So have a few individual TV theatre programs. Studio One managed it for a while, as did the Kraft Theatre in its dying weeks. A humbly honorable pro-



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gram called Matinee Theatre (formerly on Channel 4, 3-4 P.M., Mondays through Fridays) was consistent and coherent and true to itself until last June 27th, when it gently and cheerfully gave up the ghost. Within modest limits, Matinee Theatre showed what can be done in this field under an undivided and undistracted leadership. It offered, as far as I know from personal observation, no artistic excitement and no intellectual fireworks. But there was a steady purpose in all its work, whether live or filmed. What John Conte, its master of ceremonies, called "Our six-hundred-and-sixty-sixth and final show," on June 27th, was a Western lynch film, like Mr. Serling's much more polished "A Town Has Turned to Dust." However, Matinee Theatre's show, "End of the Rope," didn't give the impression of compromise and irregularity that was left by the more ambitious play. It came comfortably within the undertaking of the producer, Albert McCleery, to provide one dramatic story a day for the entertainment of the available audience, without recourse to trailers and gimmicks. Other Matinee Theatre plays in the last week or two of its life were "Rain in the Morning," a suspense-and-psychosis piece, and a neat dramatization of "The Man Without a Country." Both of these were rebroadcasts. I understand that in the days before it was sentenced to death, the program offered fewer reruns and a fair proportion of intelligent live shows.

Matinee Theatre seems to have been the victim of strong afternoon opposition. It was sideswiped by "The Verdict Is Yours" (Channel 2, 3:30-4 P.M., Mondays through Fridays), and snowed under from other directions by Vel, Fab, Ad, Dash (each carton of Dash contains a bonus of four steel steak knives with ivory handles), and offers of free honeymoons in the Dominican Republic. Mr. McCleery is said to be thinking of trying a five-a-week drama series in the late evening hours sometime soon. If he's able to do that, and if, in doing it, he can raise the impact and quality of his plays by several volts and maintain the old policy of steady, strong-handed control and direction, he may, in the long run, be the man to save TV theatre. There's less Vel and Fab late at night. On the other hand, there's a lot of contention from Bela Lugosi. —JOHN LARDNER

•

Palasa, India: See KASIBUGGAPALASA. —*Columbia Lippincott Gazetteer of the World.*

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 3

THIS summer is being the worst in years by everybody's count. Londoners have been plodding dismally around, day after day, in chilly rain and high winds, which have lashed the gray Thames and flattened the farmers' hay crops up and down the country while drenching the spirits and mackintoshed forms of the unfortunates taking seaside holidays. Snow reportedly fell on Midsummer Day—June 24th—in the Midlands, and last week's Wimbledon opening was a sadly damp affair.

The uncivil weather, with its train of spoiled festivities and dashed hopes, almost seems to be a local footnote to the array of international bad news. The executions of Imre Nagy and the others produced the customary national shock of angry revulsion, followed by a general gloomy assumption that the summit talks, if not finally off the map, have anyhow temporarily disappeared into the Cold War mists. In view of the hopes that the mass of the British people had pinned on them as the best, and maybe the last, chance of straightening out the East-West dilemma, this was a blow indeed. The public reaction here to the Hungarian murders was much as it was in other Western cities. Policemen suddenly flowered on every street corner in the Belgrave Square area, where the Hungarian Legation is located, to keep an eye on a grim march of demonstrators. At a protest meeting at which Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the leader of the Opposition, was the chief speaker, there were fierce scuffles with Communist interrupters who yelled "What about the executions in Cyprus and Kenya?" The air has been thick with agonizing reappraisals of Moscow issuing reluctantly from the Left. Arthur Horner, the rugged General Secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers and a member of the British Communist Party, stated bluntly the other day that the Hungarian executions were "needless folly," which "shocked and horrified" him. As the most unexpected turnabout of all, it is now possible to hear kindlier words about the policies of John Foster Dulles than would have seemed credible, outside a dream, a short time back. All the same, the man in the street still seems to think that though the Americans have never really wanted a summit conference and the Soviet leaders, for reasons of their own, appear not to care whether one comes off or not, it is still vitally important to keep moving in that direction. Mr. Macmillan has said formally that his team, anyhow, intends to go on inching painfully toward the summit, and it is certain that this attitude will be very largely approved here. Many Britons are convinced that the Government could win or lose the next general election according to the degree of enthusiasm with which it pursues such a conference. Mr. Macmillan's determined words on the necessity of continuing to shoulder a way to the top maybe shows that the Government is convinced of it, too.

Meanwhile, the sudden airlift of units of the Brigade of Guards and of parachute troops to Cyprus, followed by strong rumors that they were really heading for Lebanon, plus the collection of the United States Sixth Fleet in the eastern Mediterranean, plus the coincidence of the tragic Hungarian executions with blasts of familiar stuff about imperialist warmongers emanating from the Moscow radio, all set people to uneasily remembering Suez and wondering whether they would wake up one morning to find themselves back in the same old nightmare. Though Mr. Hammarskjöld's optimistic report on the Lebanese situation has eased the tension somewhat, many Britons are still wondering. The comparison with the Suez crisis is not close in one highly important respect, though. The public emotion that tore the country neatly into two violently opposed halves on that other occasion is conspicuously absent over the confused crisis in Beirut, which aroused nothing but blank indifference among ordinary citizens, followed by alarm when it began to look as though a new partnership—the Americans and the British—might be going to attempt another military intervention. To judge by what all sorts of people were saying when this idea of intervention started to sink in, the notion of an Anglo-

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American landing in Lebanon to sort out President Chamoun's local troubles seemed plain disastrous to just about everybody. Another disturbing echo of the events that led up to Suez was the extreme vagueness of the Government's pronouncements on Lebanon when pressed in Parliament to give more information. It seemed, indeed, like old times to correspondents in the press gallery in the House of Commons last Wednesday as they looked down at Selwyn Lloyd standing flushed by his dispatch box while being hammered noisily by the Opposition, which tried to extract a clear reply on the British line of possible conduct in Lebanon. The cause of the hubbub seemed at first sight to be a pretty exercise in hairsplitting. The Labour benches wanted the Government to reassure them and the country that it would move only on the direct authority of the Security Council or the General Assembly. Mr. Lloyd stuck obstinately to the line that "the Government would not act contrary to the United Nations Charter or the established rules of international law," and he refused to budge from this in spite of Aneurin Bevan's jumping up to ask who was going to interpret the Charter this time—the British Government, as over Suez, or the United Nations. The members of the Opposition chanted "Answer, answer!," and were given the tight little formula once again. It did not seem to pacify them. To many anxious observers, the Middle East still looks as thundery and dangerously overcast as the skies right here at home.

The debate in the Commons the following day to discuss the Government's new plan for Cyprus and its crucial problems was, in contrast, a strangely muted affair, which the island's courageous governor, Sir Hugh Foot, had flown home to hear, joining crowded galleries of intently listening citizens. Caution was the keynote of the Opposition speeches, it being the Labour leadership's obvious wish not to do anything (or to later be blamed for having done anything) that might endanger the success of Mr. Macmillan's "adventure in partnership," which stops short of giving Cyprus self-determination and has been shot at furiously by Greeks and Turks alike in Cyprus—shot at but not, it is being hopefully noted, down. This seems almost like good news in the circumstances. The Opposition was, indeed, in an awkward spot, since it had put firmly on the record at its Party conference last October its resolution to give Cyprus self-determination when it got back to

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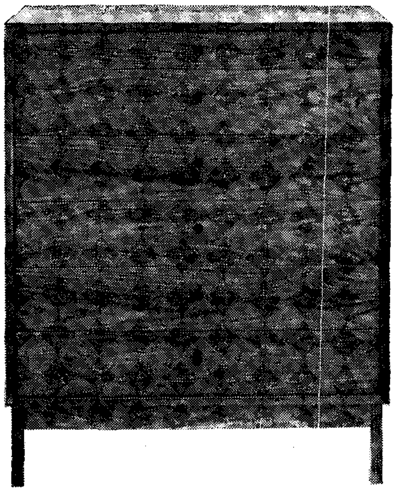

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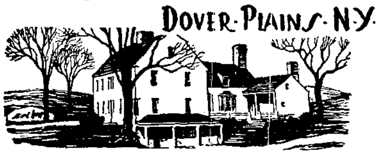

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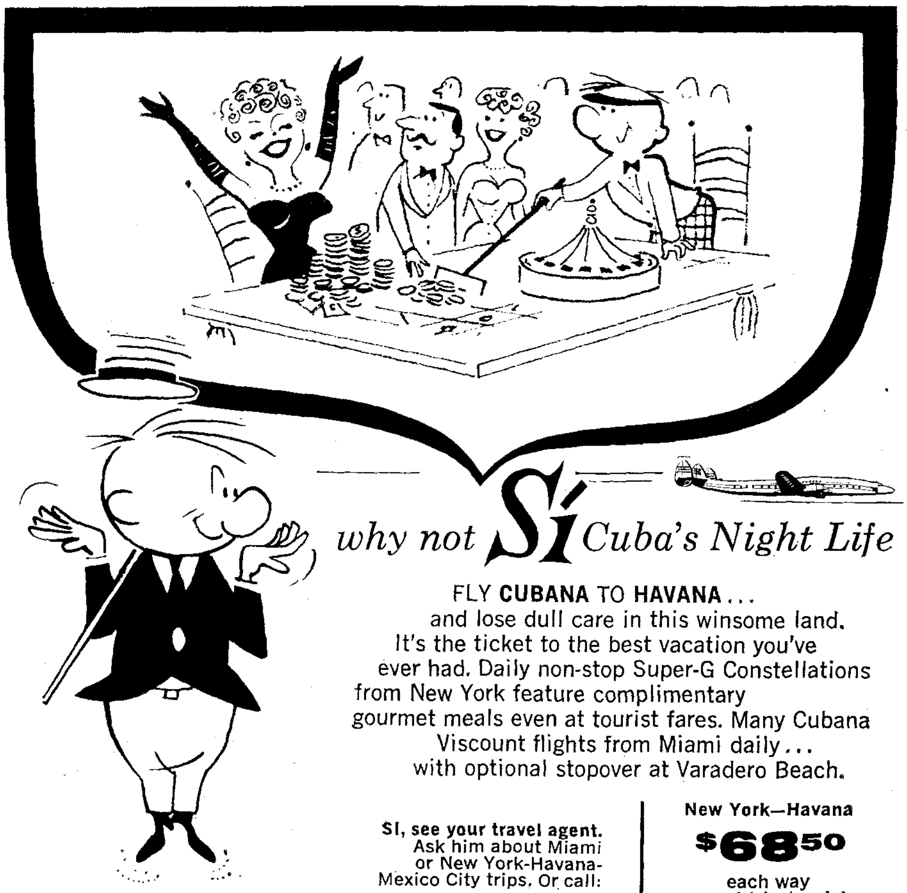
power—self-determination, moreover, being as cherished an article of Party faith as nationalization or fair shares, and always good for a roar of approval at a Labour gathering. The Socialists took the manful line that the Government plan is better late than never—though distinctly late enough—and, if not ideal, probably provides the only possible basis on which Greeks and Turks can stop killing each other and start trying to live together for a calming trial term before the British finally move out. The so-called "Suez rebels"—a little group of Tory diehard Empire-sitters who broke with the Party in protest over Britain's withdrawal of her troops from Suez—have just decided that the Government's policy on Cyprus goes "some way to halt the decline in Britain's prestige, influence, and power," and have applied to be taken back into the flock again. Their approval can have given the Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary no delight at all at this particular delicate point in the troublous Cyprus negotiations.

THE major piece of domestic news is that the London buses have once more started to roll after a long seven weeks of strike, during which the public tramped to work or got lifts or squeezed stoically onto the jampacked Underground trains. For that seven weeks, London was a motorist's dream, in which the traffic flowed merrily along and the police turned a benign blind eye on the cars overflowing illegal as well as legal parking places. Now that the old No. 9s are once more roaring up Piccadilly (it is extraordinary how much of an etching in gray, black, and white the London scene looked when their cheerful scarlet was missing), the busmen's-union boss, Mr. Frank Cousins; the London Transport boss, Sir John Elliot; and the Government are all claiming that they have won a famous victory. It is doubtful whether anyone has won very much. The fed-up public suspects that it will have lost, with



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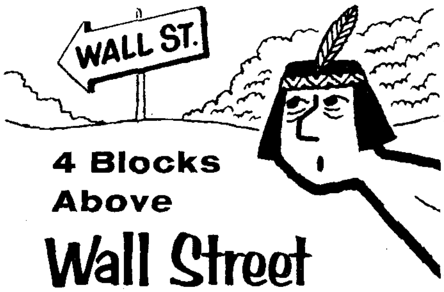

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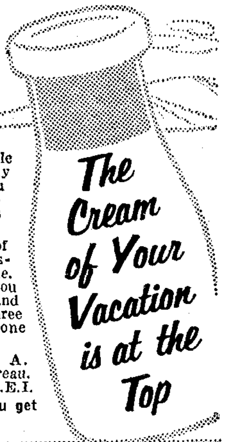
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increased fares almost certainly soon to be announced. The busmen seem to have come back on wage terms that are not a lot better than a set they rejected just before their costly holiday started. Fifteen hundred of them prudently walked out into other jobs while it was on. What is clear to anyone roaming around London is that the buses look strangely empty. It seems that large numbers of passengers, having discovered during the seven weeks of life without buses that they got around as well on the Underground and on their own feet, have walked out also. There is now talk of cutting down on less popular routes by ten per cent. What turned out to be an unpopular strike on all sides—losing vast sums of money, time, and patience all around—may, as some think, cause other unions with wage claims up their sleeves to think a bit. It may also hasten the day—it will be a sad one for many of us—when the only note of scarlet on the London streets will turn out to be a fire engine.

THE renowned Moscow Art Theatre has just finished a rapturously acclaimed engagement at Sadler's Wells, where it gave Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," "The Three Sisters," and "Uncle Vanya." Luckily, these fine artists' visit ended before the Hungarian news could have tempted any angry demonstrators to interject political noises into the ovations of endless curtain calls, flowers, and frenzied applause. The Penguin edition of the plays sold out all over town, to be read up in advance and surreptitiously consulted by flashlight at performances, like pocket scores of a symphony. The Art Theatre's appearance settled once and for all a popular British belief that Chekhov when acted on the home ground is played as more or less farcical comedy. The visitors gave the classic interpretation, which differed from, say, a first-rate English company's interpretation mainly in the superb acting of the small parts and in the brilliance of the stage effects, such as the breathtaking storm in "Uncle Vanya" and the wild geese creaking overhead in the third act of "The Three Sisters." Above all, perhaps, the Russians gave the plays a unique, flowing continuity, making one feel that the characters' lives went on when they left the stage or merely sat thinking in the shadows. When they returned or began to talk again, they had moved on visibly in the extraordinary journey. There seemed to be no particular stars in a company in which every actor was remarkable. It

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was a great London theatrical occasion. "My Fair Lady" has now settled down at the Drury Lane—just around the corner from Eliza's violet-selling beat—as the expected sellout success. It was booked for more than three hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of business before it opened, which is a lot of money, considering that the prices of the best seats are so much less (twenty-five shillings, or three and a half dollars, a stall) than they are in New York. For the first time in London, apparently, a thriving theatre-ticket black market is operating, with tickets being touted outside the theatre and by anonymous speculators in the respectable personal columns of the *Times.* The idea that this market was operated by spivs was recently exploded for one surprised theatregoer who answered a *Times* advertisement for two stalls and got them (for ten pounds) enclosed in a note from a well-known Scottish peer.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE FEAR

The greatest fear is of a change:
Perhaps, when I alight,
The face I see each night
Will all at once be strange.

My mind churns always in that groove:
Suppose, when I go back,
You should have lost the knack
To please or charm or move.

Now you seem always close—how far
You may have slipped in fact,
With each remembered act
Sealed off beneath a scar.

And I? Shall I seem dull and old,
Pedantic and perverse,
My looks and temper worse,
A stranger come to scold?

Worse than all longing is this dread:
Suppose that, when we meet,
The lovers whom we greet
Are not alive, not dead.

—FRANCIS KING

•

Until recently, it seems, it was the custom at The New Yorker for the advertising staff to toll a ship's bell whenever an important new account was landed. Upon hearing the signal, all hands would adjourn to the nearby Harvard Club to clink glasses and enjoy good fellowship. —*The Wall Street Journal.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Stout Fellow

TRUE to its traditions, the Suburban Handicap, which was run off at Belmont Park on the Fourth of July, was a thriller, and Bold Ruler, by his happy victory in it, proved what a gallant fellow he really is. Carrying a hundred and thirty-four pounds, and running a mile and a quarter—a distance generally believed to be a bit too far for him—in a creditable 2:01, he won by a nod from Clem, a nimble little four-year-old to whom he gave twenty-five pounds. "Nod" is just the word for it, too, because Bold Ruler's head was down and Clem's was up as they passed the winning post. Although I have never been much of a pushover for the Wheatley Stable's big, handsome Bold Ruler, I hoped that his number would go up first, but it was so close that in the minutes of apprehension while the photo of the finish was being processed I would have settled for a dead heat. Somehow or other (perhaps it is the glamour cast around them by the famous old race), horses seem to rise to the occasion for the Suburban, but I doubt whether there was ever a more dramatic finale to it than the one last Friday. Halfway down the stretch, Bold Ruler looked the winner all over, and then Clem came bearing down on him and got his head in front, whereupon Bold Ruler came through with one more effort. From beginning to end, Bold Ruler was perfectly ridden by Arcaro; indeed, I'd say that it was Arcaro who won the Suburban, for in the last fifty yards he kept his mount's head thrust forward. Clem raised his head, as most horses do, every time he gathered himself for a stride, and that's what cost him the race. As you can see, Clem deserved full marks, too, and I might add that Third Brother, who was third, turned in his best race of the season. Promised Land, who almost everybody thought was the one to worry about, was unlucky. He made a misstep going around the far turn, and that finished him. Sharpsburg, who was whispered to be the dark horse, wound up where dark horses usually do—out of the money.

Jim Fitzsimmons, an old hand at winning Suburbans (he has saddled five winners), brought Bold Ruler up to his

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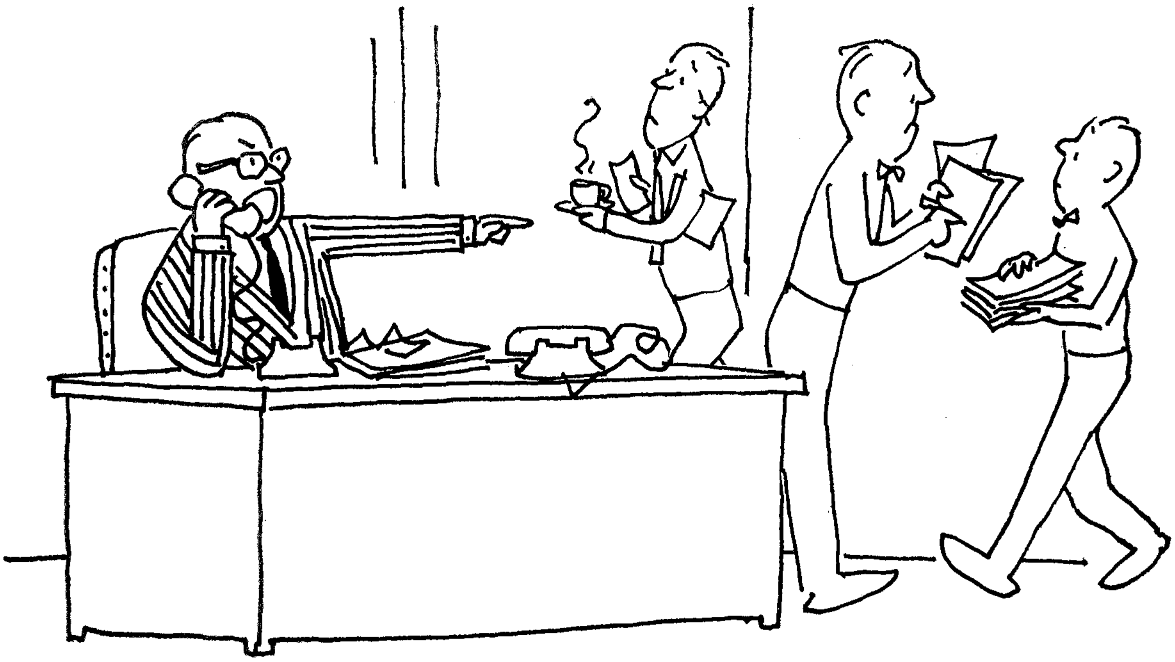

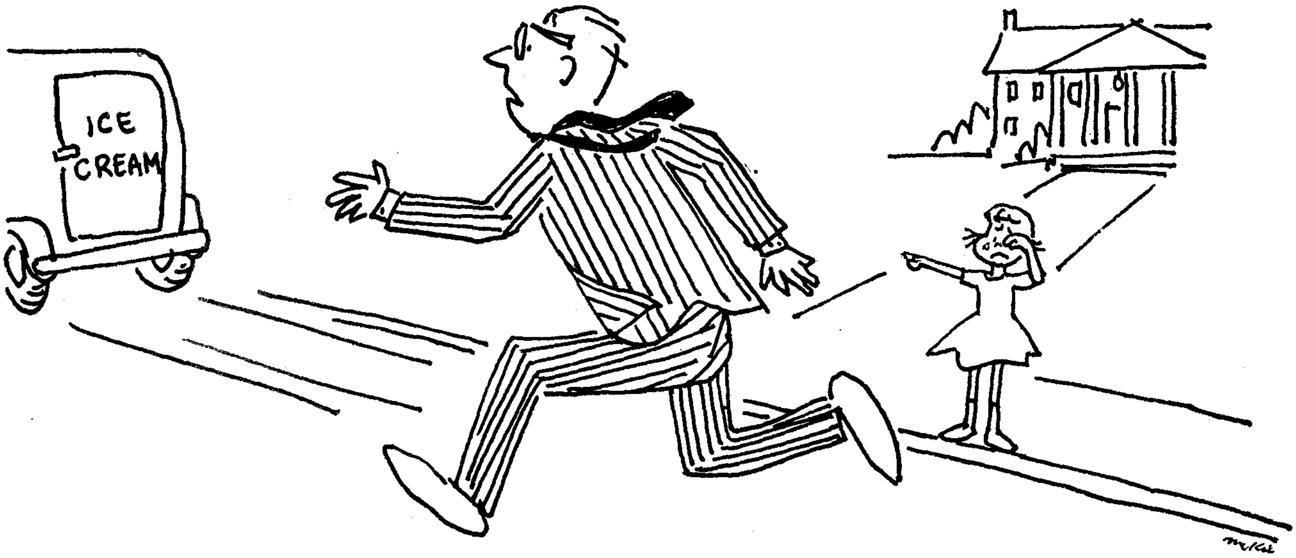

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big test in the pink of condition. Nine days earlier, the colt had had a good winding-up gallop in the Stymie Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, in which he gave as much as twenty-five pounds to the half-dozen runners who tried to keep up with him. The most interesting part of the Stymie, however, was watching Arcaro and the skill with which he handled his mount. While the Stymie was easy for Bold Ruler, his winning of the Suburban was an achievement. Talking it over next day, Mr. Fitz said, "No other horse I ever trained ran so good." I'll string along with that. I don't know where Bold Ruler will make his next appearance; he's down for the hundred-thousand-dollar Monmouth Handicap in Jersey a week from Saturday, and for the fifty-thousand-dollar Brooklyn at Jamaica on July 26th. Where he'll start will depend on the weight he'll have to carry.

IT was roses, roses all the way last weekend for Mrs. Charles Ulrick Bay's Idun in the Mother Goose Stakes, which wound up racing at Belmont for the summer. The filly never looked lovelier and was never in better form. Although Lea Moon led in the run down the backstretch, the result was at no time in doubt, because Idun was going so well that she dominated the scene. Given her head on the turn for home, she swept past Lea Moon to win by lengths from Lopar, who went into second place in the last furlong. In fact, Idun won so easily that I wished A Glitter had been in the race instead of having a good gallop the same afternoon at Delaware Park. No doubt they'll meet in the Delaware Oaks on Saturday. By the way, the Mother Goose Stakes was not put on as an attraction for children, who are now welcomed by the management at the New York tracks. The race, which was inaugurated last year, was named in memory of a filly owned by H. P. Whitney. As you probably don't remember, Mother Goose won the 1924 Futurity at Belmont, beating twenty-eight other runners. There were a number of youngsters on the grounds last Saturday, and Colonel Martingale reports that the three-year-old daughter of one of the riders, seeing her father in racing silks for the first time, shouted, "Look, Mama, there's Papa, and he's wearing pajamas!"

THERE were interesting doings all over the place during the last fortnight. One of the big surprises was the defeat of Lincoln Road by Terra Firma

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in the Stars and Stripes Handicap at Chicago's Washington Park on the Fourth of July. There was no surprise at all about Round Table's easy victory in the Arch Ward Memorial Handicap at the same track the previous week. Picking up a purse of $33,000, he increased his earnings to $1,090,014, which puts him ahead of Citation on the list of great money-winners. He might have a go at the Warren Wright Memorial Handicap there this weekend.

SPEAKING of millions, it was inevitable that with light-harness racing booming the way it has been, Roosevelt Raceway should have a hundred-thousand-dollar event. Well, it had one last Friday night—the Messenger Stake, a pace for three-year-olds. Actually, the race had a gross value of $108,565. I'm no trotting-horse man, but I must say that the Messenger was a good show. The winner was O'Brien Hanover, who led all the way in the twice-around trip over the half-mile oval and beat Flying Time by less than a length in a furious finish. Thorpe Hanover, a stablemate of the winner, was third. For the record, O'Brien Hanover's share of the purse was $54,282.50. (Bold Ruler's share of the Suburban was $53,360.) Aficionados thought that Thorpe Hanover was the better member of the entry, but Del Miller, their trainer and driver, who was set down for inconsistent driving or something a few days before the Messenger, said that he would have handled O'Brien Hanover if he'd been allowed to drive. Incidentally, Diogenes Checkpoints, my systems man, says that the way to beat the trotters is to play the Hanover horses. One named Bachelor Hanover took the very next event after the Messenger and paid a $24.10 mutuel, and the winner after that was Famous Hanover, who paid $8. So there. —AUDAX MINOR

•

The conference is to be purely technical—a closed gathering of eminent scientists from East and West to discuss the technical problems of detecting nuclear explosions and supervising a test suspension agreement.

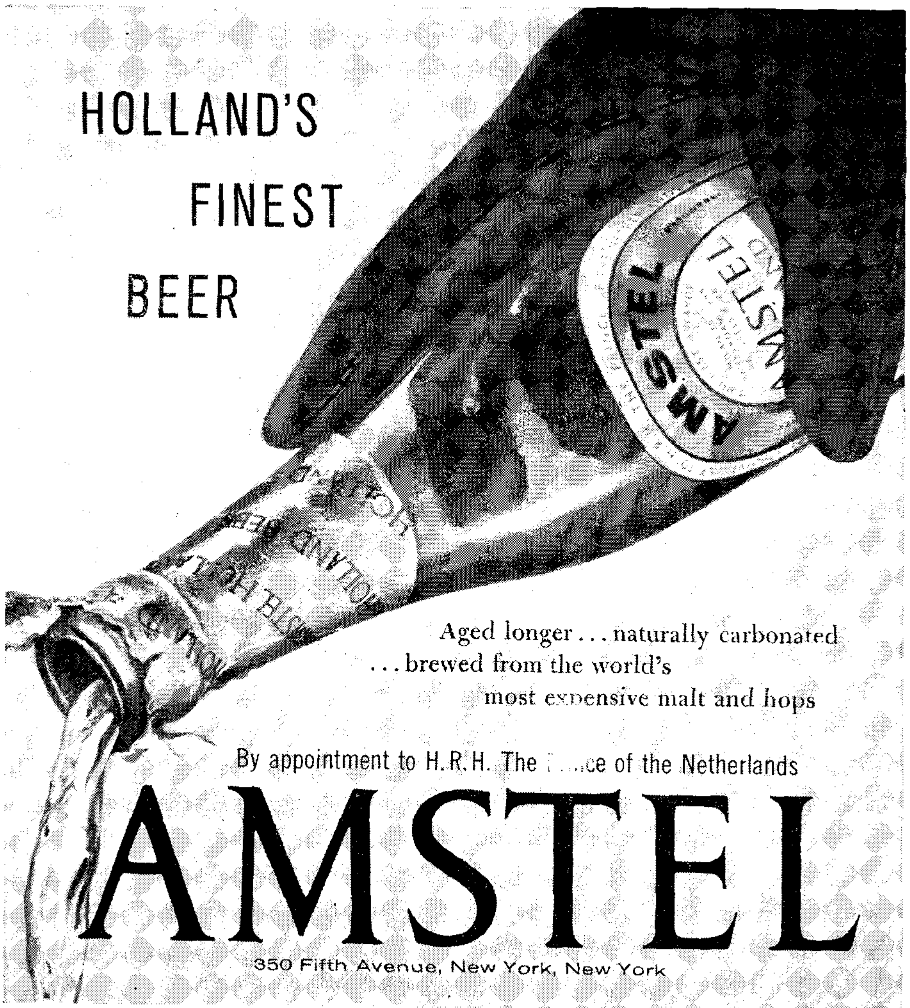
One member of the Soviet delegation, Prof. Igor Tam, already is in Geneva attending another scientific conference.

There were reports, which could not be confirmed immediately, that another top member of the delegation left Moscow for Geneva Saturday.

Also taking part were Mackinac Bridge queens from Michigan's 83 counties.

—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

Without a technical problem in the world, we'll bet.



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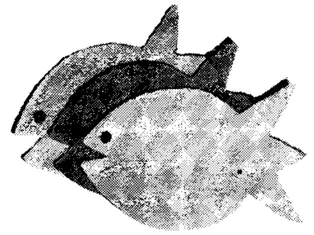

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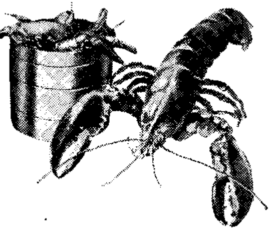

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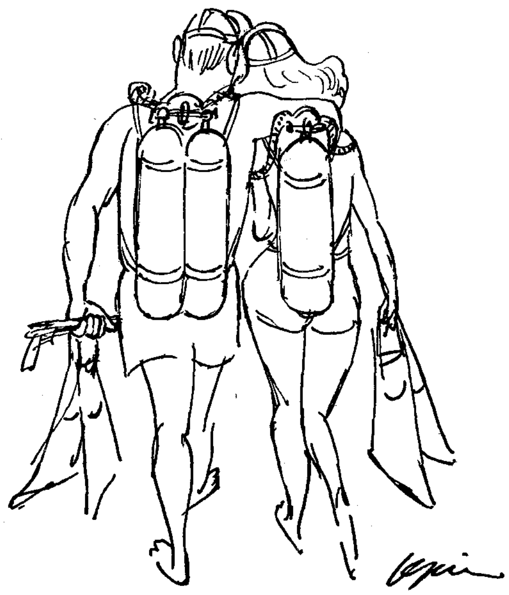
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 2

THE die was cast the moment it became known that it was seldom a Dutch treat when Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine were together. That was a month ago, and from then on it mattered very little whether the Harris Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight turned up any new evidence in the case or whether Mr. Adams continued to report for duty at the White House. The President might have mollified Senator Knowland and other hard-pressed Republican candidates by discharging his assistant right away, but he could not have accomplished much more than that. Most of the political mischief was already done. When chastity gets lost, it is lost for keeps. Mr. Eisenhower could have spared himself some awkward times in press conferences by a stout repudiation of a double standard of political morality, but the damage to his system of subcontracting executive authority was beyond repair. For one thing, Sherman Adams could never again be protected from Congress. His vicuña coat might shield him from the elements, but it and the rug and the hotel bills worked like a radiologist's dose of barium in making him accessible to close scrutiny. As the President's agent extraordinary, he had been like the Secret Service and the Central Intelligence Agency in that he could not function effectively while others were looking on; if he was to be a watched pot, he would never boil. Until last month, he successfully avoided examination. Senator McCarthy wanted to put him on the stand during the Army-McCarthy hearings, and Senator Kefauver sought his testimony during the fuss over the Dixon-Yates contract, but both times Mr. Adams spoke the magic words about the separation of powers and the privileged character of executive communication, and that was that. But now, thanks to Mr. Goldfine's handsome benefactions, this will no longer do. Having once admitted a certain confusion between private affairs and public ones, Mr. Adams has forfeited the right to claim that he never acts except on behalf of the President. This forfeiture undermines any dealings he may have with other people, for it has been an unstated assumption of all his relationships that they would not be subject to review except by the President, and that they were most unlikely to be reviewed by him. What is more, and what is worse, Mr. Adams has probably made it impossible for any successor to enjoy the immunity he has enjoyed. If he quits and a successor is found, the Adams case can be cited as a precedent by any Congressional committee that wishes to open White House doors.

From the start, Mr. Adams and his White House associates, including the President, have relied on defensive strategies that are just about as damaging as an outright admission of malfeasance. One is the *tu-quoque*, or you're-another, argument, which consists in pointing out that most members of Congress and many members of the press have received favors from private citizens and done favors in return. The noted entertainer and public-relations authority Tex McCrary has been installed in the Mayflower to gather bushels of documents to support this argument, which—to put aside all questions of relevance and logic—has the disadvantage of making enemies in exactly those places where friends are most needed. The other line of defense has even graver flaws. To assert his integrity, Mr. Adams has had to concede a lack of good sense. With an innocence that would have done him credit if innocence were of much value in his calling, he told the Harris Subcommittee that he had made errors "of judgment and not of intent," and the President seconded this by saying that, as he saw it, his assistant had been not wicked but only "imprudent." Some defense of Mr. Adams' virtue was certainly called for, but to explain that what may have had the appearance of moral delinquency was only bad judgment is in this case hardly more helpful than to say of a surgeon, for example, that he does not lack a knowledge of medicine but is merely, on occasion, careless. To put it rather coarsely, Mr. Adams has been on the federal payroll to exercise not his honesty but his good judgment, and as between a defect of virtue and a defect of prudence, it is hard for anyone to say that one is in all cases more deplorable than the other from the point of view of the general welfare. The moral climate would be worse than it is if, in fact, Mr. Adams had put in the fix at the Federal Trade Commission so that his friend could label his yard goods as he chose, but a few lapses from discretion by a man wielding such powers as Mr. Adams has had could be costly and painful to the commonwealth as a whole. His getting tied up with Bernard Goldfine was a lapse that has dealt the administration by far the heaviest blow it has ever suffered.

In the view of nearly everyone here, Mr. Adams will not again wield great power, even if he does stay on through the end of his patron's term. It is thought most likely that he will not stay on. But if he does, his role will be greatly diminished—as, indeed, it has been for the past month. (Congressmen who have been at recent White House meetings of the legislative leaders have told reporters that Sherman Adams sits at the President's side as of old but says nothing throughout the sessions.) This may afford satisfaction to his detractors, who are numerous in both parties, and in both the executive and the legislative branches, but it is a tragedy for the President, and one is hard put to it to imagine how Mr. Eisenhower will be able to get through the two and a half years that remain of his second term. Necessity mothered the invention of a deputy President with powers greater than those of any comparable figure in the past. Mr. Eisenhower came to the White House lacking, on the one hand, political experience and, on the other, a zest for acquiring it. Most of the tasks that have taken up the greatest part of other Presidents' time have interested him very little, and most of the people a President normally sees were not at all to his taste. Even if his health had stood up, he would have been unwilling to put in days as full as Mr. Tru-



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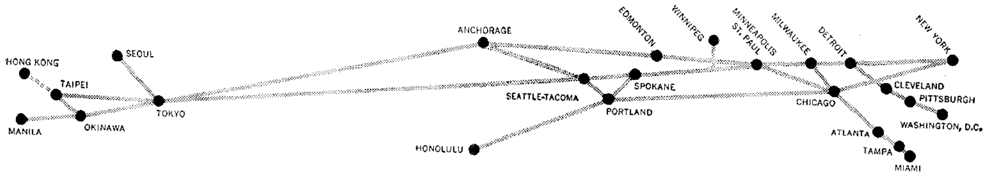
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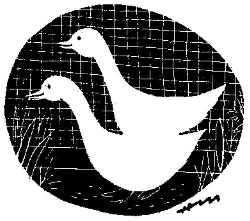
man's. (Mr. Truman delighted, perhaps to a fault, in the more or less routine chores of his office, and although several people around him got into serious trouble, none of them had responsibilities anywhere near as large as those of Mr. Adams.) There simply had to be a Sherman Adams if there was to be an Eisenhower administration, and it is interesting to recall now that Mr. Eisenhower understood this well enough to retain Mr. Adams within a few days after his formal entry into politics; Sherman Adams—then Governor of New Hampshire, where the earliest Presidential primaries are held—was just about the first politician Mr. Eisenhower met after becoming one himself. His need was great then, and from now on it will be greater than ever. The period ahead looks far more difficult than any in the past six years, and the President's reserves of physical strength and political power are low. Yet no one here can at present see how he can rearrange things in the White House to free himself from the burdens he has always found intolerable. Mr. Adams has given hostages to all his enemies. A willing successor may be found—Fred Seaton, now Secretary of the Interior, has been mentioned more frequently than anyone else—but the very fact of his being Mr. Adams' successor would make him vulnerable; for a time, at least, *no* one will be allowed to work in the shadows. If all this had come to pass a few years ago, the Vice-President might have been enlisted; as an elected and Constitutional official, he could protect himself somewhat more easily than Mr. Adams or any successor could. But the very last thing Mr. Nixon is looking for nowadays is a closer identification with the White House; long before the Adams-Goldfine affair he was busily seeking to create an image of himself independent of the administration and, in some respects, independent of the Republican Party. It appears very much as if the President will have no choice but to do for himself the things that Mr. Adams has always done for him, and the pity of this is that it will be at the expense of those concerns in which his interest and his competence are highest. Mr. Adams has been useful to him in a great variety of ways, but he has had little to do or to say about foreign policy and national defense. It is the general expectation now that Mr. Eisenhower will in the future have less time for these affairs.

THE question that everyone here has been trying to answer is: How on earth did Sherman Adams get into this mess in the first place? What weakness of perception allowed him to accept, of all things, a *coat* from a man he knew to be at odds with the authorities? The hotel bills one can perhaps understand, despite the fact that a member of the Truman administration owed his downfall to a few days on the cuff at the Saxony, in Miami Beach; hotel bills, after all, can be regarded as entertainment. And a rug for one's living-room floor, particularly if there was some talk of returning it one day, could just possibly be regarded as what the President described as "a tangible expression of friendship." But for a man charged, as Mr. Adams was, with most of the work in cleaning up "the mess in Washington" to accept a coat, the symbolic garment of corruption, from a businessman petitioning the government for relief—this has flabbergasted all Washington. What was Sherman Adams thinking of? How could any man in his right mind have been so foolish? Mr. Adams' admirers have never been great in number here (no one in his position could hope for very many admirers), but it has never been suggested that the man is a fool. Thus far, his association with Mr. Goldfine is his only really striking error of judgment. Nor is it credible that he is simply one more venal politician. If he were, he would have covered his tracks more artfully, and the chances are that he would have had far less to do with such compulsive name-droppers as Bernard Goldfine and Mr. Goldfine's odd associate of former times, John Fox. Also, if personal gain had been his dominant motive, he would have left the administration some while back and exploited his connections from the outside, where the exploiting is really good. Whatever else may be said of the Assistant to the President, the length of his service testifies either to his loyalty to his President and his party or to his fondness for power, and, conceivably, to a combination of these. Moreover, as far as anyone now knows, he has served selflessly; it is impossible to detect in any of the transactions in which he is known to have had a part any self-serving decisions or resolutions. Members of the Harris Subcommittee have said that they have not yet unfold-



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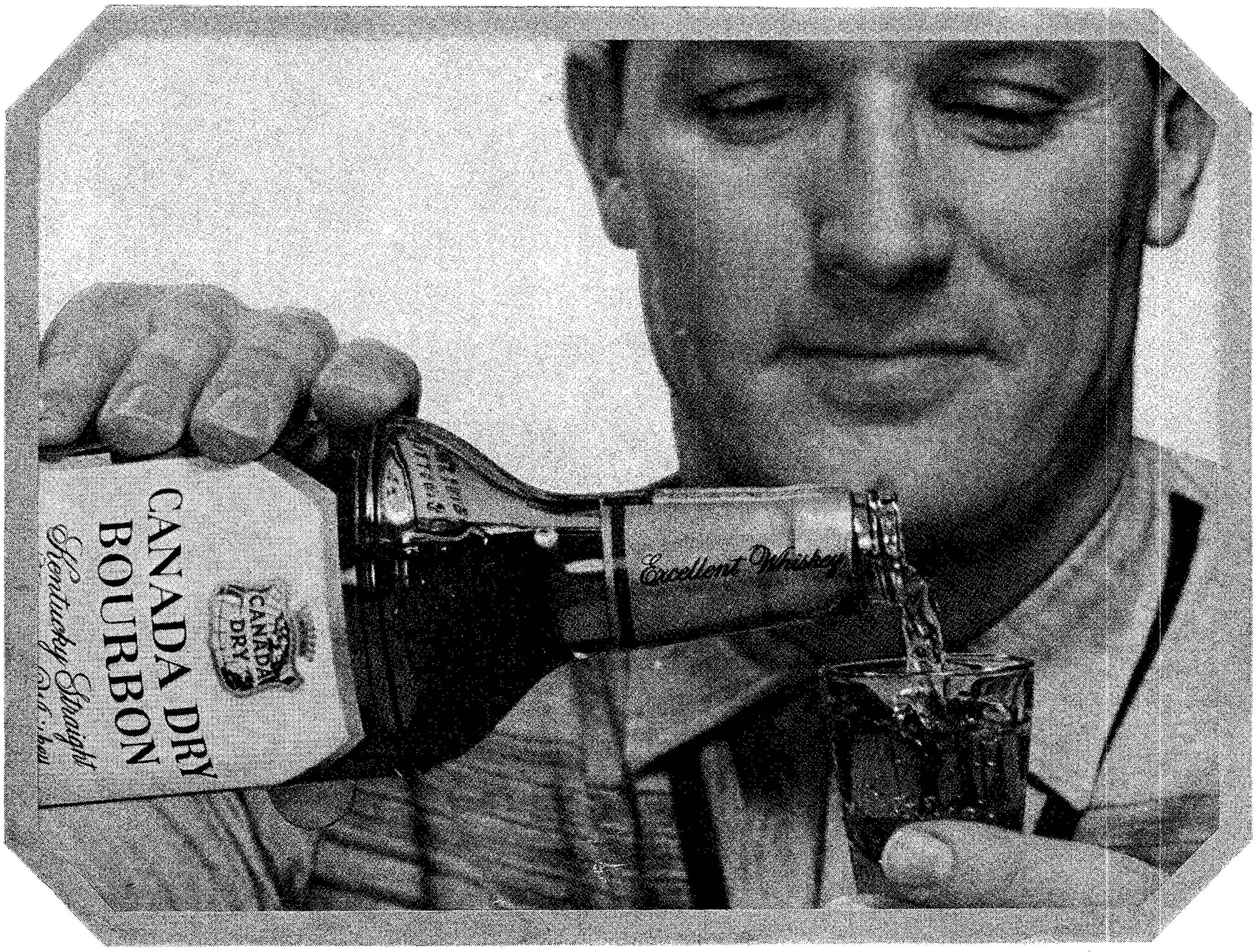
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ed the whole story of Sherman Adams, but it is a fairly safe bet that if the files currently held anything juicier than what has been spread on the record over the past month, some indication of its character would by now have been given.

If Mr. Adams is neither stupid nor venal, the flaw must lie somewhere in his political education, and perhaps, too, in the political atmosphere that envelops him. He must simply have never understood that his relationship with Mr. Goldfine would be interpreted by most people here as being quite as improper as anything that came to light in the Truman administration—and at the same time would seem downright hilarious to those who have always regarded him as the sternest of the deacons in the Eisenhower administration. When he ordered the late Harold Talbott to resign as Secretary of the Air Force because Talbott had attended to some personal affairs on office time and written some private letters on office stationery, he possibly thought of his action not as a defense of morality but merely as the enforcement of a house rule. This confusion of values—if that is what it was—might be explained by the fact that Mr. Adams' whole training has been that of a provincial politician. When he met Mr. Eisenhower, he was a lumber merchant who had served briefly in the New Hampshire legislature, a single term in the House of Representatives, and two terms as Governor of New Hampshire. Before he became an Eisenhower enthusiast (he had been on Senator Taft's side on most matters of policy, he once explained, but he became convinced early in 1952 that the General was "the fastest horse in the stable"), he had had no experience in national politics aside from his two years in the House, which is, in the main, a kind of extraterritorial jungle frequented by tribesmen whose principal concern while here is with what is going on around the council fires at home. As a New Hampshire politician, Mr. Adams had gone to a school in which the prevailing codes of political behavior are as greatly at variance with those professed in Washington as if they came from two wholly different societies in two wholly different stages of development. In most state governments—and notably in that of New Hampshire—the idea of conflict of interest simply does not exist. On the contrary, a mutuality of interest between government and business is taken for granted, and men often go into the legislative branches to represent their

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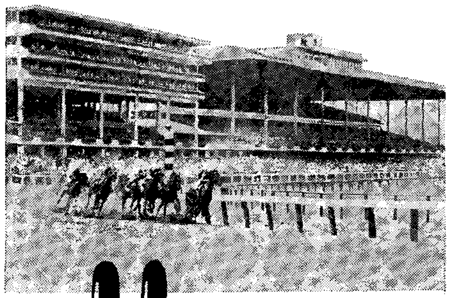

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businesses. Mr. Adams used to have no hesitation in telling his early biographers that he had entered the New Hampshire legislature—which is, incidentally, one of the world's largest parliaments, with one representative for every seven hundred and twenty-nine voters of the state—at the instance of his superiors in the Parker-Young Company, and primarily for the purpose of representing the firm. In state politics—especially in those states that have not yet got what they regard as their full share of capital investment—a man who speaks for a prominent industry is very much *pro bono publico.*

A good many politicians bring the statehouse view of life to Washington, but as a rule the view undergoes certain modifications here. They come to regard themselves—especially if they are Republicans—as spokesmen not for a particular business but for an entire industry, or for business in general. And the quicker ones learn in good time that the gratuities that may be accepted in state politics (all forty-eight governors accepted bolts of vicuña from Bernard Goldfine) can get a man into serious trouble here. In Mr. Adams' case, quite evidently, no such reassessment occurred. This could be because he is an excessively provincial man and an excessively insensitive one. He has been one of the largest figures in the administration right from the start, but the conditions of his work and the austerity of his life may have made it impossible for him to appreciate that Washington is different from Concord in certain fundamental ways. He has been unaccountable not only to Congress but to other members of the administration and to the press. He has worked behind closed doors in the White House and, as the President's accredited deputy, has had everyone except Mr. Eisenhower himself come to him when he called. So far as is known, his off-duty life has not been a broadening one; he has always been thought of as a Yankee villager who kept Epworth League hours, except on choir-rehearsal nights, and few things about the recent revelations have been more surprising to his colleagues than that he had so gay and worldly a friend as Mr. Goldfine and that he frequented such places as the old Copley Plaza and the Waldorf-Astoria. The general belief even now is that these were novel associations for him, and that their very novelty and glamour blinded him to the consequences of enjoying them. The unkind word "hick" has been used a good deal in discussions of the mystery of his be-

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havior. It was surely a countryman speaking when his first response to the charge that he had received a seven-hundred-dollar coat was that this was untrue—he had looked into the matter and found that its real value was sixty-nine dollars.

Yet the mystery is not solved by any amount of digging into Mr. Adams' past or by speculations about his life here. He has, after all, assimilated enough of the spirit and rhetoric of political uplift to make acceptable speeches and to register hot indignation when other men have embarrassed the White House by their associations. He has been quick to learn all the other rules of political self-preservation. If it was mere self-righteousness—a belief that it was all right for him to do what he had fired other men for doing—his New Hampshire canniness should have warned him to be more careful than he was. And if, on the other hand, some Yankee-trader instinct was working deep within him, the concern for appearances that all politicians—provincial or not—have should have told him that this would at least *look* bad, and that by far the better deal, in the long run, would be to pass up the opportunities that his friendship with Mr. Goldfine afforded. His needless, pointless fall from grace is easily the most baffling problem in political behavior to come along here in years—as baffling in some respects, though wholly different in character, as that posed by Alger Hiss—and one imagines that it will be a good many more years before Washington stops talking about it.

Mr. Goldfine is testifying before the Harris Subcommittee today, and it is expected that his testimony will bring this phase of the Subcommittee's hearing to a close. In recent days, the Subcommittee itself has been subject to a good deal of criticism, not only from the administration but from civil-libertarians, who have accused it of having violated the rules of the House of Representatives and the principles of common decency in allowing a witness to make defamatory statements in public sessions. The witness in question was John Fox—a financier of eccentric habits and a man plainly dedicated to making life miserable for Mr. Adams and Mr. Goldfine—who testified for three days and scattered defamatory statements, some of them based on the remotest kind of hearsay, over every page of the record. A House rule adopted in 1955 provides that when a committee has a witness who can reasonably be expected to use his Congressional im-

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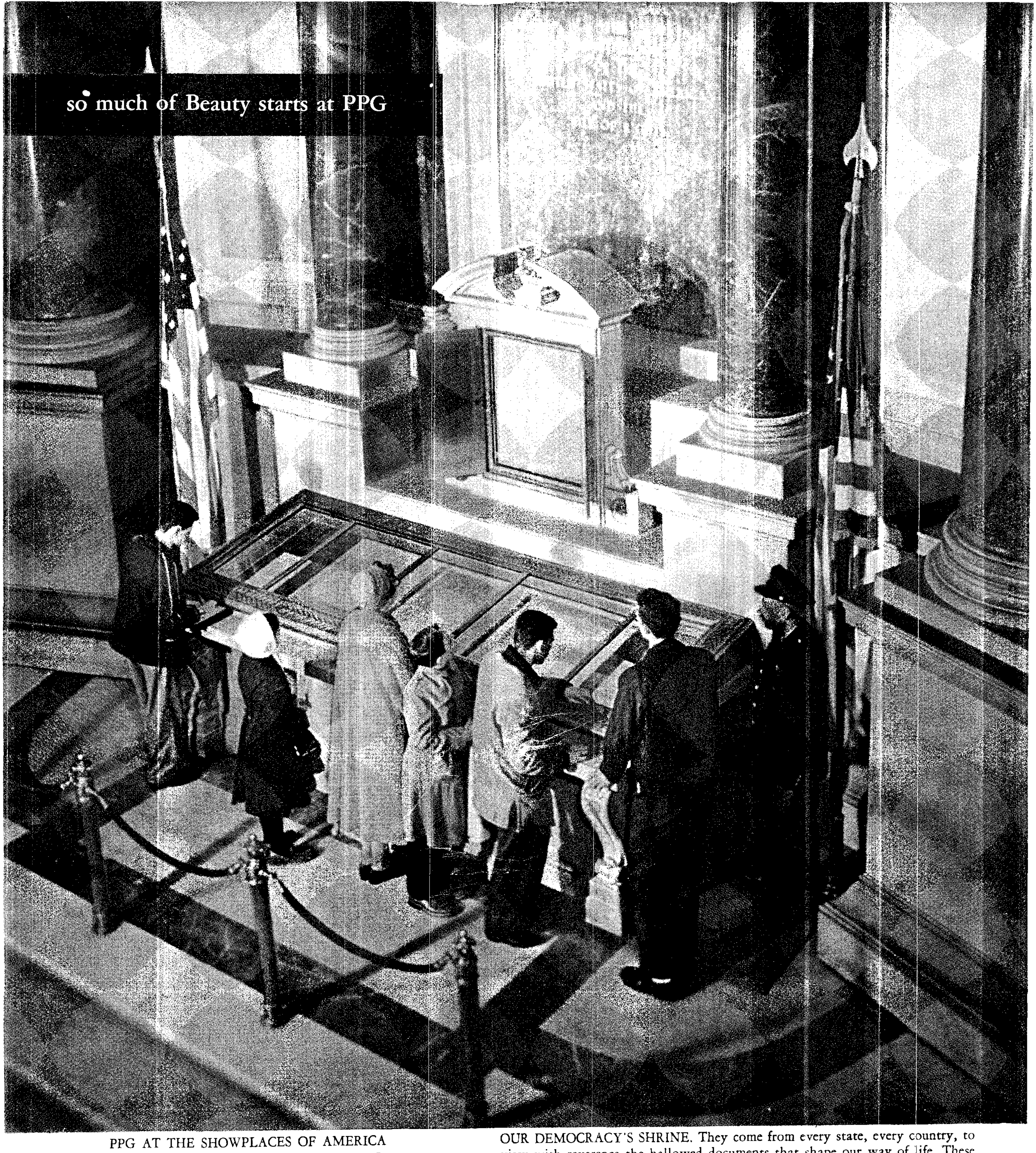
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munity to damage the reputations of others, he should be heard first in closed executive session. It is a rule that was made with exactly such a witness as John Fox in mind and that almost everyone honors in principle. It is questionable, though, whether very much good would have come from applying it in this case—or in any case that excites partisan furies as this one has. The only difference between an open session and a closed one is whether reporters hear the testimony while it is being given or hear it quoted and paraphrased by congressmen immediately after the session is over. Sometimes, on matters involving foreign and military affairs, it is possible to get all the members of a Congressional committee to agree to maintain a tight security, and there are certain other cases—generally those involving individuals of no political concern to either party—in which the proceedings of an executive session are not disclosed. But for many years, whenever the national interest is not involved and political interests are, it has not been possible to keep committee members from talking to the first reporter they see. If Mr. Fox, for example, had been heard without any reporters on hand, the newspapers the next day would not have been barren of news about his appearance. On the contrary, they would have been full of news, provided by congressmen fresh from the scene of the slaughter, and the stories, instead of reflecting only Mr. Fox's animadversions, would have reflected those of the source as well. For many years now, both political parties have been agreed on the proposition that Congressional hearings are useful for the "education" of the public as well as for providing relevant knowledge for legislators, and ever since that agreement was reached it has been exceedingly difficult to maintain the distinction between an open and an executive session—except when what is revealed is either innocuous or clearly perilous.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Please refer to the last but one sentence in paragraph three of item 1—Pan African Delegates Conference—of the minutes of the emergency meeting held on Friday 11th April 1958, viz

"She stressed that no braziers should show."

This sentence should read:

"She stressed that no brassieres should show."

SECRETARY

—*From the minutes of the Ghana Conference of Independent African States.*

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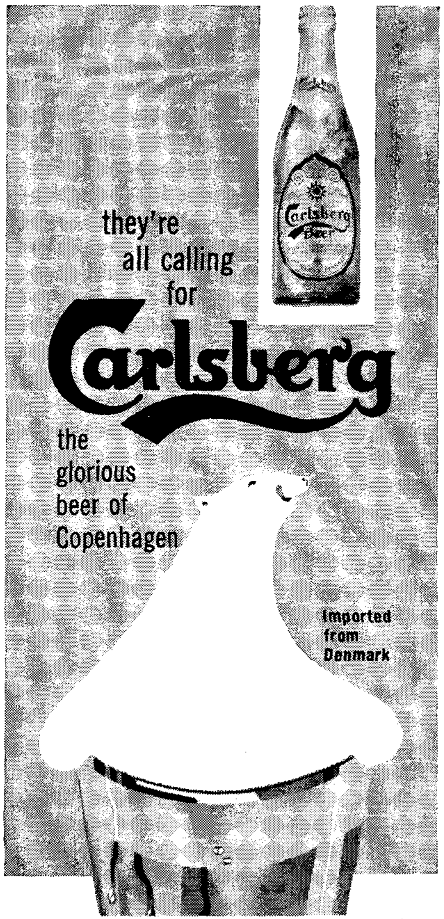

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"KINGS GO FORTH," adapted by Merle Miller from a novel by Joe David Brown, and directed by Delmer Daves, gets under way like a typical war film, but before it has run its course it has branched out to include not only military derring-do but interracial romance. While at times its situations seem contrived, it is, by and large, an entertaining exercise. It has to do mainly with a couple of soldiers in the American Seventh Army during the days in 1944 when it was slogging along in the South of France, and with a pretty young lady in residence with her mother in a fishing village on the French Riviera. One of the soldiers, a lieutenant, is a campaign veteran of singularly upstanding character; the other, a corporal, has newly come to the wars, and is a charming cad. Motoring about the Riviera in a jeep while on leave, the lieutenant strikes up an acquaintance with our heroine, who explains that she is an American born in France, and presently he is spending all his free time at the villa where she lives. Eventually, he is moved to declare himself hopelessly smitten by her, and after several rebuffs that he cannot understand, he is about to go his broken-hearted way when his beloved, under the prodding of her mother, announces that her late father was a Negro.

The lieutenant, a man who has made his way upward from a slum district around 125th Street, where racial tensions were fierce, is naturally unsettled by this information. However, having learned to admire the father from the descriptions of him given by the girl and her mother, he finally smothers his prejudices and proceeds to woo her once more. About this time, though, the corporal, who has become a chum of his superior, sweet-talks his way into the girl's affections, and the lieutenant gallantly steps aside. The corporal insists that his object is matrimony, but the lieutenant keeps a stern eye on him and indicates that if it isn't, the corporal is going to wind up very dead. At the bitter end, the story is ruefully resolved, following a large uproar during which the two men, out on a recon-

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RANDOM HOUSE

Photo of the author by Richard Wolfe

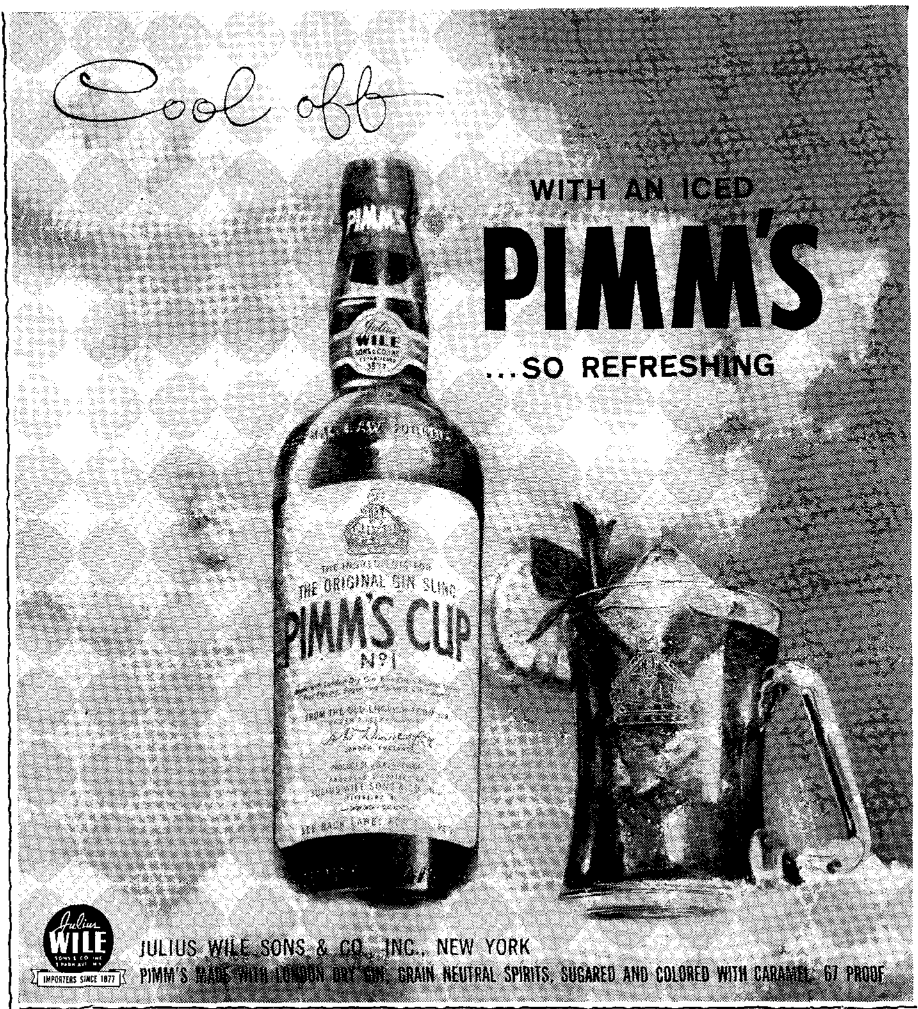
naissance mission, take on an impressive body of Germans.

Since Frank Sinatra, who plays the lieutenant, is a most engaging figure in the film, it is hard to see just why the young lady (Natalie Wood) should throw him over to take up with the corporal (Tony Curtis), a brash and bothersome sort. But that's how it is with women, I guess. A type of female more easily understood is the mother in the piece, who, as portrayed by Leora Dana, has vast dignity.

"THE KEY," an Anglo-American enterprise, is another war film, in which we are informed about the activities of the English ocean-going-tugboat fleet that did such valiant work in bringing ships to harbor after they had been crippled by bombs or torpedoes. As directed by Carol Reed, the picture is at its best when it takes us out upon the troubled briny; it is a good deal less effective on land, where it tries to make some sense out of the romantic doings of its tugboating heroes. Based on a novel by Jan de Hartog, and written for the screen by Carl Foreman, "The Key" centers much of its attention on a beautiful, mysterious woman who, having been desolated by the death of a tugboat captain on the day he was going to marry her, has dedicated herself to comforting his colleagues, seriatim. She is true to a man until he is killed, and then takes up with another. Each captain selects his successor in her affections by giving him a spare key to her flat. Then, if anything happens, he knows that she is in good hands. What all this signifies is difficult to determine, but Sophia Loren is certainly attractive as the darling of the fleet, and William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are excellent as daring skippers.

"INDISCREET" is a handsomely mounted bit of fluff, written by Norman Krasna, which describes how an American in Paris and London enters into an affair with a lovely actress, sadly informing her that he cannot marry because he is being held in thrall by a wife from whom he is separated. After the affair has gone on for quite a while, it develops that the American, a big wheel in NATO, isn't married at all—just can't stand the thought of it. Anyhow, things work out happily. As the American and the actress, Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman make a likable pair, and, as relatives of the actress, Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert are also pleasant.

—JOHN MCCARTEN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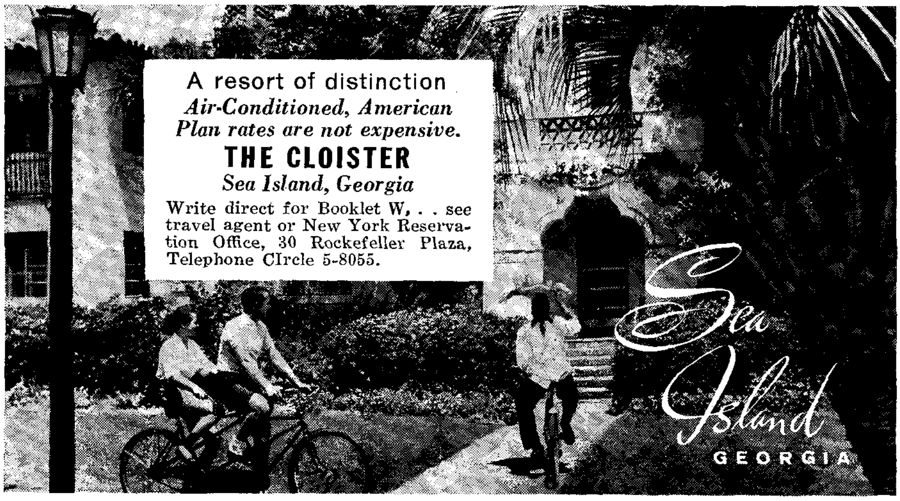

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TIME OF THE DRAGONS, by Alice Ekert-Rotholz (Viking). Knut Wergeland, a Norwegian diplomat stationed in Shanghai when we meet him, has three daughters—one by his first wife, a Frenchwoman; one by a highborn Chinese lady who has rebelled against her family and is living more or less by her wits; and one by his second wife, a talented but mentally unbalanced Norwegian musician. The story, which begins in 1925 and comes to a stately, well-planned halt thirty years later, depends less on the natural impulses and inclinations of the three very different Wergeland sisters than it does on their author's determination to use each of the girls as a proving ground for her theories about the relationships, possible and impossible, between Eastern and Western minds. A dignified, ponderously romantic work, this novel rolls confidently from incident to incident without spontaneity, humor, or passion, but with a solid power that comes from the author's careful observation of detail and from her trust in herself and in the authority of her convictions. The scene moves constantly and smoothly between the capital cities of the East and their opposites in the Western world. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

THE MARCH OF CONQUEST: THE GERMAN VICTORIES IN WESTERN EUROPE, 1940, by Telford Taylor (Simon & Schuster). Denmark won in four hours, Norway conquered in four weeks, Holland overwhelmed in four days, Belgium crushed in eighteen days, Britain flung off the Continent and stripped of much of its army and most of its equipment in three weeks, and France defeated and occupied in less than two months—such was the achievement of the Wehrmacht in the spring of 1940, and although in the end it came to nothing, it was a triumph almost without equal in modern military history. In this long, lucid, and often eloquent study, Mr. Taylor, an American Army intelligence officer who served as chief counsel for the prosecution at the Nuremberg trials, tells us how it happened—the weeks of bitter struggle between Hitler and Göring and the generals, out of which the master plan emerged; the usually brilliant tactics that followed the launching of the attack; the almost paralyzing astonishment of the Nazi High Command at the success of the venture; the recovery; and the victory. And he also shows us the tiny flaw, the unsuspected oversight, that turned that glorious victory into eventual disaster: "After the dust of battle had settled and the promotions and decorations were distributed, there still remained the great riddle: how to end the war. *Was nun?*" A most illuminating book. Photographs and maps.

COPPERMINE JOURNEY, by Samuel Hearne, edited and with a foreword and biographical note by Farley Mowat (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A new, though considerably abridged, edition of the journals of a hard-bitten Hudson's Bay Company agent who in 1772, after three attempts, became the first white man to set eyes on the Coppermine River, which empties into Coronation Gulf, above the Arctic Circle, in northwestern Canada. Except for a limited printing in 1911, this is the first edition of the journals since 1795, and why Hearne's record of his truly epic overland journey through a savage country inhabited by an incorrigibly savage people should have been so long neglected is difficult to understand, for it is beyond the slightest doubt a masterpiece in its genre, and a faultless specimen of the admirable blend of rationality, instinctive curiosity, and absolute candor that marked the eighteenth century and now seems gone forever. The publishers, and Mr. Mowat, have placed us greatly in their debt. End-paper maps.

◆

McGowan, who made "Manhunt in the Jungle" for Warner Bros., leaves for Lisbon to scout locations in Portugal where the Phoenicians inhabited the islands of Lesbos at the time of Christ. P.S.: I always passed in ancient history.—*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American.*

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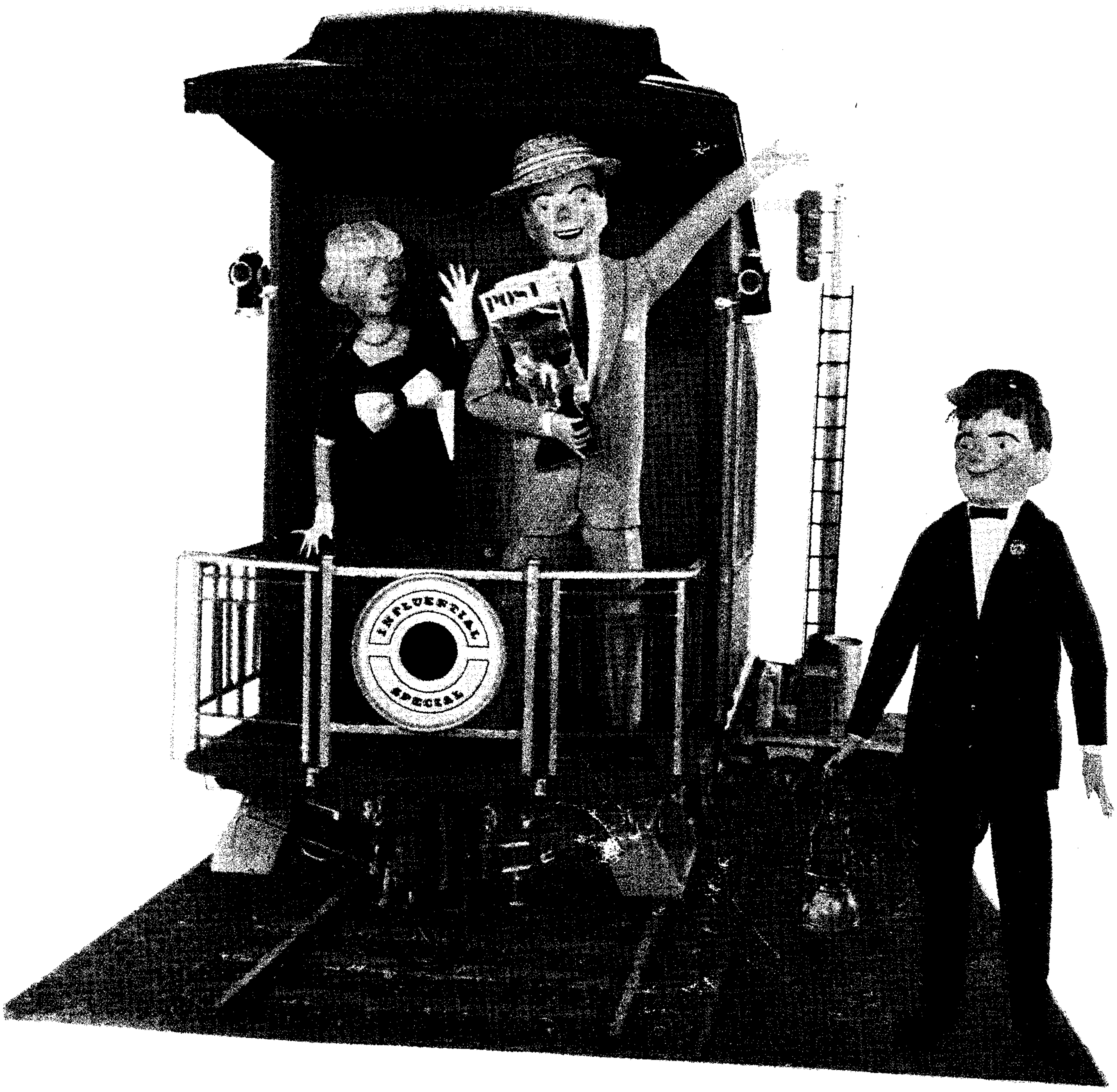

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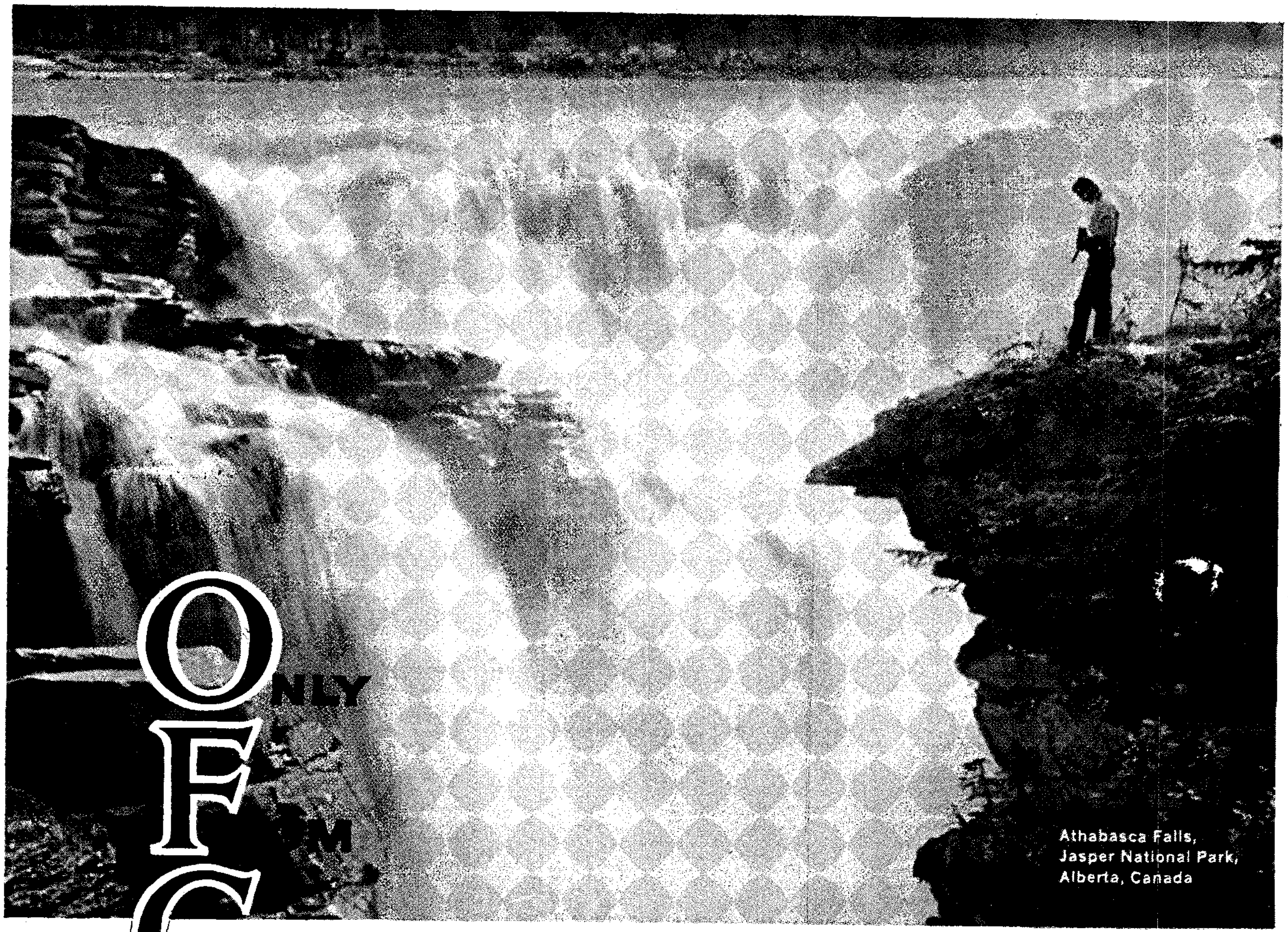
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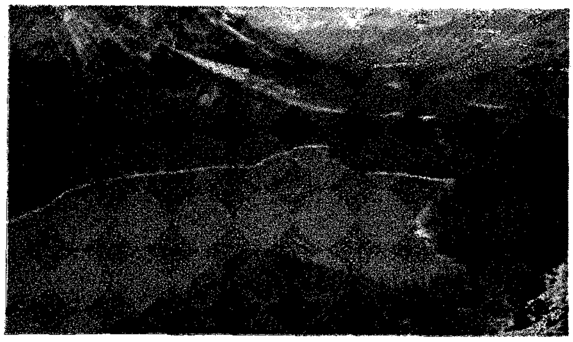

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